HISTORIC SHRINES OF AMERICA

JOHN T. FARIS

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BY JOHN T. FARIS

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

INDEPENDENCE HALL, REAR VIEW, PHILADELPHIA

HISTORIC SHRINES OF AMERICA

BEING THE STORY OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND THE PIONEERS WHO MADE THEM NOTABLE

BY

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FOREWORD

CIRCULAR tours have long been popular in England. There was a time—as there will be a time again—when American visitors felt that to make the rounds of the cathedral towns or the historic castles or the homes and haunts of great men and women, was a necessary part of seeing the tight little island.

"What a pity it is that we in America have no such wealth of historic places," one returning tourist was heard to remark. "Oh, of course, there are a few spots like Independence Hall and Concord and Lexington," he went on, "but there are not enough of them to make it worth while to plan a tour such as those in which we have taken delight in England."

It was easy to point out to the traveler his mistake; most Americans know that the country is rich in places of historic interest. Just how rich it is they may not realize until they make a serious study of the landmarks of their own land, as does the European tourist of the centers noted in his guidebook.

In fact, there are in America so many houses, churches, and other buildings having a vital connection with our history that volumes would be required to tell of them all. Even a brief record of the buildings whose owners or occupants played a conspicuous part in the early history of the country would fill a large book.

It is fascinating to learn of these houses and public buildings and to delve into the biographies which tell

what happened to the people who lived in them. Fiction seems tame after connecting, for instance, the story of Alexander Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler with the Ford Mansion and the Campfield House at Morristown, New Jersey, then with the Schuyler Mansion in Albany, New York, and The Grange in New York City. The heart of the patriot burns with new love for his country as he reads of Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church and Carpenters' Hall. The story of the Revolution is clothed with living interest when Washington and his generals are followed to Valley Forge and Newburgh and Cambridge and Morristown and Princeton. Fresh appreciation of the sacrifice of the pioneers comes from going with them into the garrison houses of New England, along the Wilderness Road in Kentucky, to the settlements on the Ohio, or to the banks of the Wabash where more than one Indian treaty was made.

Next comes the keen pleasure of visiting the houses and churches which, through the piecing together of these facts, have become like familiar friends. The vacation journey that includes a careful study of a few of these buildings becomes a fascinating course in patriotism.

It is the purpose of the author of "Historic Shrines of America" to tell just enough about each of one hundred and twenty of these buildings of historic interest to create a hunger for more; to present pictures sufficiently attractive to make those who turn the pages of the book determine to visit the places described; to arrange the brief chapters in such sequence that it will be possible for the reader to plan for successive vacations a series of journeys through the centers where historic

buildings may be found, and, in doing this, to pass by so many structures of interest that the reader and the tourist will have abundant opportunity to discover houses and churches of which he will say, "I wonder why this was not included."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE

ONE: IN THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS

I The Old State House, Boston, Massachusetts . 19

II Paul Revere's House, Boston, Massachusetts . 23

III Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts . . . 28

IV Three Historic Churches of Boston . . . 32

V Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts . . . 36

VI The Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts . 40

VII The Adams Houses, Quincy, Massachusetts . . 44

VIII The Quincy Mansion, Quincy, Massachusetts . 49

IX Fernside Farm, Haverhill, Massachusetts . . 54

X The Duston Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts 56

XI The Old Manse and the Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts 61

XII The Royall House, Medford, Massachusetts . 66

XIII Broadhearth and the Bennet-Boardman House, Saugus, Massachusetts 69

XIV The Colonel Jeremiah Lee House, Marblehead, Massachusetts 72

XV The Old South Church, Newburyport, Massachusetts 75

XVI The First Baptist Church, Providence, Rhode Island 80

TWO: WHERE PATROONS AND KNICKERBOCKERS FLOURISHED

XVII The Morris-Jumel Mansion, New York City . 87

XVIII The Philipse Manor House, Yonkers, New York 91

CHAPTER		PAGE
XIX	St. Paul's Chapel, New York City	95
XX	Fraunces' Tavern, New York City	97
XXI	The Grange, New York City	100
XXII	The Van Cortlandt House, New York City	104
XXIII	The Hasbrouck House, Newburgh, New York	106

THREE: ACROSS THE JERSEYS WITH THE PATRIOTS

XXIV	The Franklin Palace, Perth Amboy, New Jersey	115
XXV	The Church at Caldwell, New Jersey	119
XXVI	Old Tennent Church, Freehold, New Jersey	122
XXVII	The Ford Mansion, Morristown, New Jersey	126
XXVIII	Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey	130
XXIX	Three Historic Houses at Princeton, New Jersey	134
XXX	The Springfield Meeting House, New Jersey	138

FOUR: RAMBLES ABOUT THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

XXXI	The Letitia Penn House, Philadelphia	145
XXXII	Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia	149
XXXIII	St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia	153
XXXIV	Cliveden, Germantown, Philadelphia	156
XXXV	Old Pine Street Church, Philadelphia	159
XXXVI	Independence Hall, Philadelphia	162
XXXVII	The David Rittenhouse Home, near Philadelphia	170
XXXVIII	The Headquarters at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania	174
XXXIX	Three Headquarters of Washington	178
XL	Sweetbrier-on-the-Schuylkill, Philadelphia	183
XLI	Mill Grove and Fatlands, near Philadelphia	187
XLII	Waynesborough, near Paoli, Pennsylvania	192
XLIII	The Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania	196

CHAPTER PAGE

FIVE: OVER THE MASON AND DIXON LINE

XLIV Historic Landmarks at New Castle, Delaware 203

XLV The Ridgely House, Dover, Delaware . . . 208

XLVI Rehoboth Church on the Pocomoke, Maryland . 211

XLVII Doughoregan Manor, near Ellicott City, Maryland 216

XLVIII The Upton Scott House, Annapolis, Maryland . 220

XLIX The Capitol at Washington 225

L The White House, Washington 230

LI The Octagon House, Washington 234

SIX: HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE CAVALIERS

LII Mount Vernon, Virginia 241

LIII Arlington, Virginia 246

LIV Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia . . . 249

LV The Mary Washington House, Fredericksburg, Virginia 251

LVI Greenway and Sherwood Forest, Virginia . . 257

LVII Two Historic Courthouses of Virginia . . 262

LVIII St. John's Church, Richmond 266

LIX The Nelson House and the Moore House, Yorktown, Virginia 270

LX The John Marshall House, Richmond, Virginia 274

LXI Five Old Houses of Tidewater, Virginia . . 278

LXII Gunston Hall, Virginia 281

LXIII The Washington College Building, Lexington, Virginia 285

LXIV Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Virginia 288

LXV William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia 291

LXVI The Monumental Church, Richmond, Virginia . 294

CHAPTER		PAGE
LXVII	Montpelier, Orange County, Virginia	296
LXVIII	Oak Hill, Loudoun County, Virginia	301
LXIX	Red Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia	305
LXX	Pohick Church, Truro Parish, Virginia	311
LXXI	Mount Airy, Richmond County, Virginia	314
LXXII	Two of Virginia's Oldest Church Buildings	318
LXXIII	Monticello, near Charlottesville, Virginia	322
LXXIV	The University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Virginia	326

SEVEN: THROUGH THE SUNNY SOUTH

LXXV	Three Old Churches in Charleston, South Carolina	333
LXXVI	The House of Rebecca Motte, Charleston, South Carolina	336
LXXVII	The Independent Church, Savannah, Georgia	340
LXXVIII	The Cabildo of New Orleans	343
LXXIX	The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas	347
LXXX	The Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee	351
LXXXI	Ashland, Lexington, Kentucky	355
LXXXII	Sportsman's Hall, Whitley's Station, Kentucky	359
LXXXIII	White Haven, near St. Louis, Missouri	362

EIGHT: ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEW ENGLAND

LXXXIV	The Abraham Lincoln House, Springfield, Illinois	369
LXXXV	The Governor's Palace at Vincennes, Indiana	374
LXXXVI	The House of General Rufus Putnam, Marietta, Ohio	377
LXXXVII	Monument Place, Elm Grove, West Virginia	381
LXXXVIII	The Castle at Fort Niagara, New York	386

CHAPTER		PAGE
LXXXIX	The Schuyler Mansion, Albany, New York	391
XC	The Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire	395
XCI	The Wadsworth Longfellow House, Portland, Maine	400
	Bibliography	407
	Index	411

ILLUSTRATIONS

Independence Hall, Rear View, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Old State House, Boston, Massachusetts 25

Paul Revere House, Boston, Massachusetts 26

Hancock-Clarke House, Lexington, Massachusetts . . . 26

Old North Church, Boston, Massachusetts 34

Old South Church, Boston, Massachusetts 35

Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts 48

Fernside Farm, Haverhill, Massachusetts 48

Duston Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts . . . 49

Royall House, Medford, Massachusetts 49

Broadhearth, Saugus, Massachusetts 70

Bennet-Boardman House, Saugus, Massachusetts . . . 70

Old South Church, Newburyport, Massachusetts . . 71

Morris-Jumel House, New York City 97

Philipse Manor House, Yonkers, New York 97

Fraunces' Tavern, New York City 98

Van Cortlandt House, New York City 98

The Franklin Palace, Perth Amboy, New Jersey . . . 121

Old Tennent Church, Freehold, New Jersey 121

Nassau Hall and the First President's House, Princeton, New Jersey 122

Morven, Princeton, New Jersey 122

Letitia Penn House, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . 146

St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 147

PAGE

Cliveden, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 160

Third (Old Pine Street) Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 160

David Rittenhouse's House, Norristown, Pennsylvania . . 161

Dawesfield, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 161

Emlen House, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . 179

Fatlands, near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania 179

Waynesborough, Paoli, Pennsylvania 180

Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania 180

Amstel House, New Castle, Delaware 205

Doorway of Amstel House, New Castle, Delaware . . . 205

Hall of Read House, New Castle, Delaware 205

Doorway of Rodney House, New Castle, Delaware . . . 206

Doorway of Stewart House, New Castle, Delaware . . . 206

Doorway of Read House, New Castle, Delaware 206

Doorway of Presbyterian Church, New Castle, Delaware . 206

Immanuel Church, New Castle, Delaware 217

Ridgely House, Dover, Delaware 218

Doughoregan Manor, near Ellicott City, Maryland . . . 218

Upton Scott House, Annapolis, Maryland 233

Octagon House, Washington, D. C. 233

The Stairway, Octagon House, Washington, D. C. . . . 234

Mount Vernon, Virginia, Rear View 244

Arlington, Virginia 244

Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia 245

Mary Washington's House, Fredericksburg, Virginia . . 262

Hanover Court House, Virginia 262

St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia 263

Nelson House, Yorktown, Virginia 263

Westover on the James, Virginia 282

PAGE

Gunston Hall on the Potomac, Virginia 282

Washington College Building, Lexington, Virginia . . . 283

Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Virginia 283

Monumental Church, Richmond, Virginia 314

Pohick Church, Virginia 314

Mount Airy, Richmond County, Virginia 315

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia . . . 315

Independent Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Georgia . . 336

Pringle House, Charleston, South Carolina 337

The Cabildo, New Orleans, Louisiana 337

The Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee 352

Ashland, Lexington, Kentucky 352

Sportsman's Hall, Whitley's Station, Kentucky . . . 353

White Haven, St. Louis, Missouri 353

Abraham Lincoln's House, Springfield, Illinois 370

William Henry Harrison's House, Vincennes, Indiana . . 370

Rufus Putnam's House, Marietta, Ohio 371

The Schuyler Mansion, Albany, New York 371

Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire . . . 394

Warner House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire 394

Wadsworth Longfellow House, Portland, Maine . . . 395

ONE: IN THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ONE: IN THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS

I

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FROM WHOSE BALCONY THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS PROCLAIMED

Thirty-three years after Captain John Smith sailed into Boston Harbor, the first Town House was built. This was in 1657. The second Town House, which was built on the same site, was erected in 1712. In 1748 the third Town House, later the Old State House, followed the structure of 1712, the outer walls of the old building being used in the new.

Since 1689, when Governor Andros' tyranny was overthrown, the old building has been in the thick of historic events. How it figured in the Boston Massacre was shown by John Tudor in his diary. He wrote:

"March, 1770. On Monday evening the 5th current, a few Minutes after 9 o'clock a most horrid murder was committed in King Street before the custom house Door by 8 or 9 Soldiers under the Command of Capt. Thos Preston of the Main Guard on the South side of the Town House. This unhappy affair began by Some Boys & young fellows throwing Snow Balls at the sentry placed at the Custom house Door. On which 8 or 9 Soldiers Came to his Assistance. Soon after a Number

of people collected, when the Capt commanded the Soldiers to fire, which they did and 3 Men were Kil'd on the Spot & several Mortaly Wounded, one of which died next Morning. . . . Leut Governor Hutchinson, who was Commander in Chiefe, was sent for & Came to the Council Chamber, where some of the Magustrates attended. The Governor desired the Multitude about 10 O'Clock to sepperat & to go home peaceable & he would do all in his power that Justice should be done &c. The 29 Regiment being then under Arms on the south side of the Townhouse, but the people insisted that the Soldiers should be ordered to their Barracks first before they would sepperat. Which being done the people sepperated aboute 1 O'Clock."

Next day the people met in Faneuil Hall, and demanded the immediate removal of the troops. The demand being refused, they met again at Faneuil Hall, but adjourned to Old South Church, since the larger hall was required to accommodate the aroused citizens. A new committee, headed by Samuel Adams, sought Hutchinson in the Council Chamber of the Town House, and secured his permission to remove the troops without delay.

The next event of note in the history of the old building was the public reading there of the Declaration of Independence on July 18, 1776, in accordance with the message of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, who asked that it be proclaimed "in such a mode that the people may be impressed by it."

Abigail Adams told in a letter to her husband, John Adams, of the reading:

"I went with the multitude to King street to hear the Declaration Proclamation for Independence read

and proclaimed. . . . Great attention was given to every word. . . . Thus ends royal Authority in the state."

A British prisoner on parole, who was an invited guest at the reading of the Declaration, wrote a detailed narrative of the events of the day, in the Town Hall, in which he said:

"Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crafts, who occupied the chair, rose and, silence being obtained, read aloud the declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection, which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was forever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each, repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile the town clerk read from the balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a Shout began in the hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of Cannon, and the rattle of musketry."

Thirteen years later, when Washington visited Boston, he passed through a triumphal arch to the State House. In his diary he told of what followed his entrance to the historic building:

"Three cheers was given by a vast concourse of people, Who, by this time, had assembled at the Arch—then followed an ode composed in honor of the President; and well sung by a band of select singers—After this three cheers—followed by the different Professions and Mechanics in the order they were drawn up, with their colors, through a lane of the people which had thronged about the arch under which they passed."

The ode sung that day was as follows:

"General Washington, the hero's come,
Each heart exulting hears the sound;
See, thousands their deliverer throng,
And shout his welcome all around.
Now in full chorus bursts the song,
And shout the deeds of Washington."

The Old State House was near destruction in 1835, as a result of the uproar that followed the attempt of William Lloyd Garrison to make an abolition address in the hall next door to the office of the *Liberator,* whose editor he was. A furious crowd demanded his blood, and he was persuaded to retire. Later the doors of the *Liberator* office where he had taken refuge were broken down, and, after a chase, the hunted man was seized and dragged to the rear of the Old State House, then used as the City Hall and Post-office. The mayor rescued him from the mob, which was talking of hanging him, and carried him into the State House. The threats of the outwitted people became so loud that it was feared the building would be destroyed and that Garrison would be killed. As soon as possible, therefore, he was spirited away to the Leverett Street jail.

For many years, until 1882, the Old State House was used for business purposes, after previous service as Town House, City Hall, Court House, and State House. It is now used as a historical museum by the Bostonian Society.

The historic halls within the building have the same walls and ceilings as when the old house was erected in 1748. For many years the exterior was covered with unsightly paint, but this has been scraped off, and the brick walls gleam red as in former days.

II

PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE THE MERCURY OF THE REVOLUTION LIVED AND TOILED

"Take three fourths of a Paine that makes Traitors Confess (RAC)
With three parts of a place which the Wicked don't Bless (HEL)
Joyne four sevenths of an Exercise which shop-keepers use (WALK)
Add what Bad Men do, when they good actions refuse (ER)
These four added together with great care and Art
Will point out the Fair One that is nearest my Heart."

Thus wrote Paul Revere, the Boston goldsmith, on the back of a bill to Mr. Benjamin Greene for "Gold buttons," "Mending a Spoon," and "Two pr. of Silver Shoe Buckles," which was made out one day in 1773 in the old house in North Square, built in 1676. To this house he planned to lead as his second wife Rachel Walker; his eight children needed a mother's care, and he wanted some one to share the joys and the burdens of his life.

Before his first marriage, in 1757, he had served as a second lieutenant in a company of artillery, in the expedition against Crown Point. Soldiering was succeeded by work at his trade of goldsmith and silversmith, learned from his father. He was a skilled engraver; most of the silverware made in Boston at this period testified to his ability. Later, when the rising patriotic tide seemed to call for lithographs and broadsides, he engraved these on copper with eager brain and active hand.

He began his patriotic work as a member of the secret order The Sons of Liberty, which had organizations in nearly all the colonies, held frequent meetings, and laid plans for resisting the encroachments of Great Britain. Once, when some three hundred of these Sons dined at Dorchester, Paul Revere was present, as well as Samuel Adams, John Adams, and John Hancock.

It was necessary to have a trusted messenger to carry tidings of moment from place to place, and Paul Revere was one of those chosen for the purpose. His first important ride was at the time of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. He had a leading part in bringing together the patriots who gathered on November 29, 1773, first at Faneuil Hall, then at Old South Meeting House, to protest against the landing of the tea from the ship *Dartmouth,* and he was one of the men who, on December 16, in Indian disguise, threw £18,000 worth of tea into the harbor. In preparation for the rallying of the men of the tea party at the "Green Dragon," the following ditty was composed:

"Rally Mohawks! bring out your axes,
And tell King George we'll pay no taxes
On his foreign tea.
His threats are vain, and vain to think
To force our girls and wives to drink
His vile Bohea!
Then rally boys, and hasten on
To meet our chief at the Green Dragon.

"Old Warren's there, and bold Revere,
With hands to do, and words to cheer,
For liberty and laws;
Our country's brave and free defenders
Shall ne'er be left by true North-Enders
Fighting Freedoms cause!

Then rally boys, and hasten on
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon."

Of the work done by the Mohawks on that December night John Adams wrote on December 17, 1773, "This Destruction of the Tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important Consequences, and so lasting, that I can't but consider it as an Epoch in History."

The enactment of the Boston Port Bill was the cause of Revere's next ride. A meeting of citizens in Boston decided to ask the other colonies "to come into a joint resolution to stop all importation from, and exportation to, Great Britain and every part of the West Indies till the act be repealed," in the thought that this would "prove the salvation of North America and her liberties."

These resolutions were given to Paul Revere by the selectmen of Boston, and he was urged to ride with all speed to New York and Philadelphia. On May 30, 1774, the Essex *Gazette* told of the return of the messenger, and announced, "Nothing can exceed the indignation with which our brethren of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Philadelphia have received this proof of Ministerial madness. They universally declare their resolution to stand by us to the last extremity."

Four months later another ride to Philadelphia was taken, to carry to the Continental Congress the Suffolk Resolves. Six days only were taken for the journey. When Congress learned of the protest in New England against the principle "that Parliament had the right to legislate for the colonies in all cases whatsoever,"

there was no question that a new nation was ready for birth. "I think I may assure you, that America will make a point of supporting Boston to the utmost," Samuel Adams wrote, the day after Revere's message was read.

Once more during the historic year 1774 the Boston silversmith turned aside from his shop long enough to ride to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to give information of the prohibition by Great Britain of further importations of gunpowder, and to tell of the coming of a large garrison to Fort William and Mary at Portsmouth. The immediate result of the ride was the sending of a party of four hundred patriots against the fort, which surrendered at once. Little attention has been paid to this event by historians, yet it was one of the most potent of the events preceding the Revolution. One hundred barrels of gunpowder were seized at the fort, and this was a large part of the ammunition used later at Bunker Hill.

Then came April 18, 1775, the date of "that memorable ride, not only the most brilliant, but the most important single exploit in our national annals." The Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety were in session at Concord. General Warren had remained in Boston to watch the movements of the British, and Revere had been holding himself in readiness to carry tidings as soon as there was anything of importance to be told. Now word was to be sent to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were at the residence of Rev. Mr. Clarke at Lexington, "that a number of soldiers were marching towards the bottom of the Common, . . . and that it was thought they were the objects of the movement." Revere had foreseen the necessity for

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company, Boston

OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

See Page 19

PAUL REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON

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See Page 23

HANCOCK-CLARKE HOUSE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

See Page 23

the ride, and, fearing that he might not be able to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck, had arranged with patriots in Charleston that two "lanthorns" would be shown in the North Church steeple if the British went out by water, and one if they went by land.

On the night of April 18 Revere was rowed by two friends across Charles River, passing almost under the guns of the *Somerset*. After conferring with the Charleston patriots, who had seen the signals, he secured a horse, and started toward Lexington, proceeding with extreme care, because he had been told that ten mounted British officers had been seen going up the road. Once he was chased by two British officers. At Medford he awakened the captain of the minute men. "After that I alarmed almost every house till I got to Lexington," the patriot rider later told the story. Messrs. Hancock and Adams were aroused. Then Revere went on to Concord, accompanied by two others, that the stores might be secured. Once more residents by the roadside were awakened. He himself was soon surrounded by four mounted British soldiers, but his companions were able to proceed. After a time he was released by his captors, and he made his way to the Clarke house, where Hancock and Adams still were.

Thus the way was prepared for Concord and Lexington. That the patriots were not taken by surprise, and the stores at Concord taken, as the British had hoped, was due to the courage and resourcefulness of Paul Revere.

Revere's rides as messenger did not end his services to the colonists. In 1775 he engraved the plates and printed the bills of the paper money of Massachusetts,

and later he built and operated a powder mill. He was made lieutenant-colonel of State artillery, and took part in the unfortunate Penobscot expedition out of which grew the charges of which he was triumphantly acquitted by the court-martial held at his own request.

The old house in North Square was the home of the Revere family until about 1795.

III

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

"THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY"

Andrew Faneuil was one of the Huguenots who fled from France as a result of the Edict of Nantes. By way of Holland he came to Boston. It is a matter of official record that on February 1, 1691, he was admitted by the Governor and Council of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Within a few years the refugee was looked upon as a leader both in the French church and in business. Copies of invoices of merchandise consigned to him show that he was a dealer in all kinds of supplies of food, household furnishings, and dress goods.

When he died, in 1738, the Boston *News Letter* said that "1,100 persons of all Ranks, beside the Mourners," followed the body to the grave. "And 'tis supposed that as the Gentleman's fortune was the greatest of any among us, so his funeral was the most generous and expensive of any that has been known here."

Peter Faneuil, the heir and successor to the fortune

and business of his uncle, was a shrewd business man who knew how to make the most of his opportunities. But he took time to think and plan for his fellow-townsmen. He was disturbed because there was no adequate public market in Boston, and he was not discouraged by the fact that numerous attempts to establish such a convenience had been received with hostility by the people, especially the farmers, who felt that they would have a better chance to sell from house to house on any day than in a fixed place on a set day.

His proposition to provide the market by gift to the town stirred up a spirited controversy. At a town meeting called to consider the proposition, held on July 14, 1740, the attendance was so large that the company adjourned to the Brattle Street Meeting House.

There the people set themselves to consider the proposition of Peter Faneuil, who "hath been generously pleased to offer at his own cost and charge to erect and build a noble and complete structure or edifice to be improved for a market, for the sole use, benefit and advantage of the town, provided that the town of Boston would pass a vote for the purpose, and lay the same under such proper regulation as shall be thought necessary, and constantly support it for the said use."

The gift had a narrow escape from the 727 voters who cast the ballots. The majority in favor of accepting the market was only seven!

The average giver would have been discouraged by such a reception; but Peter Faneuil, on the contrary, did more than he had proposed. When the selectmen were told in August, 1742—seven months before Faneuil's death—that the building was ready, there was

not only a market house, but above it a hall for town meetings and other gatherings. By action of the meeting called to accept the building the hall over the market was named Faneuil Hall.

"I hope that what I have done will be of service to the whole country," was the donor's response to this graceful act.

At once the Hall became a Boston institution. The town offices were removed to the building, town meetings were held there, and a series of public concerts was given in it. The market, however, was not popular.

The fire of January 13, 1761, destroyed the interior of the building. The money for rebuilding was raised by a lottery.

Faneuil Hall began its career as a national institution on August 27, 1765, when the voters, in mass meeting, denounced the lawless acts of "Persons unknown" by which they had shown their hatred of the iniquitous Stamp Act. At a second meeting, held on September 12, the voters instructed their Representatives "as to their conduct at this very alarming crisis."

"The genuine Sons of Liberty" gathered in the Hall March 18, 1767, that they might rejoice together because of the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Boston *Gazette* reported that "a large company of the principal inhabitants crowded that spacious apartment, and with loud huzzas, and repeated acclamations at each of the twenty-five toasts, saluted the glorious and memorable heroes of America, particularly those who distinguished themselves in the cause of Liberty, which was ever growing under the iron hand of oppression."

What has been called "perhaps the most dramatic scene in all history" was staged in this Cradle of Lib-

erty on the day after the Boston Massacre, March 6, 1770. The crowd was so large that it was necessary to adjourn to Old South before action could be taken requesting the governor to withdraw the troops whose presence had led to the massacre.

Then came the tea meetings. The first of these was held in the Hall on November 5, 1773. At this meeting committees were appointed to wait on the several persons to whom tea had been consigned by the East India Company, "and in the name of the town to request them from a regard to their character, and to the peace and good order of the town, immediately to resign their trust." The response made to these committees and to subsequent tea meetings was unsatisfactory, and on December 16 a number of disguised citizens gathered at the waterfront and held the "Boston Tea Party."

The occupation of Boston by the British interrupted the Faneuil Hall town meetings, but soon after the evacuation of the city the people turned their steps thither for public gatherings of many sorts. Fortunately the building had not been seriously injured. When Washington entered the city he spoke with feeling of the safety of the structure that had meant so much to the people.

It was fitting that, in the stirring days that preceded the War of 1812, meetings to protest against the acts of Great Britain should be held here. Historic gatherings followed during this war, as also during the War of 1861-65.

Three times Faneuil Hall has been rebuilt since its donor turned it over to his fellow-citizens. The first reconstruction came after the fire. In 1806 the building was enlarged and improved. Again in 1898 it was

completely rebuilt and made fireproof, though, wherever possible, original materials were used. While it is much larger than in the early days, the general appearance is so similar that the structure would be recognized by such an ardent lover of the early structure as Lafayette, who, when he was in Boston in 1824, said:

"May Faneuil Hall ever stand, a monument to teach the world that resistance to oppression is a duty, and will under true republican institutions become a blessing."

IV

THREE HISTORIC CHURCHES OF BOSTON

THE STORY OF OLD NORTH, OLD SOUTH, AND KING'S CHAPEL

The First Church of Boston would have been large enough for all its members for many years longer than they worshipped together, if they had been of one mind politically. But the differences that separated people in England in the troublous days of Charles I were repeated in Boston. For this reason some of the members of the First Church thought they would be better off by themselves, and in 1650 they organized the Second Church. Later the church became known as North Church, by reason of its location. As it grew older the name Old North was applied to it.

From its organization Old North became known as the church of spirited reformers, a real school for patriots. Increase Mather, one of its early pastors, was responsible for developing and directing the pe-

culiar genius of its organization. At the time of the Revolution the British officers spoke of the church as "a nest of traitors."

Many mass meetings to protest against the acts of Great Britain were held in this church. The corporation used it for a time as a fire house and a public arsenal, and when signals were given by the direction of Paul Revere on the night of his famous ride the lanterns were hung in the steeple of Old North.

The original building of 1652 was burned in 1673. The second building was also burned, but by the British, who tore it down and used it for firewood during the cold winter of the occupation of the city.

After the destruction of the building the members of New Brick Church, an offshoot of Old North, invited the congregation to worship with them. The invitation was accepted, and soon the congregations came together, under the name Old North. The building occupied ever since by the reunited congregation was erected in 1723. Ralph Waldo Emerson served as pastor and conducted services in this structure.

In 1669 there were many earnest people who felt that the teachings of the older church were not liberal enough for them, and they decided to have a church after their own heart. They felt that all who had been baptized might be citizens of the town; they were unwilling to be associated longer with those who insisted, as the General Synod of Massachusetts recommended, that all citizens must be church members, as formerly. So permission to organize was asked of the other churches. On their refusal appeal was taken to the Governor. The next appeal, to the selectmen of Boston, was successful.

The new church, which was called the South Meeting House, was built on the site of Governor Winthrop's house. In 1717 the people began to call the church "The Old South," to distinguish it from another church which was still further south.

In 1685 Governor Andros insisted that the Old South building should be used for the Church of England service, as well as for the services of the owners of the building. For two years Churchmen and Congregationalists occupied it harmoniously at different hours on Sunday.

On a Fast Day in 1696 Judge Sewall stood up before the congregation while they heard him read his prayer for the forgiveness of God and his fellow-citizens for any possible guilt he had incurred in the witchcraft trials.

Ten years later, on the day he was born, January 17, 1706, Benjamin Franklin was baptized in the church, though not in the present building.

The building made famous by the series of town meetings before and during the Revolution was erected in 1730. When Faneuil Hall was too small to hold the crowds that clamored for entrance, Old South was pressed into use. On June 14, 1768, at one of these meetings, a petition was sent to the Governor asking that the British frigate be removed from the harbor. John Hancock was chairman of this committee. The Boston Tea Party followed a mass meeting held here.

Burgoyne's cavalry used Old South Church as a riding school. Pigs were kept in one of the pews, while many of the furnishings were burned.

Since March, 1776, when the church was repaired, it has been little changed. Services were discontinued

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON

See page 32

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

See page 34

in 1872. After the great fire the building was used as a post-office.

Five years later there was talk of destroying the historic structure that the valuable lot might be used for business purposes, but the efforts of patriotic women were successful in preserving the relic. Since that time it has been kept open as a museum.

While Old North and Old South were organizations expressing the will of the people, the third of the famous churches of Boston was the expression of the will of King James II of England. During more than sixty years of the city's history there had been no congregation of the Church of England; members of that body were required to attend service in the existing parishes. A minister and a commission sent from England to arrange for the new church were received with scant courtesy by the churches when request was made that opportunity be given to hold Church of England services in the building of one of them.

Not satisfied with the offer of a room in the Town House, Governor Andros demanded that Old South make arrangements to accommodate the new body. On the refusal of the trustees to do as the Governor wished, the sexton of the church was one day ordered to ring the bell and open the doors for the Governor and his staff, and those who might wish to attend with them. Then the trustees submitted to the inevitable.

This was in 1687. The first chapel was built for the new congregation in 1689, on land appropriated for the purpose, since no one would convey a site willingly. This building was enlarged in 1710. The present striking structure dates from 1749-53. Peter Faneuil was treasurer of the committee that raised the necessary

funds. The expense was but £2,500, though granite from the new Quincy quarry was used. The colonnade surrounding the tower was not built until 1790.

King's Chapel, as the new church building came to be called, was known as the abode of loyalists, just as Old North and Old South were famous as the haunts of patriotic worshippers. The presence on the walls of the insignia of royalty and varied heraldic devices seriously disturbed the minds of those who felt that a house of worship should have no such furnishings.

During the Revolution the building was respected by the British as well as by the citizens of the town. When the war was over, the congregation of Old South was invited to use the chapel because their own church needed extensive repairs in consequence of the use the British had made of it.

Since 1787 King's Chapel has been a Unitarian church. The change was made under the leadership of Rev. James Freeman.

V

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL WAS BORN, AND WHERE HE DIED

When Thomas Oliver, Lieutenant Governor and president of George III's provincial council, built his house in Cambridge about 1767, he did not dream that within nine years he would have to abandon it because of his allegiance to the same George III. But so it

proved. He was a Tory, and his neighbors would not suffer him to remain among them. On September 2, 1774, he wrote his resignation of the offices he held, adding the statement, "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by five thousand people, in compliance with their command, I sign my name." At his request, made to General Gage and the admiral of the English fleet, troops were not sent to Cambridge, according to plan. "But for Thomas Oliver's intercession," Edward Everett Hale says, "Elmwood would have been the battle-ground of the First Encounters."

After his summary departure the house was used as a hospital by the Continental Army. When the government sold it at auction it became the property first of Arthur Cabot, then of Elbridge Gerry, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Massachusetts from 1810 to 1812, and Vice-President under Madison.

The next occupant was Rev. Charles Lowell, pastor of the West Church of Boston. He bought the property just in time to make it ready for his son, James Russell Lowell, who was born February 22, 1819.

As a boy James never wearied of rambling over the old house and the ten acres of ground, all that was left of the original ninety-five acres. Many of his poems contain references to the memories of these early years. "The First Snowfall," "Music," and "A Year's Life" are, in part, autobiographical. Lines on "The Power of Music" told of the days when he was his father's companion in the chaise, on the way to make a Sunday exchange of pulpits with a neighboring minister:

> "When, with feuds like Ghibelline and Guelf,
> Each parish did its music for itself,

A parson's son, through tree-arched country ways,
I rode exchange oft in dear old days,
Ere yet the boys forgot, with reverent eye,
To doff their hats as the black coat went by,
Ere skirts expanding in their apogee
Turned girls to bells without the second e;
Still in my teens, I felt the varied woes
Of volunteers, each singing as he chose,
Till much experience left me no desire
To learn new species of the village choir."

Life at Elmwood was interrupted by college days, but he returned to the Cambridge house with his wife, Maria Lowell. The oldest children were born here. Here, too, came the first great sorrow of the parents, the death of their first born. At that time Mrs. Lowell found comfort in writing "The Alpine Sheep," a poem that has helped many parents in a like time of bereavement.

The next great sorrow came during the Civil War, when the death from wounds was announced first of General Charles Russell Lowell, then of James Jackson Lowell, and finally of William Lowell Putnam, all beloved nephews. In the Biglow Papers, Second Series, the poet referred to these three soldiers. Leslie Stephen called the lines "the most pathetic that he ever wrote" in which he spoke of the three likely lads,

"Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'."

During the closing year of the war, one of the students who attended his lectures on Dante at Harvard College wrote of a visit to his preceptor:

"I found the serene possessor of Elmwood in good

spirits, ate a Graham biscuit and drank some delicious milk with him and his wife, then enjoyed a very pleasant conversation. He read some of Shakspeare's sonnets, to make me think better of them, and succeeded. . . . He gave me a very welcome copy of Macaulay's essays and poems, and the little visit was another oasis in school life's dearth of home sociability. Mabel, his only child, was not there at supper, but came home some time after: 'salute your progenitor!' and the answer was a daughter's kiss."

After spending years abroad, part of the time as Minister to Spain, then as Minister to England, Lowell returned to Elmwood. To a friend who congratulated him on being at home again, he said, "Yes, it is very nice here; but the old house is full of ghosts." His cousin, as quoted by Dr. Hale, says of these closing six years of the poet's life:

"The house was haunted by sad memories, but at least he was once more among his books. The library, which filled the two rooms on the ground floor to the left of the front door, had been constantly growing, and during his stay in Europe he had bought rare works with the intention of leaving them to Harvard College. Here he would sit when sad or unwell and read Calderon, the 'Nightingale in the Study,' whom he always found a solace. Except for occasional attacks of the gout, his life had been singularly free from sickness, but he had been at home only a few months when he was taken ill, and, after the struggle of a strong man to keep up as long as possible, he was forced to go to bed. In a few days his condition became so serious that the physician feared he would not live; but he rallied, and, although too weak to go to England, as he had planned, he appeared to be comparatively well. When taken sick, he had been preparing a new edition of his works, the only full collection that had ever been

made, and he had the satisfaction of publishing it soon after his recovery. This was the last literary work he was destined to do, and it rounded off fittingly his career as a man of letters."

He died in August, 1891, when he was seventy-two years old.

Elmwood remains in the possession of the Lowell heirs. The ten acres of the poet's boyhood days have been reduced to two or three, but the house is much the same as when the poet lived in it.

VI

THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

MADE FAMOUS BY GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
'Forever, never!
Never—forever.'"

The clock of which Longfellow wrote stood on the stair-landing of the old Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, which he bought in 1843, after having occupied it a number of years. Here he wrote the majority of his poems. Here, one June day, Nathaniel Hawthorne dined with the poet. In the course of

conversation, the author of "The House of Seven Gables" told Longfellow the heart-moving story of the Acadian maiden who was separated from her lover by the cruel mandate of the conquerors of Acadia, and here the poem was written that told the story. Here were spent days of gladness with friends who delighted to enter the hospitable door. Here the poet rejoiced in his home with the children of whom he wrote in "The Children's Hour":

> "Between the dark and the daylight,
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
> That is known as the Children's Hour."

And here, one sad day in July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was so severely burned that she died the next day. This great sorrow bore rich fruit for those who loved the poet. "Above the grave the strong man sowed his thoughts, and they ripened like the corn in autumn," one of his biographers has said.

The house was named for Andrew Craigie, who became the owner of the property in 1793. He had given valuable service during the Revolutionary War, acting as an "apothecary-general" in the Continental Army. He was a man of wealth, and his home was the popular resort for people of note from all parts of the country. During his later years he lost all his money, and his widow was compelled to rent rooms to Harvard students. In this way Edward Everett became a resident of the house.

The builder of the mansion was John Vassall. In 1760, when he occupied the house, it was surrounded by a park of one hundred and fifty acres. Soon after

the beginning of the war he went to Boston, and later he removed to England, for his sympathies were with the Crown. Accordingly, in 1778, the property was declared forfeited to the State.

But the estate really became public property three years before this, when a regiment, under the command of Colonel Glover, pitched its tents in the park. In July, 1775, Washington made the house his headquarters, remaining until April 4, 1776.

During these months the house was a busy place. Officers gathered here both for business and for pleasure. Military conferences and court-martials were held in the large room in the second story which was later used by Longfellow as a study. Dinners and entertainments were frequent; these provided a needed safety valve during the weeks of anxious waiting near the British line. Mrs. Washington was a visitor here, thus giving to her husband the taste of home life which he was unwilling to take during the Revolution by making a visit to his estate at Mt. Vernon.

On one of the early days of the Commander-in-Chief's occupancy of the house, he wrote this entry in his carefully-kept account book:

"July 15, 1775, Paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters, and which had been occupied by the Marblehead regiment, £2 10s. 9d."

The day before this entry was made General Green wrote to Samuel Ward:

"His Excellency, General Washington, has arrived amongst us, universally admired. Joy was visible in every countenance, and it seemed as if the spirit of conquest breathed through the whole army. I hope I

shall be taught, to copy his example, and to prefer the love of liberty, in this time of public danger to all the soft pleasures of domestic life, and support ourselves with manly fortitude amidst all the dangers and hardships that attend a state of war. And I doubt not, under the General's wise direction, we shall establish such excellent order and strictness of discipline as to invite victory to attend him wherever he goes."

A council of war was held in the upstairs room on August 3, 1775. After this council General Sullivan wrote to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety:

"To our great surprise, discovered that we had not powder enough to furnish half a pound a man, exclusive of what the people have in their homes and cartridge boxes. The General was so struck that he did not utter a word for half an hour."

Further hints of the serious straits caused by the lack of ammunition were contained in a letter of Elias Boudinot. He said that at the time there were fourteen miles of line to guard, so that Washington did not dare fire an Evening or Morning Gun. "In this situation one of the Committee of Safety for Massachusetts . . . deserted and went over to General Gage, and discovered our poverty to him. The fact was so incredible, that General Gage treated it as a stratagem of war, and the informant as a Spy, or coming with the express purpose of deceiving him & drawing his Army into a Snare, by which means we were saved from having our Quarters beaten up. . . ."

The strange inactivity of the British in the face of the unpreparedness of the Continental troops was remarked in a letter written to Congress on January 4, from Headquarters:

"It is not in the pages of history, perhaps, to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket shot of the enemy, for six months together, without [powder], and at the same time to disband one army, and recruit another, within that distance of twenty odd British regiments, is more, probably, than was ever attempted."

To-day visitors are free to roam through the rooms that echoed to the tread of Washington and his generals, in which the children played in Longfellow's day, and where the poet wrote so many of his messages that have gone straight to the hearts of millions.

VII

THE ADAMS HOUSES, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE TWO PRESIDENTS WERE BORN

John Adams was born and spent his boyhood in a simple farmhouse near Braintree (now Quincy), Massachusetts. It has been described as a "plain, square, honest block of a house, widened by a lean-to, and scarcely two stories high." This house, built in 1681, Daniel Munro Wilson says was "the veritable roof-tree, under which was ushered into being the earliest and strongest advocate of independence, the leader whose clear intelligence was paramount in shaping our free institutions, the founder of a line of statesmen, legislators, diplomats, historians, whose patriotism is a passion, and whose integrity is like the granite of their native hills."

It is a remarkable fact that John Adams and John Hancock, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the fight for American independence, were born within a mile of each other, on days only a little more than a year apart. The baptismal records show that October 19, 1735, was the birthday of John Adams, while John Hancock was born on January 12, 1737.

From the modest home in Braintree John Adams went to college. Later he taught school and studied law. Soon after he returned home in 1758 he wrote in his diary:

"Rose at sunrise, unpitched a load of hay, and translated two more leaves of Justinian."

After the death of his father, in 1761, the burden of the home fell on his shoulders, and in the same year he was called to serve the country. His diary tells of the call:

"In March, when I had no suspicion, I heard my name pronounced (at town meeting) in a nomination of surveyor of highways. I was very wroth, because I knew better, but said nothing. My friend, Dr. Savil, came to me and told me that he had nominated me to prevent me from being nominated as a constable. 'For,' said the doctor, 'they make it a rule to compel every man to serve either as constable or surveyor, or to pay a fine.' Accordingly, I went to ploughing and ditching."

Thus John Adams showed the spirit of service that later animated his son, John Quincy Adams, who, after he had been President, became a representative in Congress, and made answer to those who thought such an office beneath his dignity, "An ex-President would not

be degraded by serving as a selectman in his town if elected thereto by the people."

During those early years the young lawyer had other occupations than ditch-digging. The records of the family show that he was assiduously courting Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, minister in Weymouth, near by. Probably he first met her in the historic house, for she was a frequent visitor there.

The marriage of the young people on October 25, 1764, excited much comment. In Puritan New England the profession of the law was not a popular calling, and many of the people thought Abigail Smith was "throwing herself away." Parson Smith was equal to the occasion; as he had helped his eldest daughter out of a similar difficulty by preaching on the text, "And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her," so, on the Sunday after Abigail's marriage, he announced the text, "For John . . . came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil."

The year of the marriage witnessed the beginning of John Adams' fight for independence. For it was the year of the iniquitous Stamp Act. In his diary he wrote:

"I drew up a petition to the selectmen of Braintree, and procured it to be signed by a number of the respectable inhabitants, to call a meeting of the town to instruct their representatives in relation to the stamps."

The following year, when a meeting was held in Braintree to take action in consequence of the failure of Great Britain to heed the protest against the Stamp Act, he wrote:

"I prepared a draught of instruction at home, and carried them with me. The cause of the meeting was explained at some length, and the state and danger of the country pointed out. A committee was appointed to prepare instructions, of which I was nominated as one. My draught was unanimously adopted without amendment, reported to the town, and accepted without a dissenting voice. . . . They rang through the state and were adopted in so many words . . . by forty towns, as instructions to their representatives."

Less than two years later, on July 11, 1767, in the town close by his own birthplace, to which John Adams had taken his bride, John Quincy Adams was born. The delights of the new home have been pictured in a pleasing manner by Daniel Munro Wilson:

"Elevated was life in this 'little hut,' but it was real, genuine, beautifully domestic. The scene of it, visible there now to any pious pilgrim, and reverently preserved in many of its antique appointments by the Quincy Historical Society, assists the imagination to realize its noble simplicity. The dining-room or general living room, with its wide open fireplace, is where the young couple would most often pass their evenings, and in winter would very likely occupy in measureless content a single settle, roasting on one side and freezing on the other. The kitchen, full of cheerful bustle, and fragrant as the spice isles, how it would draw the children as they grew up, the little John Quincy among them! Here they could be near mother, and watch her with absorbing attention as she superintended the cooking, now hanging pots of savory meats on the crane, and now drawing from the cavernous depths of the brick oven the pies and baked beans and Indian puddings and other delicacies of those days. We can more easily imagine the home scene when we read these words written by Mrs. Adams to her husband: 'Our son is

much better than when you left home, and our daughter rocks him to sleep with the song of "Come papa, come home to brother Johnnie." ' 'Johnnie' is the dignified President and 'old man eloquent' that is to be."

When it became evident that there must be Revolution, the patriot Adams was compelled to leave his family and go into the thick of the fight. He did not want to go. "I should have thought myself the happiest man in the world if I could have returned to my little hut and forty acres, which my father left me in Braintree, and lived on potatoes and sea-weed the rest of my life. But I had taken a part, I had adopted a system, I had encouraged my fellow citizens, and I could not abandon them in conscience and in honor."

From the old home Abigail Adams wrote him letters that moved him to renewed efforts for his struggling countrymen. In one of them she said, "You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that through the mercy of its King we shall both rejoice there together."

The wife rejoiced when her husband's ringing words helped to carry the Declaration of Independence; she urged him to make the trips to France which Congress asked him to undertake; she encouraged him when he was Vice-President and, later, President, and she made home more than ever an abode of peace when, in 1801, he returned to Braintree, to a house of Leonard Vassall, built in 1731, which he bought in 1785.

In this house husband and wife celebrated their golden wedding, as John Quincy Adams was to cele-

CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace, Philadelphia

See page 40

FERNSIDE FARM, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

See page 54

DUSTON GARRISON HOUSE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Photo by W. R. Merryman, Haverhill

See page 57

ROYALL HOUSE, MEDFORD, MASS.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 66

brate his golden wedding many years later. Here, for many years, the son enjoyed being with the mother of whom he once wrote:

"My mother was an angel upon earth. She was a minister of blessings to all human beings within her sphere of action. . . . She has been to me more than a mother. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good, and contributing by my mere consciousness of her existence to the comfort of my life. . . . There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart but it was the ornament of hers."

And in this house the mother died, on October 28, 1818. John Quincy Adams lived there until his death, on July 4, 1826.

VIII

THE QUINCY MANSION, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

THE HOME OF THREE DOROTHY QUINCYS

Among the settlers to whom Boston granted large allotments of outlying lands were William Coddington and Edmund Quincy. In 1635 they went, in company with their associate settlers, to "the mount," which became Braintree, now Quincy.

By the side of a pleasant brook, under the shade of spreading trees, Coddington built in 1636 his house of four rooms. Downstairs was the kitchen and the living room, while upstairs were two bedrooms. The upper story overhung the lower in the old manner, and a generous chimney, which afforded room for a large open fireplace, dominated the whole.

This house became the meeting place for a group of seekers after religious liberty who were looked upon with suspicion in Boston—Rev. John Wheelwright, Sir Harry Vane, Atherton Hough, Ann Hutchinson, and others. In consequence of their views the company was soon broken up. Ann Hutchinson and Wheelwright were banished, while Coddington would have been banished if he had not gone hastily to Rhode Island.

Edmund Quincy, who succeeded to Coddington's house, probably would have been banished if he had not died before the decree could be pronounced. For a season his widow, Judith, lived in the house, which, from that time, became known as the Quincy Mansion. With her were the children, Edmund and Judith. Judith, who married at twenty, and became the mother of Hannah (Betsy) Hull, whose dowry, when she became the bride of Judge Samuel Sewell, was her weight in pine-tree shillings, the gift of her father, the master of the colony's mint. Florence Royce Davis has written of the wedding:

"Then the great scales were brought, amid laughter and jest,
And Betsy was called to step in and be weighed;
But a silence fell over each wondering guest
When the mint-master opened a ponderous chest
And a fortune of shillings displayed.

"By handfuls the silver was poured in one side
Till it weighed from the floor blushing Betsy, the bride;
And the mint-master called: 'Prithee, Sewell, my son,
The horses are saddled, the wedding is done;
Behold the bride's portion; and know all your days
Your wife is well worth every shilling she weighs.'"

Edmund Quincy married at twenty-one, and became the next occupant of the mansion. During his long life there were welcomed to the hospitable roof many of those whose words and deeds prepared the way for the liberty that was to come to the country within a century.

The second of the Quincy line was a leader in the town. At one time he was its representative in the General Court, and as colonel of the Suffolk Regiment, he was the first of a long list of colonels in the family. But the day came when it was written of him, "Unkel Quincy grows exceeding crazy," and in 1698 the second Edmund yielded the house to Edmund the third.

This Edmund also became a colonel and a representative and, later, a judge of the Supreme Court. His pastor said of him, "This great man was of a manly Stature and Aspect, of a Strong Constitution and of Good Courage, fitted for any Business of Life, to serve God, his King and Country." Not only did he enlarge the glory of the family, but, in 1706, he enlarged the house, yet in such a way that the original Coddington house could be clearly traced after the improvements were finished. Judge Sewell, the cousin of the builder, was one of the welcome occupants of the improved house. On his way to Plymouth he stopped at "Braintry." "I turned in to Cousin Quinsey," he said, "where I had the pleasure to see God in his Providence shining again upon the Persons and Affairs of the Family after long distressing Sickness and Losses. Lodged in the chamber next the Brooke." Later on another chamber near the brook was provided for Mrs. Quincy's brother, Tutor Flynt of Harvard, when he came that way for rest and change.

The oldest child of this generation was Edmund, whose daughter, Dorothy Quincy, married John Hancock, while the fourth child was Dorothy Quincy, the great-grandmother of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The continuity of life at the mansion was sadly broken when, within a year, the grandmother, the mother, and the father died. The death of the latter occurred in England, where he had gone on business for the colony. When news came of the ending of his life, the General Court of Massachusetts declared that "he departed the delight of his own people, but of none more than the Senate, who, as a testimony of their love and gratitude, have ordered this epitaph to be inscribed on his tomb in Bunhill Fields, London."

For a year Dorothy Quincy remained in the house; but on her marriage the place ceased for a time to be the chief residence of a Quincy. Edmund was in business in Boston. He resorted to the house for a season now and then, but his Boston home remained his permanent abiding place until after the birth of his daughter Dorothy. Then failing fortune sent him back to the ancestral home.

During the next few years John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Hancock were favored visitors at the mansion. John Hancock won Dorothy Quincy for his bride, and family tradition says that preparations were made for the wedding in the old home. "The large north parlor was adorned with a new wall paper, express from Paris, and appropriately figured with the forms of Venus and Cupid in blue, and pendant wreaths of flowers in red," writes the author of "Where American Independence Began." But the approaching Revolution interfered. The bridegroom hurried away to

Boston and then to Lexington. Dorothy, under the care of Mrs. Hancock, the mother of John Hancock, also went to Lexington on April 18, 1775, the very day when Paul Revere aroused the patriots, and Hancock was once more compelled to flee for his life. Four months later, at Fairfield, Connecticut, the lovers were married.

The old mansion was never again the home of the Quincys. Josiah, brother of Edmund the fourth, built for himself in 1770 a beautiful home not far from the family headquarters. Here he lived through the war. Visitors to the house are shown on one of the windows the record he made of the departure of the British from Boston Harbor, scratched there when he saw the welcome sight, on October 17, 1775.

For much more than a century the house was in the hands of other families, but, fortunately, it has come under the control of the Colonial Dames of Massachusetts. They have made it the historic monument it deserves to be. The visitors who are privileged to wander through the rooms hallowed by the presence of men and women who helped to pave the way for American independence read with hearty appreciation the lines which Holmes addressed to the portrait of his ancestress, "My Dorothy Q," as he called her:

"Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid."

IX

FERNSIDE FARM, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

THE BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD HOME OF JOHN G. WHITTIER

The first house built by Thomas Whittier, the three-hundred-pound ancestor of the poet Whittier, and first representative of the family in America, was a little log cabin. There he took his wife, Ruth Flint, and there ten children were born. Five of them were boys, and each of them was more than six feet tall.

No wonder the log house grew too small for the family. So, probably in 1688, he built a house whose massive hewn beams were fifteen inches square, whose kitchen was thirty feet long, with a fireplace eight feet wide. The rooms clustered about a central chimney.

In this house the poet was born December 17, 1807, and here he spent the formative years of his life. When he was twenty-seven years old he wrote for *The Little Pilgrim* of Philadelphia a paper on "The Fish I Didn't Catch." In this he described the home of his boyhood:

"Our old homestead nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low, green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its time, after doing duty at two

or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea."

Whittier's poems are full of references to the life on the farm; many of his best verses had their inspiration in memories of the past. For instance, the description of the building of the fire in "Snow-Bound," a poem which describes the life at the farm when he was twelve years old, is a faithful picture of what took place in the old kitchen every night of the long New England winter, when

> "We piled, with care, our nightly stack
> Of wood against the chimney back—
> The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
> And on its top the thick back-stick;
> The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
> And filled between with curious art.
> The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
> We watched the first red blaze appear,
> Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
> On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
> Until the old, rude-fashioned room
> Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

Young Whittier was a faithful worker on the farm. One day, when he was nineteen years old, William Lloyd Garrison, the young editor of a Newburyport newspaper, to which Whittier had contributed a poem, found him assisting in repairing a stone wall. The visitor urged the father of the young poet to send him to school. As a result of this visit Whittier entered the Academy in Haverhill, with the understanding that he was to earn his way.

At intervals during the succeeding ten years the poet returned to the old farm, but when he was thirty years old the place was sold, the family went to Amesbury, and he left soon afterward for Philadelphia, where he was to edit an anti-slavery paper.

All through life Whittier dreamed of buying back the homestead. When he received a check for $1,000 as the first proceeds from "Snow-Bound," he set the sum aside as the beginning of a redemption fund.

But the citizens of Haverhill, led by Alfred A. Ordway, asked the privilege of buying the property themselves, and making it a memorial to the poet. Whittier died before the purchase was completed, but soon afterward Fernside Farm, as the poet called it, was taken over by Mr. Ordway. It is now in the hands of an association that has restored it and keeps it open to visitors whose hearts have been stirred by the work of the Quaker poet.

X

THE DUSTON GARRISON HOUSE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

FROM WHICH HANNAH DUSTON WAS CARRIED AWAY BY THE INDIANS

The attention of visitors to Haverhill, Massachusetts, is attracted to a great granite boulder set in a place of honor in the old town. When they ask about it they are told the story of Hannah Duston, heroine.

Thomas and Hannah Duston were married in 1677,

and at once built a humble house of imported brick on the spot where the boulder now stands. Frequently one of the bricks is uncovered on the site; those who examine it marvel at the thought of the building material brought across the sea.

Later Thomas Duston uncovered deposits of clay near his home which led him to make experiments in brick making. He was so successful that his product was in demand; villagers said that the Haverhill bricks were fully as good as those brought from England.

Strong building material was needed, for hostile Indians were all about. In order to afford protection against them, Mr. Duston determined to build a new house, which should serve as a garrison in time of danger. By the village authorities he was appointed keeper of the garrison, as this commission shows:

"To Thomas Duston, upon the settlement of garrisons. You being appointed master of the garrison at your house, you are hereby in his Maj's name, required to see that a good watch is kept at your garrison both by night and by day by those persons hereafter named who are to be under your command and inspection in building or repairing your garrison, and if any person refuse or neglect their duty, you are accordingly required to make return of the same, under your hand to the Committee of militia in Haverhill."

The new house was well under way when this command was given. As it is still standing, it is possible to tell of its construction. A Haverhill writer says that "white oak, which is to-day well preserved, was used in its massive framework, and the floor and roof timbers are put together with great wooden pins. In

early days the windows swung outward, and the glass was very thick, and set into the frames with lead."

On March 15, 1697, the watching Indians decided that their opportunity had come to attack the village. They knew that if they waited for the completion of the new garrison, there would be little chance of success. So they struck at once.

The story of what followed was told by Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," published in London in 1702:

"On March 15, 1697, the Salvages made a Descent upon the Skirts of Haverhil, Murdering and Captiving about Thirty-nine Persons, and Burning about half a Dozen Houses. In the Broil, one Hannah Dustan having lain-in about a Week, attended with her Nurse, Mary Neffe a Widow, a Body of terrible Indians drew near unto the House where she lay, with Design to carry on their Bloody Devastations. Her Husband hastened from his Employment abroad unto the relief of his Distressed Family; and first bidding Seven of his Eight Children (which were from Two to Seventeen Years of Age) to get away as fast as they could into some Garrison in the Town, he went in to inform his Wife of the horrible Distress come upon them. E'er he could get up, the fierce Indians were got so near, that utterly despairing to do her any Service, he ran out after his Children. . . . He overtook his children about Forty Rod from his Door, . . . a party of Indians came up with him; and now though they Fired at him, and he Fired at them, yet he Manfully kept at the Reer of his Little Army of Unarmed Children, while they Marched off with the Pace of a Child of Five Years Old; until, by the Singular Providence of God, he arrived safe with them all unto a Place of Safety about a Mile or two from his House. . . .

"The Nurse, trying to escape with the New-born Infant, fell into the Hands of the Formidable Salvages; and those furious Tawnies coming into the House, bid poor Dustan to rise immediately. . . .

"Dustan (with her Nurse) . . . travelled that Night about a Dozen Miles, and then kept up with their New Masters in a long Travel of an Hundred and Fifty Miles. . . .

"The poor Women had nothing but Fervent Prayers to make their Lives Comfortable or Tolerable, and by being daily sent out upon Business, they had Opportunities together and asunder to do like another Hannah, in pouring out their Souls before the Lord."

The Indians were "now Travelling with these Two Captive Women, (and an English Youth taken from Worcester a Year and half before,) unto a Rendezvouz of Salvages which they call a Town somewhere beyond Penacook; and they still told, these poor Women, that when they came to this Town they must be Stript, and Scourg'd, and Run the Gantlet through the whole Army of Indians. They said this was the Fashion when the Captives first came to a Town; . . .

"But on April 30, while they were yet, it may be, about an Hundred and Fifty Miles from the Indian Town, a little before break of Day, when the whole Crew was in a Dead Sleep . . . one of these Women took up a Resolution to intimate the Action of Jael upon Sisera; and being where she had not her own Life secured by any Law unto her, she thought she was not forbidden by any Law to take away the Life of the Murderers. . . . She heartened the Nurse and the Youth to assist her in this Enterprize; and all furnishing themselves with Hatchets for the purpose, they struck such home Blows upon the Heads of their Sleeping Oppressors, that e'er they could any of them struggle into any effectual resistance, at the Feet of those poor Prisoners, they bow'd, they fell, they lay down; at their Feet they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down Dead."

One old squaw and a boy of eleven escaped to the forest. The scalps were not taken at first, but soon Hannah Duston returned to the camp and gathered the trophies, in order that she might claim the bounty offered by the colony for the scalps of hostile Indians. Then all the Indians' canoes were scuttled, their arms were taken, and the party of three embarked.

Day after day they paddled down the Merrimac, the three taking turns in the unaccustomed labour. At night they paused to rest. Cautiously a fire was kindled, and food was cooked. Always they feared discovery by the bands of Indians. Two slept, while a third stood guard. But no Indians appeared.

At last the home village was in sight. The wondering villagers came out to see who the visitors could be. Their astonishment and delight can be imagined.

The General Assembly of Massachusetts voted Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds' reward, while a similar amount was divided between Mrs. Neff and the boy Samuel Lennardson. Later the governor of Maryland sent Mrs. Duston a silver tankard.

The Duston descendants, who hold a reunion every year, prize these souvenirs. But most of all they prize a letter (the original of which is in the possession of the Haverhill Historical Society) written by Mrs. Duston in 1723, in which she gave a wonderful testimony to God's goodness to her and hers. This is the message she gave to children and grandchildren:

"I Desire to be thankful that I was born in a Land of Light & Baptized when I was young and had a good education by my Father, tho' I took but little notice of it in the time of it—I am Thankful for my Captivity, 'twas the Comfortablest time that ever I had. In my

Affliction God made his Word Comfortable to me. I remember ye 43 ps. ult. [probably meaning last part] and those words came to my mind—ps. 118:17—I have had a great Desire to Come to the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper a Great while, but fearing I should give offense and fearing my own Unworthiness has kept me back. Reading a Book concerning X's Sufferings Did much awaken me. In the 55th of Isa. beg [beginning] We are invited to come: Hearing Mr. Moody preach out of ye 3rd of Mal. 3 last verses it put me upon Consideration. Ye 11th of Matt., ending, has been encouraging to me—I have been resolving to offer my Self from time to time ever since the Settlement of the present Ministry. I was awakened by the first Sacraml Sermon [Luke 14:17]. But Delays and fears prevailed upon me: But I desire to Delay no longer, being Sensible it is my Duty—I desire the Church to receive me tho' it be the Eleventh hour; and pray for me that I may honer God and receive the Salvation of My Soul.

"Hannah Duston, wife of Thomas. Ætat 67."

Mrs. Duston lived in the old house at Haverhill for many years after her remarkable escape.

XI

THE OLD MANSE AND THE WAYSIDE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

TWO HOUSES MADE FAMOUS BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne was thirty-eight years old before he was able to begin the ideal life of Adam with his Eve, to which he had looked forward for many years.

"I want a little piece of land that I can call my

own, big enough to stand upon, big enough to be buried in," he said to a friend when he was thirty-four years old. Lack of money delayed the realization, but it is a curious fact that the marriage to Sophia Peabody took place just after he had made up his mind that the thousand dollars he had invested in the Emerson Brook Farm experiment was gone forever.

The marriage took place July 9, 1842, and housekeeping was at once begun in the Old Manse at Concord, which was built in 1765 by Emerson's grandfather. But he was merely a renter; his dream of ownership was to be delayed ten years longer. The great rooms of the curious gambrel-roofed house were rather bare, and there was a scarcity of everything except love, yet the author and his bride found nothing but joy in the retired garden and the dormer-windowed house.

Hawthorne's own charming description of the house and grounds is so attractive that the reader wishes to visit them:

"Between two tall gateposts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch), we beheld the grey front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, the last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying ground. . . .

"Nor, in truth, had the old manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly owners from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in the chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to recollect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant

there—he by whose translation to paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses. . . . How often, no doubt, had he paced along the avenue, attuning his meditations to sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the leafy tops of the trees! . . . I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the autumn, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses."

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her mother:

"I have no time, as you may imagine. I am baby's tire-woman, hand-maiden, and tender, as well as nursing mother. My husband relieves me with her constantly, and gets her to sleep beautifully. . . . The other day, when my husband saw me contemplating an appalling vacuum in his dressing-gown, he said he was a man of the largest rents in the country, and it was strange he had not more ready money. . . . But, somehow or other, I do not care much, because we are so happy."

Hawthorne did much of his work in the rear room where Emerson wrote. In the introduction to "Mosses from an Old Manse" he said of this apartment:

"When I first saw the room, the walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers, that hung around. . . . The rain pattered upon the roof and the sky gloomed through the dirty garret windows while I burrowed among the venerable books in search of any living thought."

From his writing Hawthorne turned easily to wandering in the garden or rowing on the river or helping his wife about the house. "We had a most enchanting time during Mary the cook's holiday sojourn in Boston," Mrs. Hawthorne wrote at one time. "We remained in our bower undisturbed by mortal creature. Mr. Hawthorne took the new phases of housekeeper, and, with that marvellous power of adaptation to circumstances that he possesses, made everything go easily and well. He rose betimes in the mornings and kindled fires in the kitchen and breakfast room, and by the time I came down the tea-kettle boiled and potatoes were baked and rice cooked, and my lord sat with a book superintending."

Poverty put an untimely end to life at the Old Manse. The years from 1846 to 1852 were spent in Boston and Salem. In 1852 Hawthorne was able to buy a dilapidated old house at Concord, which he called The Wayside. Here he remained until his appointment in 1853 as American Consul at Liverpool, and to it he returned after long wandering.

The Wayside had been the home of Bronson Alcott. Here Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne made their second real home. They rejoiced as, a little at a time, they were able to improve the property, and they showed always that they knew the secret of finding happiness in the midst of privations.

Hawthorne described his new abode for his friend, George William Curtis:

"As for my old house, you will understand it better after spending a day or two in it. Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand, it was a mean-looking affair, with two peaked gables; no suggestion about it and no venerable-

ness, although from the style of its architecture it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front, and a central peak, and a piazza at each end, and painted it a rusty olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness; all which improvements, together with the situation at the foot of a wooded hill, make it a place that one notices and remembers for a few minutes after passing it. . . .

"The house stands within ten or fifteen feet of the old Boston road (along which the British marched and retreated), divided from it by a fence, and some trees and shrubbery of Mr. Alcott's setting out. Wherefore I have called it 'The Wayside,' which I think a better name and more morally suggestive than that which, as Mr. Alcott has since told me, he bestowed on it, 'The Hillside.' In front of the house, on the opposite side of the road, I have eight acres of land,—the only valuable portion of the place in a farmer's eye, and which are capable of being made very fertile. On the hither side, my territory extends some little distance over the brow of the hill, and is absolutely good for nothing, in a productive point of view, though very good for many other purposes.

"I know nothing of the history of the house, except Thoreau's telling me that it was inhabited a generation or two ago by a man who believed he should never die. I believe, however, he is dead; at least, I hope so; else he may probably appear and dispute my title to his residence."

In furnishing the house Mrs. Hawthorne took keen pleasure in putting the best of everything in her husband's study. She called it "the best room, the temple of the Muses and the Delphic shrine."

In these surroundings, supported by a wife who worshipped him, Hawthorne wrote until the call came to go to England. It was 1860 before he returned to The

Wayside. There he hoped to end his life, but death overtook him at Plymouth, New Hampshire, while he was making a tour of New England with Franklin Pierce. Mrs. Hawthorne survived him seven years.

XII

THE ROYALL HOUSE, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

FROM WHOSE ROOF MOLLY STARK SIGNALLED TO HER HUSBAND

One who is familiar with the old plantation houses of Virginia is tempted to rub his eyes when he first sees the Royall House at Medford, Massachusetts, for this relic of Colonial days has the outbuildings, the slave-quarters, and other characteristics of so many Virginia houses. True, it has not the low wings and the stately columns at the entrance, but the doorway is so chaste and dignified that this is not felt to be a lack. Those who enter the doorway and walk reverently through the rooms of what has been called the finest specimen of colonial architecture in the vicinity of Boston, are filled anew with admiration for the builders of another day who chose the finest white pine for their work, and would not dream of scamping anywhere. Evidently there was little need in those days of the services of an inspector to see that the terms of a contract were carried out.

The history of the property goes back to 1631, when Governor John Winthrop, the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who served for nineteen

years, secured a grant to the farm on which, within six or seven years, the original dormer-windowed Royall House was built. This was smaller than the present house, but it was later incorporated in the present stately mansion; one story was added, and the outer wall was moved a few feet. Thus it is really a house within a house.

At the time of Governor Winthrop's ownership it was called the Ten-Hill Farmhouse, because ten hills could be seen from its windows. John Winthrop, Jr., sold the place to Mrs. Elizabeth Lidgett. Lieutenant Governor Usher married a Lidgett, and owned the estate until he lost it through business reverses. The name was not changed until 1732, when the house was bought by Isaac Royall, a planter from Antigua, in the Leeward Islands, a descendant of William Royall of Salem. He paid £10,350 for the estate, which then consisted of five hundred and four acres. It was he who enlarged the house. For five years the neighbors watched the transformation of the comfortable Ten-Hill Farmhouse to the great Royall House, with its enclosing wall, elm-bordered driveway, pleasing garden, summerhouse, great barn, and rambling slave-quarters.

Two generations of Royalls entertained lavishly here. Among the guests were the most celebrated men of the time, as well as many who were not so well known, for all were welcome there. Many of these guests drove up the driveway to the paved courtyard in their own grand equipages. Some were brought in the four-horse Royall chariot. But those who came on foot were welcomed as heartily.

Isaac Royall, II, was a Tory, and in 1775 he was compelled to abandon the property. Thereupon Col-

onel, later General, John Stark made it his headquarters. The regiment which he had himself raised, and whose wages he paid for a time from his own pocket, was encamped near by. From the Royall house these men and their intrepid leader went out to the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Under the direction of Molly Stark the house maintained its reputation for hospitality, and she did her best to make the place the abode of patriotism. On the day when the British evacuated Boston she promised her husband to signal to him from the roof the movements of the enemy. Passing on with his soldiers to Dorchester Heights, he anxiously awaited the news sent to him by his faithful Molly.

The Royall family regained possession of the property in 1805. To-day it is owned by the Royall House Association, which keeps it open to the visitors. These come in large numbers to see relics of former days, including what is said to be the only chest that survived the Boston Tea Party, the sign of the Royall Oak Tavern in Medford, which bears the marks of the bullets of the soldiers who were on their way to the Battle of Bunker Hill, the old furniture, the first fork used in the Colony, and the furnishings of the quaint kitchen fireplace, which dates from 1732.

XIII

BROADHEARTH AND THE BENNET-BOARDMAN HOUSE, SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS

TWO REMARKABLE SPECIMENS OF THE OVERHANG HOUSE

"Thomas Dexter of Lyn, yeoman," was the first owner of much of the land on which Lynn, Massachusetts, is built. Evidently he was land poor, for on October 22, 1639, he "mortgaged his fearme in Lyn . . . for two oxen & 2 bulls upon condition of payment to Simon Broadstreet of Ipswich £90 the first day of August, the next following with a reservation upon the sale of the said fearme to give the said Dexter the overflow above the debt and damages of the said £90."

Six years later the Registry of Deeds at Salem told of the sale, to Richard Leader, Gent, of England, of a bit of the farm on which Governor Broadstreet held a mortgage. Mr. Leader was the agent of "ye Company of undertakers of ye Iron Works," and he thought that Dexter had the best location for the purposes of the company that proposed to start what proved to be the first successful iron works in the Colonies. The quaint story of the transaction was entered thus:

"Thomas Dexter of Lyn in the County of Essex ye[oman] for the sum of 40 £ st[erling] hath sowld unto Richard Leder for ye use of ye Iron works all that land, wch by reason of [a] damme now agreed to be made, shall overflow and all sufficient ground for a water course from the damme, to the works to be

erected, and alsoe all [the] land betwene the an[cient] water course and the new extended flume or water course togeather with five acres and an halfe of land lying in the corn field most convenient for the Iron Works and also tooe convenient cartwayes that is to one on each side of the premises as by a deed indented bearing date the twentie seaventh of January, 1645, more at lardge apth."

On the ground thus bought a sturdy house, Broadhearth, was built in 1646. The second story overhung the first story, after the manner of many English houses of the period. The overhang is still in evidence, though a veranda has hidden it except to the careful observer.

The first product of the iron works, a kettle, was made in 1642. This is still in existence. During more than one hundred years neighboring colonists looked to the foundry for their supplies of house hardware, furnishings, and implements of iron. The site of the foundry was opposite the house, while traces of the pits from which the bog ore was dug are easily found in the field at the rear. Remains of scoria and slag are also pointed out to the visitor by employees of the Wallace Nutting Corporation, which has restored the house as nearly as possible to its original condition and has placed in it furniture of the period. A caretaker has been placed in charge who will copy for applicants iron work in the house, or other old examples. Thus, in a modest way, the Saugus Iron Works has been reëstablished.

Another specimen of the overhang house is not far away. This is the house built some time between 1649 and 1656 by Samuel Bennet, carpenter. It is famous as the house that has been in two counties, Suffolk and

BROADHEARTH, SAUGUS, MASS.

Photo by Wallace Nutting, Inc., Framingham Center, Mass

See page 69

BENNETT-BOARDMAN HOUSE, SAUGUS, MASS.

Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

See page 69

Photo Furnished by Rev. A. McDonald, Newburyport, Mass.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

See page 75

Essex, and in four towns, Boston, Lynn, Chelsea, and Saugus.

That it was once in Boston was due to the narrow strip of the territory of the city that stretched far out in the country, somewhat after the manner of a portion of a modern gerrymandered legislative district. When the district was set off as Chelsea and Lynn, in response to a petition of citizens who were inconvenienced by their distance from town meetings, the boundaries between Chelsea and Lynn were carelessly marked; one line ran directly through the front door and the chimney of the Bennet house. This mistake, which caused annoyance and expense to those who occupied the house, was not corrected for more than one hundred years. Finally Abijah Boardman asked that he be relieved of his double liability to Lynn and Chelsea, and in 1803, by Act of the General Court, the petition was granted.

Bennet, the builder of the house, figured more than once in the courts. In 1644 the Grand Jury indicted him as "a Common sleeper in time of exercise," and he was fined 2s. 6d. In 1671 he brought suit against the Iron Works Company for £400 for labor. In connection with this suit John Paule, whose "constant employment was to repair carts, coale carts, mine carts, and other working materials" for the "tiemes" at the iron works, testified that "my master Bennet did yearly yearme a vast sum from said Iron Works, for he commonly yearmed forty or fifty shillings a daye., for he had five or six teemes goeing generally every faire day."

Bennets and Boardmans have held the house from the beginning. The Society for the Preservation of

New England Antiquities has interested itself in the protection of the property.

XIV

THE COLONEL JEREMIAH LEE HOUSE, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

THE HOME OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST MARTYRS TO THE CAUSE OF THE COLONIES

Marblehead was a comparatively insignificant port when Jeremiah Lee came to town. At once he made a place for himself among the humble fishermen and other seafaring men of the place. He was a member of the Board of Firewards in the town's first fire department, and he served on important committees.

When, in 1768, he built a wonderful mansion that cost more than ten thousand pounds, the most wonderful house in Massachusetts at the time, his townsmen knew him well enough to understand that he was their good friend, even if he did have much more money than any of them.

The Lee Mansion was a hospitable home. The Colonel and his wife Martha entertained lavishly, not only the people of the town but famous men from abroad. In 1789 Washington was entertained in the house. But it was one of the glories of the mansion that the humblest mariner in the place was not slow to go there if he wished to have a chat with the bluff owner or if he desired to go to the quaint cupola from which it is possible to look far out to sea. To this outlook Colonel

Lee himself often went, for his ships were sailing to Marblehead from all parts of the world, and he was as eager as any one to turn his eyes seaward.

The house is sixty-four feet by forty-six feet, and the walls are of brick, though they are covered with wooden clapboards two feet by one and a half feet. There are fifteen rooms, in addition to the great halls that make the house seem like a palace.

In these rooms the Colonel conferred with other patriots as to the welfare of Massachusetts and all the colonies. From the house he went out to the town meetings where the men gathered to talk over the Boston Port Bill and the Boston Tea Party and questions of Taxation without Representation.

He rejoiced to serve as a representative in the General Court and on the Committee of Safety and Supplies of the Province. He was chosen to represent the town in the Continental Congress, and when he was unable to go, Elbridge Gerry, who later became Vice-President of the United States, was sent in his place at the expense of the town.

On the night of April 18, 1775, in company with Elbridge Gerry and Azor Orin, who were members with him of the Committee of Safety and Supplies, he was attending a meeting at Weatherby's Black Horse Tavern just outside of Cambridge. The meeting adjourned so late that the three men decided to spend the night at the tavern. The eight hundred British soldiers who were on their way that night to Lexington learned of the presence in Cambridge of the patriots. Some one rushed to the tavern and roused them from slumber. They did not even have time to put on their clothes, but ran at once from the house and hid themselves at

some distance from the tavern. When the disappointed troops had gone on, the hunted men returned to their room.

Three weeks later Lee died as the result of the exposure. He has been called one of the earliest martyrs to the cause of the Colonies. Before he died he left directions that five thousand pounds should be given to the treasury of the provinces.

Mrs. Lee, who was Martha Swett of Marblehead, lived on in the mansion with those of her eight children who had not gone already to homes of their own. Under her guidance the hospitality for which the house had become noted was maintained.

Those who pass between the beautiful porch pillars and enter the chaste colonial doorway are amazed at the remarkable hallway and the stairs. The hall is fifteen feet wide and extends the length of the house. It is heavily wainscoted with mahogany. On the walls hangs remarkable panelled paper whose designs, depicting ancient architecture, are in keeping with the majestic proportions of the place. The stairway is so wide that four or five people can climb it abreast and the balustrade and the spindles are of exquisite workmanship.

The rear stairway is far more ornate than the best stairway in most houses, and the rooms are in keeping with the hall and the stairways.

The cupola is one of the most striking features of the house. Here six windows give a view that is worth going far to see.

When Mrs. Lee died, the property descended to her son. Judge Samuel Sewell was a later owner. But the day came when it was to be sold at auction. All

Marblehead feared that the historic place would be destroyed. Fortunately the Marblehead Historical Society was able to raise the fifty-five hundred dollars needed to secure it.

Since July 9, 1909, the Society has owned the mansion. For six months of every year it is open to visitors who throng to see the choice collection of china, portraits, embroidery, and furniture that has been gathered together by the Society.

XV

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE GEORGE WHITEFIELD, THE GREAT EVANGELIST, IS BURIED

More than one hundred years after the organization of the First Church of Newburyport, Rev. George Whitefield, then a young man of twenty-six, preached in the community. "The Great Awakening," which followed, spread all over New England, and more than thirty thousand were converted. Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, the Tennents, and others led in the work that had such wonderful results.

Five years after Whitefield's visit to Newburyport the Old South Church was organized, most of those who became members having been converted under Whitefield's preaching. The new church was actually a Presbyterian church from the beginning, though it

did not finally adopt the Presbyterian form of government until 1802.

The members of the new church were called "a misguided band," and "new schemers." Their first pastor was called a dissenting minister. Their protest against these aspersions took the form of a petition to "The King's Most Excellent Majesty," which was a prayer for that "equal liberty of conscience in worshipping God" that had already been granted to others. The petition recited the desire of the people to be relieved of taxation "for the support of ministers on whose ministry they cannot in conscience attend," and stated that, because of their refusal to pay what they felt were unjust taxes, "honest and peaceable men have been hauled away to prison to their great hurt and damage."

When the petition was presented to the king by Mr. Partridge, their agent, he declared that they were not "a wild, friekish people," and cited as an argument for relief from double taxation that, while they had some wealthy members, there were among them "more poor widows than all the other congregations in town put together." He said those who protested against double taxation had been "dragged about upon the ground," dressed up in bear skins and worried, and imprisoned.

The protest did not bring relief at once; it was 1773 before the General Court granted the plea of the members. For more than twenty years more the town tried to collect double taxes, but in 1795 the rights of the members of Old South were conceded.

The first building, erected in 1743, gave way in 1756 to the structure still in use. Alterations made since that time have not made any great change in its appear-

ance, except in the tower, which was repaired in 1848, because it was thought that the timber must be decaying. However, to the surprise of the carpenters who undertook the repairs, they were found as sound as ever. A half-hour was required to saw through one of them!

The bell in the new tower was cast by Paul Revere. Surmounting the spire is a cock which was perched on the original tower. When this tower, after the carpenters had done all they could with their saws, was pulled over by horses and oxen, the cock broke loose and fell at some distance. The man who picked up the figure was surprised to find that it was of solid copper, instead of wood, as had been thought, and that it weighed more than fifty pounds.

In the original pews there was a central chair, surrounded by seats hung on hinges. Over the pulpit was a sounding board. At the head of the pulpit stair a seat was provided for the sexton, that he might be on hand to trim the candles during the evening service.

The official history of the church, written by Dr. H. C. Hovey, gives interesting facts concerning the heating of the old building:

"For seventy years those who crowded this church depended on footstoves altogether for warmth in winter; while the minister preached in his ample cloak, and wore gloves with a finger and thumb cut off to enable him the better to turn the leaves. A law was made allowing the sexton twenty cents for each footstove that he had to fill before service and remove afterward. A great sensation was made in 1819 by the introduction of wood stoves at an outlay of $100. The first day they were in place the people were so overcome that some of them fainted away and were carried out of the house; but they revived on learning that as

yet no fire had been kindled in the new stoves. The doors of the stoves opened into the ample vestibule, where the custom continued of ranging the many foot-stoves in a wide circle to be filled with live coals from the stove."

On the Sunday after the battle of Lexington Dr. Jonathan Parsons made an appeal in the name of liberty. After this Captain Ezra Lunt stepped into the aisle and formed a company of sixty men, which is said to have been the first company of volunteers to join the Continental Army.

Later Newburyport supplied a number of companies. But the call came for still another company. "Day after day the recruiting officers toiled in vain," Dr. Hovey writes, "Finally the regiment was invited to the Presbyterian church, where they were addressed in such spirited and stirring words that once again a number of this church stepped forth to take the covenant, and in two hours after the benediction had been spoken the entire company was raised."

During the war twenty-two vessels and one thousand men, from the towns of Newbury and Newburyport, were lost at sea. The first American flag seen in British waters, after the cessation of hostilities, was displayed in the Thames by Nicholas Johnson of Newburyport, captain of the *Compte de Grasse.*

Among the treasures of the church is the Bible which Whitefield used. The evangelist, who died Sunday, September 30, 1770, is buried in the crypt under the pulpit where he had planned to preach on the very day of his death, as he had preached many times during the years since the building of the church. To this dark crypt thousands of reverent visitors have groped

their way. One, less reverent, removed an arm of the skeleton and carried it to England as a relic. No one knew what had become of it until, after the death of the thief, it was returned to Newburyport, together with a bust of Whitefield. This bust is also one of the treasures of Old South.

Those who love this old church at Newburyport delight in the lines of John Greenleaf Whittier:

"Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
And fashion and folly and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning, yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like the tide from the harbor-bar sets in.
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!"

XVI

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

THE OLDEST BAPTIST CHURCH IN AMERICA

When Roger Williams, Welshman, left England for America because he could not find in the Church of England freedom to worship God according to his conscience, he came to Salem, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. There he joined others who had sought America for the same purpose, but to his disappointment he found that his ideas of liberty of worship did not agree with theirs, and he was once more adrift. On October 9, 1635, the authorities of the Colony ordered that he "shall depart out of this jurisdiction." He was later given permission to remain until spring, on condition that he make no attempt "to draw others to his opinions."

On the ground that he had broken the implied agreement, the Governor, on January 11, 1636, sent for him to go to Boston, from whence he was to be banished to England. Williams sent word that he was ill and could not come at the time. A force of men was sent to seize him, but when they reached his house he had departed already, turning his face toward the southern wilderness. He was "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean."

On April 30, 1636, he came to the country of the Wampanoags, where the sachem Massasoit made him

a grant of land. Within a short time some of his friends joined him, and primitive houses were built. Then came word from the Governor of Massachusetts Bay that he must go beyond the bounds of the Plymouth Colony. Accordingly, with six others, he embarked in canoes and sought for a location. When this was found Canonicus and Mantonomi agreed to let the company have lands, and soon the new settlement was made and named Providence, in recognition of God's care of him during his journey. Then others joined him and his companions.

Two years after the settlement of Providence twelve of the citizens decided that they must have a church. One of the company, Ezekiel Hollyman, baptized Roger Williams and Williams baptized Hollyman and ten others. The twelve then baptized were the original members of the first church of Providence, Rhode Island, the first Baptist church in America, and the second in the world. Roger Williams was the first pastor, but he withdrew before the close of the year in which the church was organised. During the remaining forty-five years of his life he remained in Providence as a missionary among the Indians, whose friendship he had won by his scrupulously careful and honorable method of dealing with them.

The church met in private houses or under the trees, for more than sixty years. The first meeting house was not erected until 1700. The builder was Pardon Tillinghast, the sixth pastor of the church, who, like his predecessors, served without salary. However, he urged that the church should begin to pay its way, and that his successor should receive a stipulated salary. The Tillinghast building was in use for fifteen years

after it was deeded to the congregation, in 1711. The deed, which is on record at the Providence City Hall, calls the church a "Six-Principle church."

The growth of the congregation called for a larger building. This was erected in 1726 and was used until 1774. An old document gives an interesting side light on the building of the meeting house. This is an account of Richard Brown, dated May 30, 1726, which reads:

The account of what charge I have been at this day as to the providing a dinner for the people that raised the Baptist meeting-house at Providence (it being raised this day,) is as followeth:

One fat sheep, which weighed forty-three lbs.	£0, 14, 04
For roasting the said sheep, etc.	8
For one lb. butter	1
For two loaves of bread which weighed fifteen lbs.	2
For half a peck of peas	1.03

When the building was planned the Charitable Baptist Society was incorporated, that it might hold title to "a meeting-house for the public worship of Almighty God, and to hold Commencement in." Nearly a third of the £7,000 required for the new building was raised by a lottery, authorized by the State. The architects modelled the church after the popular St. Martins-in-the-Fields in London, whose designer was James Gibbs, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren.

In the two-hundred-foot spire was hung the bell made in London, on which were inscribed the strange words:

"For freedom of conscience this town was first planted;
Persuasion, not force was used by the people:
This Church is the eldest, and has not recanted,
Enjoying and granting bell, temple, and steeple."

The pastor at the time the new church was first occupied, on May 28, 1775, was president of Rhode Island College, an institution which had been located in Providence in 1773, in consequence of the generosity and activity of the members of the church. The institution later became Brown University. Every one of the presidents of the college has been a member of the First Church.

A church whose building was dedicated "midway between the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill" should have a patriotic history. The story of Providence during the Revolution shows that the members were keenly alive to their opportunities. The first suggestion for the Continental Congress came from Providence. Rhode Island was the first State to declare for independence. Pastor and people were ardent supporters of these movements. Many soldiers were furnished to the army by the congregation.

Naturally, then, people would be interested in a man like Stephen Gano, who became pastor in 1792. He had been a surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, and had been taken prisoner, put on board a prison-ship, and bound in chains, which made scars that lasted for life. His pastorate of thirty-six years was the longest in the history of the church.

The stately building erected in 1774 is still in use. The gallery long set apart for the use of slaves has given way to a square loft, the old pews have been displaced by modern seats, and the lofty pulpit and sounding-board have disappeared. Otherwise the church is much as it was when the first congregation entered its doors in 1775.

TWO: WHERE PATROONS AND KNICKERBOCKERS FLOURISHED

Where nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walked by day,
And smoked, and wagged their heads.
No changeful fashions came from France,
The vrouwleins to bewilder;
No broad-brimmed burgher spent for pants
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly spun and swept.
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

TWO: WHERE PATROONS AND KNICKERBOCKERS FLOURISHED

XVII

THE MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION, NEW YORK CITY

WHERE WASHINGTON ESCAPED FROM THE BRITISH BY A FIFTEEN MINUTE MARGIN

"A Pleasant situated Farm, on the Road leading to King's Bridge, in the Township of Harlem, on York-Island, containing about 100 acres, near 30 acres of which is Wood-land, a fine piece of Meadow Ground, and more easily be made: and commands the finest Prospect in the whole Country: the Land runs from River to River: there is Fishing, Oystering, and Clamming at either end. . . ."

When, in 1765, Roger Morris, whose city house was at the corner of Whitehall and Stone streets, saw this advertisement in the New York *Mercury,* he hungered for the country. So he bought the offered land, and by the summer of 1766 he had completed the sturdy Georgian house that, after a century and a half, looks down on the city that has grown to it and beyond it.

In an advertisement published in 1792, in the New York *Daily Advertiser,* a pleasing description of the mansion of Roger Morris was given:

"On the premises is a large dwelling-house, built in modern style and taste and elegance. It has . . . a

large hall through the centre; a spacious dining room on the right. . . . On the left is a handsome parlor and a large back room. . . . On the second floor are seven bedchambers. . . . On the upper floor are five lodging rooms . . . and at the top of the house is affixed an electric conducter. Underneath the building are a large, commodious kitchen and laundry and wine cellar, storeroom, kitchen pantry, sleeping apartments for servants, and a most complete dairy room. . . ."

For nine years Roger Morris and his family lived in the mansion on the Heights. As a member of the Legislative Council much of his time was given to the interests of his fellow-citizens. But as time passed he found himself out of sympathy with his neighbors. They demanded war with Great Britain, and he felt that he could not join the revolt. Accordingly, in 1775, he sailed for England, leaving his large property in the care of Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Morris kept the house open for a time, but finally, taking her children with her, she went to her sister-in-law at the Philipse Manor House at Yonkers.

On September 14, 1776, General Washington decided to abandon the city to the British. He planned to go to Harlem, to the fortification prepared in anticipation of just such an emergency. On September 15 he took possession of the Roger Morris house as headquarters. Two days later his Orderly Book shows the following message, referring to the battle of Harlem Heights:

"The General most heartily thanks the troops commanded yesterday by Major Leitch, who first advanced upon the enemy, and the others who so resolutely supported them. The behavior of yesterday was such a contrast to that of some troops the day before [at

Kip's Bay] as must show what may be done when Officers and Soldiers exert themselves."

During the weeks when the mansion remained Washington's headquarters the curious early flag of the colonists waved above it. In the space now given to the stars was the British Union Jack, while the thirteen red and white stripes that were to become so familiar completed the design. This flag the English called "the Rebellious Stripes."

On November 16, 1776, Washington was at Fort Lee, on the New Jersey shore, opposite the present 160th Street. Desiring to view from the Heights the British operations in their attack on Fort Washington, he crossed over to the Morris house. Fifteen minutes after he left the Heights to return to New Jersey, fourteen thousand British and Hessian troops took possession of the Heights, the Morris Mansion, and Fort Washington.

The period of British occupation continued, at intervals, until near the close of the war. Since the owner was a Loyalist, the British Government paid rent for it.

After the Revolution the property was confiscated, as appears from an entry in Washington's diary, dated July 10, 1790:

"Having formed a Party consisting of the Vice-President, his lady, Son & Miss Smith; the Secretaries of State, Treasury, & War, and the ladies of the two latter; with all the Gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear & the two Children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington, and afterwards dined on a dinner provided by a Mr. Mariner at the House lately Colo. Roger

Morris, but confiscated and in the occupation of a common Farmer."

For nearly thirty years after the Revolution the stately old house was occupied as a farmhouse or as a tavern. In 1810 it became the home of Stephen Jumel, a wealthy New York merchant, whose widow, Madam Jumel, later gave such wonderful entertainments in the house that the whole city talked about her. After many years of life alone in the mansion, in July, 1833, she married Aaron Burr. He was then seventy-two years old, while she was fifty-nine.

Madam Jumel-Burr lived until July 16, 1865. During her last years she was demented and did many strange things. For a time she maintained an armed garrison in the house, and she rode daily about the grounds at the head of fifteen or twenty men.

The mansion passed through a number of hands until, in 1903, title to it was taken by the City of New York, on payment of $235,000.

For three years the vacant house was at the mercy of souvenir hunters, but when, in 1906, it was turned over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be used as a Revolutionary Museum, twelve thousand dollars were appropriated for repairs and restoration. This amount was woefully inadequate, but it is hoped that further appropriation will make complete restoration possible.

The spacious grounds that once belonged to the mansion have been sold for building lots, but the house looks down proudly as ever from its lofty site almost opposite the intersection of Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-first Street with St. Nicholas

Avenue. The corner of its original dooryard is now Roger Morris Park.

XVIII

THE PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE, YONKERS, NEW YORK

THE HOME OF MARY PHILIPSE, IN WHOM GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS INTERESTED

At first glance one would not think that the name Yonkers was derived very directly from the name of the first settlers of the region, de Jonkheer Adriaen Van der Donck. When, in 1646, he secured a large tract of land bounded by the Hudson, the Bronx, and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, this was called "Colen Donck" (Donck's Colony) or "De Jonkheer's" (the Young Lord's). As the Dutch "j" is pronounced "y," the transition from Jonkheers to Yonkers was easy.

On September 29, 1672, after the death of the original owner, 7,708 acres of the princely estate were sold to three men, of whom Frederick Philipse (originally Ffreric Vlypse) was one. A few years later Philipse bought out the heirs of the other two purchasers, and added to his holdings by further purchases from his countrymen and from the Indians. On June 12, 1693, he was permitted to call himself lord of the Manor of Philipsburgh. From that day the carpenter from Friesland, who had grown so rich that he was called "the Dutch millionaire," lived in state in the house he had begun in 1682.

This lord of the manor became still more important in consequence of the acceptance of his offer to build a bridge over Spuyt-den-duyvil, or "Spiting Devil" Creek, when the city declined to do so for lack of funds. The deed given to him stated that he had "power and authority to erect a bridge over the water or river commonly called Spiten devil ferry or Paparimeno, and to receive toll from all passengers and drovers of cattle that shall pass thereon, according to rates hereinafter mentioned." This bridge, which was called Kingsbridge, was a great source of revenue until 1713, when it was removed to the present site. Then tolls were charged until 1759, or, nominally, until 1779.

Part of the Manor House was used as a trading post. Everything Philipse handled seemed to turn into gold. All his ventures prospered. It was whispered that some of these ventures were more than a little shady, that he had dealings with pirates and shared in their ill-gotten gains, and that he even went into partnership with Captain Kidd when that once honest man became the prince of the very pirates whom the Government had commissioned him to apprehend. And Philipse, as a member of the Governor's Council, had recommended this Kidd as the best man for the job! It is not strange that the lord of the manor felt constrained to resign his seat in the council because of the popular belief in the statement made by the Governor, that "Kidd's missing treasures could be readily found if the coffers of Frederick Philipse were searched."

Colonel Frederick Philipse, the great-grandson of Captain Kidd's partner, enlarged the Manor House to its present proportions and appearance. He also was prominent in the affairs of the Colony. He was a mem-

ber of the Provincial Assembly, and was chairman of a meeting called on August 20, 1774, to select delegates to the county convention which was to select a representative to the First Continental Congress. Thus, ostensibly, he was taking his place with those who were crying out for the redress of grievances suffered at the hands of Great Britain. Yet it was not long until it was evident that he was openly arrayed with those who declined to turn from their allegiance to the king.

The most famous event that took place in the Philipse Manor was the marriage, on January 28, 1758, of the celebrated beauty, Mary Philipse, to Colonel Roger Morris. A letter from Joseph Chew to George Washington, dated July 13, 1757, shows that—in the opinion of the writer, at least—the young Virginian soldier was especially interested in Mary Philipse. In this letter, which he wrote after his return from a visit to Mrs. Beverly Robinson in New York, the sister of Mary Philipse, he said:

"I often had the Pleasure of Breakfasting with the Charming Polly, Roger Morris was there (Don't be startled) but not always, you know him he is a Lady's man, always something to say, the Town talk't of it as a sure & settled Affair. I can't say I think so and that I much doubt it, but assure you had Little Acquaintance with Mr. Morris and only slightly hinted it to Miss Polly, but how can you be Excused to Continue so long in Phila. I think I should have made a kind of Flying March of it if it had been only to have seen whether the Works were sufficient to withstand a Vigorous Attack, you a soldier and a Lover, mind I have been arguing for my own Interest now for had you taken this method then I should have had the Pleasure of seeing you—my Paper is almost full and I am Convinced you will be heartily tyred in Reading

it—however will just add that I intend to set out tomorrow for New York where I will not be wanting to let Miss Polly know the Sincere Regard a Friend of mine has for her—and I am sure if she had my Eyes to see thro would Prefer him to all others."

While it is true that George Washington went to New York to see the charming Polly, there is no evidence that he was especially interested in her.

Colonel Morris later built for his bride the Morris-Jumel Mansion, which is still standing near 160th Street. Mrs. Morris frequently visited at the home of her girlhood. The last visit was paid there during Christmas week of 1776. Her father, who had been taken to Middletown, Connecticut, because of his activities on the side of the king, was allowed to go to his home on parole.

In 1779 the Manor House and lands were declared forfeited because the owner refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Colonies, and Frederick Philipse, III, went to England.

The property was sold in 1785. Until 1868 it was in the hands of various purchasers. To-day the Manor House is preserved as a relic of the days when Washington visited the house, when loyalists were driven from the doors, and when it was the centre of some of the important movements against the British troops.

XIX

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK CITY

WHERE WASHINGTON ATTENDED SERVICE ON HIS FIRST INAUGURATION DAY

In the New York *Gazette* of May 14, 1764, appeared this notice concerning St. Paul's Chapel:

"We are told that the Foundation Stone of the third English Church which is about erecting in this City, is to be laid this day. The church is to be 112 by 72 feet."

For two years those who passed the corner of Broadway and Partition (Fulton) Street watched the progress of the building. On October 30, 1766, it was ready for the first service.

On the opening day there was no steeple, no organ, and no stove. But those who entered the doors were abundantly satisfied with the work of the architect, who is said to have been a Scotchman named McBean, a pupil of Gibbs, the designer of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, London, to which church the interior of St. Paul's Chapel bears a marked resemblance. In the account of the opening the New York *Journal and General Advertiser* said that the new church was "one of the most elegant edifices on the Continent."

Between April 13, 1776, when Washington arrived in New York, and September 15, 1776, when Lord Howe occupied the city, the church was closed, since the rector did not see his way to omit from the service the prayers

for the king. But when the British took possession of New York the doors were opened once more. Until the city was evacuated, November 25, 1783, Lord Howe and many of his officers were regular attendants at St. Paul's.

Six days after the beginning of the British occupation the church had a narrow escape from destruction. A fire, which Howe declared was of incendiary origin, burned four hundred of the four thousand homes in New York. St. Paul's Chapel was in the centre of the burnt district. Trinity Church was destroyed, and St. Paul's was saved by the efforts of its rector, Dr. Inglis. This was the first of five such narrow escapes. The steeple was actually aflame during the conflagration of 1797, but the building was saved. Three times during the nineteenth century, in 1820, 1848, and 1865, fire approached or passed by the chapel.

Immediately after the first inauguration of Washington, at the City Hall, he walked to St. Paul's to ask God's blessing on the country and his administration. During his residence in New York, until Trinity Church was rebuilt, he was a regular attendant at the services. From 1789 to 1791 his diary records the fact many times, "Went to St. Paul's Chappel in the forenoon." At first he used the pew built for the Governor of New York, but later, when a President's pew was built, he moved to this. Canopies covered both pews, while they were further marked by the arms of the United States and of New York.

Dr. Morgan Dix, in his address at the Centennial anniversary of the completion of the building, told of an old man who had said to him that when he was a boy he used to sit with other school-boys in the north

FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK CITY

Photo by Frank Cousins Art Company

See page 97

VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 104

MORRIS-JUMEL HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

Photo by Frank Cousins Art Company

See page 87

PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.

Photo by A. V. Card, Yonkers

See page 91

gallery, and from there he would watch the arrival of the General and "Lady Washington" as they came up Fair Street to the church, in a coach and four.

In the same address Dr. Dix said: "The church remains, substantially, such as it was in the first days; alterations have been made in it, but they have not changed its general appearance. For justness of proportion and elegance of style, it still holds a leading place among our city churches, and must be regarded as a fine specimen of its particular school of architecture. When it was built, the western end commanded an uninterrupted view of the river and the Jersey shore, for the waters of the Hudson then flowed up to the line of Greenwich Street, all beyond is made land."

In the portico of the old church is a monument to General Montgomery, a member of St. Paul's parish, who fell at Quebec, and is buried in the chapel. This monument, which was sent from France by Benjamin Franklin, had an adventurous career. The vessel in which it was shipped was captured by the British, and some time elapsed before it reached its destined place.

XX

FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK CITY

WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK LEAVE OF HIS SOLDIERS

The subscribers of the *Pennsylvania Packet,* on the morning of December 2, 1783, read the following pleasing despatch from New York City, which was dated November 26, 1783:

"Yesterday in the morning the American troops marched from Haerlem, to the Bowery lanes. They remained there until about one o'clock, when the British troops left the fort in the Bowery, and the American troops marched in and took possession of the city.—After the troops had taken possession of the city, the GENERAL and GOVERNOR made their public entry in the following manner:—Their excellencies the general and governor with their suites on horseback. The lieutenant governor, and the members of the council for the temporary government of the southern district, four a-breast.—Major-general Knox, and the officers of the army, eight a-breast.—Citizens on horseback, eight a-breast.—The speaker of the assembly and citizens, on foot, eight a-breast.

"Their excellencies the governor and commander-in-chief were escorted by a body of West Chester light horse, under the command of Captain Delavan. The procession proceeded down Queen [now Pearl] Street, and through the Broad-way to Cape's Tavern. The governor gave a public dinner at Fraunces' tavern; and which the commander-in-chief, and other general officers were present."

The building which Washington made famous that day was erected by Etienne de Lancey, probably in 1700. Samuel Fraunces purchased the place in 1762. Soon it became one of the most popular taverns in New York. Among its patrons were some of the leaders in the Revolution, as well as many who were loyal to King George. But Fraunces himself never wavered in his allegiance to the Colonies.

One of the clubs that met regularly at Fraunces' was the Social Club, of which John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Robert R. Livingston were members.

During the occupation of New York by the British

the tavern did not have an opportunity to play a part in the history of the country, though the daughter of the proprietor, who was a tavern keeper at Washington's Richmond Hill headquarters, made ineffective a plot to poison the Commander-in-Chief.

Ten days after Washington's triumphal entry into the city, and the dinner at the tavern, one of the rooms was the scene of a historic event of which Rivington's *New York Gazette* told in these words:

"Last Thursday noon (December 4) the principal officers of the army in town assembled at Fraunces' tavern to take a final leave of their illustrious, gracious and much loved comrade, General Washington. The passions of human nature were never more tenderly agitated than in this interesting and distressful scene. His excellency, having filled a glass of wine, thus addressed his brave fellow-soldiers:

"'With an heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you: I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"These words produced extreme sensibility on both sides; they were answered by warm expressions, and fervent wishes, from the gentlemen of the army, whose truly pathetic feelings it is not in our power to convey to the reader. Soon after this scene was closed, his excellency the Governor, the honorable the Council and Citizens of the first distinction waited on the general and in terms the most affectionate took their leave."

Two years later Fraunces sold the tavern, but it retains his name to this day. It is still at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets. Many changes have been made in the building, under the direction of the Sons of the Revolution, and it will continue to attract visitors as long as it stands.

XXI

THE GRANGE, NEW YORK CITY

WHERE ALEXANDER HAMILTON SPENT HIS LAST YEARS

After nineteen years of moving from house to house and from city to city, Alexander Hamilton made up his mind to have a home of his own. In 1780 he had taken Elizabeth Schuyler from a mansion in Albany that was, in its day, almost a palace; and in 1799 he felt that the time had come to give her a home of corresponding comfort.

At this time he was commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, a service that was made notable, among other things, by his suggestion and preparation of plans for the West Point Military Academy.

The chosen site for the house, nine miles from Bowling Green, was bounded by the present St. Nicholas and Tenth Avenues and 141st and 145th streets. The coach from New York to Albany afforded regular transportation to the spot, though, of course, Hamilton had his own equipage. When he planned the house he thought his income of $12,000 would be ample to care for the property. Accordingly he felt justified in offering £800 for sixteen acres, one-half of which was to be paid in cash, the balance within a year.

The architect chosen was John McComb, the designer of New York's old City Hall. Hamilton and his father-in-law, General Schuyler, had a hand in the development of the plans. In a letter to Hamilton, written August 25, 1800, General Schuyler said:

" If the house is boarded on the outside, and the clapboards put on, and filled on the inside with brick, I am persuaded no water will pass to the brick. If the clapboards are well painted, and filling in with brick will be little if any more expensive than lath and plaister, the former will prevent the nuisance occasioned by rats and mice, to which you will be eternally exposed if lath and plaister is made use of instead of brick."

The mason's specifications, quoted by Allan MacLane Hamilton, were as follows:

" Proposal for finishing General Hamilton's Country House—Viz.

To build two Stacks of Chimneys to contain eight fireplaces, exclusive of those in Cellar Story.

To fill in with brick all the outside walls of the 1st and 2nd stories, also all the interior walls that Separate the two Octagon Rooms—and the two rooms over them —from the Hall and other Rooms in both Stories.

To lath and plaster the side walls of 1st and 2nd stories with two coats & set in white.

To plaster the interior walls which separate the Octagon Room in both Stories, to be finished white, or as General Hamilton may chose.

To lath and plaster all the other partitions in both stories.

To lath and plaster the Ceiling of the Cellar Story throughout.

To plaster the Sidewalls of Kitchen, Drawing Room, Hall & passage, & to point & whitewash the Stone and brick walls of the other part of Cellar Story. To Point outside walls of Cellar Story and to fill in under the Sills.

To lay both Kitchen hearths with brick, placed edge ways.

To put a Strong Iron back in the Kitchen fire-place, five feet long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ 9″ high.

To Put another Iron back in the Drawing Room 3′—6″ by 2′—9″.

To place two Iron Cranes in the Kitchen fire Place—& an Iron door for the oven mouth.

The Rooms, Hall and Passage of the first Story to have neat Stocco Cornices—Those of Octagon Rooms of Best Kind (but not inriched).

To put up the two setts of Italian Marble in the Octagon Room, such as General Hamilton may choose—and six setts of Stone Chimney pieces for the other Rooms.

The Four fireplaces in the two Octagon rooms & the two rooms over them, to have Iron Backs and jambs, and four fire places to have backs only.

To lay the foundations for eight piers for the Piazza.

Mr. McComb to find at his own expense all the Material requisite for the afore described work and execute it in a good & workmenlike manner for one thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy five Dollars.

General Hamilton to have all the Materials carted and to have all the Carpenter work done at his expense—

General Hamilton is to find the workmen their board or to allow —— shillings per day for each days work in thereof."

One of the workmen on the house was paid $424.50 for three and one-half years' work. Another laborer was given $152.18 for sixteen months and twenty-seven days, or ninepence per day. The cost of the house, complete, was £1,550.

The country place was a joy, both indoors and out. The garden was especially attractive to Hamilton. In a letter written from The Grange to a friend in South Carolina, he said:

"A garden, you know, is a very usual refuge of a disappointed politician. The melons in your country

are very fine. Will you have the goodness to send me some seed, both of the water and musk melons?"

Guests were numerous. Gouverneur Morris and General Schuyler were often at The Grange. Chancellor Kent, after a visit paid in April, 1804, wrote to his wife:

"I went with General Hamilton on Saturday, the 21st, and stayed till Sunday evening. There was a furious and dreadful storm on Saturday night. It blew almost a hurricane. His house stands high, and was much exposed, and I am certain that in the second story, where I slept, it rocked like a cradle. He never appeared before so friendly and amiable. I was alone, and he treated me with a minute attention that I did not suppose he knew how to bestow. His manners were also very delicate and chaste. His daughter, who is nineteen years old, has a very uncommon simplicity and modesty of deportment, and he appeared in his domestic state the plain, modest, and affectionate father and husband."

The ideal life at The Grange continued only until July 13, 1804. That morning Hamilton set out as if for the office in the city as usual, without informing Mrs. Hamilton of the impending duel with Aaron Burr. At noon the wife was at the side of her husband, who died next day.

After his death there were put in her hands two letters. In these he told of his purpose to permit his antagonist to shoot him:

"The scruples of a Christian have determined me to expose my own life to any extent rather than subject myself to the guilt of taking the life of another. This much increases my hazards, and redoubles my pangs for you. . . .

"If it had been possible for me to have avoided the interview, my love for you and my precious children would have been alone a decisive motive. But it was not possible, without sacrifices which would have rendered me unworthy of your esteem."

Mrs. Hamilton remained at The Grange as long as possible, directing the men in the care of the estate and caring for her children. But she could not afford to keep a carriage, and the inaccessibleness of the estate and the drain it made on her limited purse soon made it necessary for her to rent a house in the city.

Though friends proposed the raising of a fund that would care for Mrs. Hamilton and the children, it does not seem that there was any relief until 1816, when Congress gave to Mrs. Hamilton back pay amounting to ten thousand dollars.

After The Grange was sold to pay debts, its career was checkered. Some years ago it was moved to the east side of Convent Avenue, and it then became the schoolhouse of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

XXII

THE VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

AT THE EDGE OF THE MANHATTAN "NEUTRAL GROUND"

In 1699 Jacobus Van Cortlandt bought the first fifty acres of the ground now included in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, and for one hundred and ninety years the property remained in the Van Cortlandt family. Until fifty-three years before the first of the

Van Cortlandts acquired it, the Indians were the undisputed possessors of the plot.

Adriæn Van der Donck, the first settler to acquire title, lived until his death in the *bouwerie* or farmhouse, which he built on the shore of a brook. When Jacobus Van Cortlandt built his *bouwerie* by the side of the same brook, he dammed the water to make a mill-pond, which is to-day the beautiful Van Cortlandt lake. There he built a grist mill which remained in use until 1889. Early visitors to the lake delighted to study the ancient structure to which, during the Revolution, both British and patriot soldiers resorted with their grain. The mill was struck by lightning and destroyed in 1901.

The third house on the estate was built in 1748 by Frederick the son of Jacobus, who acquired by the will of his father the "farm, situate, lying, and being in a place commonly called and known by the name of Little or Lower Yonkers." This house, which was modelled after the Philipse Manor House at Yonkers, is still in a fine state of preservation. Since 1897, it has been used as a public museum, in charge of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York.

The room fitted up as a museum was occupied by General Washington on the occasion of his visit to the house in 1783. This room is also pointed out as the scene of the death of Captain Rowe of the Hessian jaegers, who was severely wounded near the house. When he realised that he could not recover, he sent in haste for the young woman who had promised to marry him, and he died in her arms.

Other famous visitors were Rochambeau, Admiral Digby, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence, who be-

came King William IV of England. Admiral Digby, after his departure, sent to Augustus Van Cortlandt, the owner of the house, two wooden vultures, which he had captured from a Spanish privateer. These vultures are now in the museum.

The old house was the centre of important military operations during the Revolution. Washington fortified eight strategic spots in the vicinity of Kingsbridge, and when he withdrew before the British occupied the fortification, a number of Hessian jaegers were quartered in the Van Cortlandt House. To the north of the house was the neutral ground for which the two armies continually struggled for possession. In 1781, when Washington was about to withdraw his army to Yorktown, he directed that camp-fires be lit on Vault Hill, the site of the Van Cortlandt family vault. By this stratagem he succeeded for a time in deceiving the enemy as to his movements.

Since the building of the Broadway subway Van Cortlandt Park has been so easy of access that the number of visitors to the historic spot has rapidly increased.

XXIII

THE HASBROUCK HOUSE, NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

WHERE THE CLOSING DRAMA OF THE REVOLUTION WAS STAGED

During the entire period of the Revolution the country about Newburgh was an important centre of military operations. West Point was fortified in 1776, that the

British might not be able to carry out their design of separating New England from the middle colonies. Many officers had their headquarters within a few miles of these fortifications. Lafayette was at the Williams House, three miles north of Newburgh, while Generals Green, Gates, and Knox were at Vail's Gate, four miles south of the town. General George Clinton was at Little Britain, and General Anthony Wayne was in Newburgh.

Washington's first stay in the vicinity was at Vail's Gate, New Windsor, in the winter of 1779-80. His longest sojourn, however, was in the house which Jonathan Hasbrouck built in 1750 and enlarged in 1770. The best description of this substantial one-story stone house at the time of Washington's residence there is contained in the "Memoirs" of Marquis de Chastellux, who was the guest of the Commander-in-chief on December 6, 1872:

"The largest room in it, (which was the proprietor's parlor for his family, and which General Washington has converted into his dining-room) is in truth tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney, or rather the chimney back, is against the wall; so that there is in fact but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room, which served by way of parlor. At nine supper was served, and when the hour of bed-time came, I found that the chamber, to which the General conducted me, was the very parlor I speak of, wherein he had made them place a camp bed. . . ."

The records of the months when Washington was an occupant of the old Dutch house are among the most interesting of the war. For instance, on May 10, 1782,

there came tidings of the arrival in New York of Sir Guy Carleton, the new British commander, who wrote that he desired to tell of the king's idea of a possible peace, and of the attitude of the House of Commons. He closed his letter by saying, "If war must prevail, I shall endeavor to render its miseries as light to the people of this continent as the circumstances of such a condition will possibly permit."

Two days earlier Washington wrote a letter to Meschech Weare in which he seems to have anticipated and discredited Carleton's word of appeal:

"They are meant to amuse this country with a false idea of peace, to draw us off from our connection with France, and to lull us into a state of security and inactivity, which having taken place, the ministry will be left to prosecute the war in other parts of the world with greater vigor and effect."

In less than two weeks a tempter of an entirely different sort approached Washington. Lewis Nicola, colonel of the corps of invalids, wrote to tell of the fact that the officers and soldiers were discontented because they had not received their pay. Then he intimated that he had no hope of the success of republican institutions, but thought this country needed a ruler like a king, though he might not be called king, owing to the objection to that word. Yet he added, "I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of KING, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages."

To this letter Washington sent prompt reply, on May 22, 1782:

"SIR: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you

have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the Communication of this will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the Army than I do, and so far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

"With esteem I am, sir, Your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

That Washington desired to be a simple resident on his own estate at Mount Vernon instead of king of the new country, was emphasized by a letter written on June 15 to Archibald Cary:

"I can truly say, that the first wish of my soul is to return speedily into the bosom of that country which gave me birth, and, in the sweet enjoyment of domestic happiness and the company of a few friends, to end my days in quiet, when I shall be called from this stage."

There was joy in the village on the banks of the Hudson when, late in 1782, a letter came from Sir Guy Carleton announcing that negotiations for a general peace had already begun in Paris, and that the king had decided to propose the independence of the thirteen Provinces "in the first instance, instead of granting it as a condition of a general treaty."

In the long interval before the receipt of decisive word concerning peace, the sagacity of Washington was once more tested severely. There was still disaffection among the officers and the men because they had not been paid, and because Congress seemed to pay no attention to their protests. Washington learned that a call had been issued for a meeting of officers to be held in New Windsor to consider taking matters into their own hands and forcing Congress to act.

Washington did not hesitate. He asked the officers to meet him in the very building in which they had planned to make their plans for revolt. Then he appealed to their patriotism, urging them not to put a stain on their noble service by hasty action. When he had gone, the officers acted in a way that justified the General's confidence. Unanimously they promised all that had been asked of them, and voted to thank Washington for his method of dealing with them.

On March 19, 1783, four days after this action, Washington acknowledged to Congress receipt of word that the preliminary articles of peace had been signed on November 30, and on April 18 he ordered the cessation of hostilities, in accordance with the proclamation of Congress.

The Hasbrouck house was sold by the family to New York State in 1849. For twenty-four years, by act of

Assembly, the historic quarters were cared for by the trustees of the village, and later by the city authorities. In May, 1874, trustees appointed by the legislature took over the property and have held it ever since, for the benefit of the people.

THREE: ACROSS THE JERSEYS WITH THE PATRIOTS

See the ancient manse
Meet its fate at last!
Time, in his advance,
Age nor honor knows;
Axe and broadaxe fall,
Lopping off the Past:
Hit with bar and maul,
Down the old house goes!

Sevenscore years it stood;
Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood,
When that house arose.
For its cross-beams square
Oak and walnut fell;
Little worse for wear,
Down the old house goes!

On these oaken floors
High-shoed ladies trod;
Through those panelled doors
Trailed their furbelows;
Long their day has ceased;
Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast,—
Down the old house goes!

Many a bride has stood
In yon spacious room;
Here her hand was wooed
Underneath the rose;
O'er that sill the dead
Reached the family tomb;
All that were have fled,—
Down the old house goes!

Once, in yonder hall,
Washington, they say,
Led the New Year's ball,
Stateliest of beaux;
O that minuet,
Maids and matrons gay!
Are there such sights yet?
Down the old house goes!

Doorway high the box
In the grass-plot spreads;
It has borne its locks
Through a thousand snows;
In an evil day,
From those garden beds
Now 'tis hacked away,—
Down the old house goes!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THREE: ACROSS THE JERSEYS WITH THE PATRIOTS

XXIV

THE FRANKLIN PALACE, PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY

THE HOME OF THE SON OF WHOM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN VAINLY TRIED TO MAKE A PATRIOT

There was a time when Benjamin Franklin was proud of his son William, and was glad to have his name coupled with that of the young man.

The first year of the father's service in the Pennsylvania Assembly William was appointed clerk of that body; this fact is mentioned with pride in the Autobiography.

When General Braddock was sent from England to America to oppose the union of the Colonies for defence, "lest they should thereby grow too military and feel their own strength," Franklin was sent by the Assembly to Fredericktown, Maryland, to confer with the General. "My son accompanied me on the journey," the Autobiography says.

At Braddock's request Franklin advertised at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for one hundred and fifty wagons for the proposed expedition into the interior, and at the close of the advertisement was the note, "My son, Will-

iam Franklin, is empowered to enter into like contracts with any person in Cumberland County."

Later, when the father was asked to secure financial assistance for certain subalterns in Braddock's company, he wrote to the Assembly, recommending that a present of necessaries and refreshments be sent to those officers. "My son, who had some experience of camp life and of its wants, drew up a list for me which I enclos'd in my letter," the father wrote.

When, during the French and Indian War, the Governor of Pennsylvania asked Franklin to take charge of "our Northwestern frontier which was infested by the enemy, and provide for the defence of the inhabitants by raising troops and building a line of forts," he went to the front with five hundred and sixty men. In the Autobiography he wrote, "My son, who had in the preceding war, been an officer in the army rais'd against Canada, was my aid-de-camp, and of great use to me."

And in 1771, when beginning his Autobiography, Franklin addressed it "Dear Son," and spoke of the trip the two had taken together to England, to make "enquiries among the remains of my relations." Then he added:

"Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, many of which you are yet unacquainted with, and expecting the enjoyment of a week's uninterrupted leisure in my present country retirement, I sit down to write them for you."

Six years before the beginning of the Autobiography, Franklin, in company with six other Philadelphians, entered on a land speculation in Nova Scotia. Together they bought two hundred thousand acres of land. There

they intended to found a colony. Two shiploads of emigrants were taken to Monkton, the site of the proposed colony, but most of the men settled on other land, finding that this could be had practically for nothing. Franklin's will later provided that William be given an interest in the Nova Scotia property, and he explained the gift by saying that this was "the only part of his estate remaining under the sovereignty of the king of Great Britain."

What was the explanation of the father's changed attitude to his son that led him to make his bequest in such unpleasant terms?

After William Franklin's return from the frontier, he was appointed governor-in-chief of the Province of New Jersey. A mansion was built for him in Perth Amboy by the Lord Proprietor. Its construction required a somewhat extended time, for it was a grand place; no wonder it was called "The Palace." But in 1774 the Governor took possession.

Of course this was not the reason for the breach with his father. Again Benjamin Franklin was proud of his son, and of the lavish entertainments he made for his associates.

But the father began to shake his head when his son became a favorite of the Tories in Perth Amboy who had looked askance on his appointment, the year before. He was told that William would himself remain a loyalist when the break came with Great Britain, and he was compelled to believe that there was serious ground for the charge. He decided, however, to make a supreme effort to rouse the Governor to the call of patriotism. Accordingly, in 1775, he sought the Palace and pleaded with William to forsake his Tory

associates, turn his back on the king who had turned his back on the Colonies, and become a steadfast defender of his country's rights.

What a subject that interview would make for an artist! Opposed to the luxury-loving governor, in the house furnished for his satisfaction by the Tories with whom he had chosen to ally himself, was the sturdy figure of the sage of Pennsylvania, who was ready to lay down his life in the defence of his country.

It must have been a stirring interview. But it was fruitless. Benjamin Franklin went back to Philadelphia a disappointed man. His feelings were expressed in the letter in which he said, "I am deserted by my only son."

Within a year Governor Franklin was practically a prisoner in the Palace, in consequence of the discovery that he was plotting against the Colonies. When he persisted in courses that troubled Congress, he was arrested and taken to Burlington. Mrs. Franklin fled to New York, and the Palace was at the mercy of the British. On several occasions the house was used as headquarters by British generals, and soldiers made their encampment on the grounds.

Though the interior of the Palace was destroyed by fire soon after the war, the house was restored, and it still looks much as it did when Franklin, the patriot, stood within its walls. For years it was used as a hotel, and later as a private residence. In 1883 it was made a Home for aged ministers of the Presbyterian Church. To-day it is again used as a hotel.

XXV

THE CHURCH AT CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

WITH GLIMPSES OF THE FIGHTING CHAPLAIN CALDWELL

The trying days of the Revolution would not seem to be a favorable time for the beginning of a church, especially in the section of New Jersey which was so often overrun by the soldiers of both armies. Yet it was at this critical time that many of the people of Horseneck (now Caldwell), New Jersey, near Montclair, were looking forward to the organization of a church and the building of a house of worship. Timbers were in fact drawn and framed for church purposes, but the war interfered with the completion of the project.

The donation, in 1779, of ninety acres of wild land in the centre of the settlement gave the prospective congregation new heart. On this land a parsonage was begun in 1782. The upper portion of this house, unplastered and unceiled, was used for church purposes until 1796.

The final organization of the church dates from December 3, 1784, when forty persons signed their names to the following curious agreement:

"We Whose Names are Under writen Living at the Place called Horse Neck, Being this Day to be Formed or Embodied as a Church of *Jesus Christ,* Do Solemnly Declare that as we do desire to be founded Only on the Rock Christ Jesus, So we would not wish to Build on this foundation, Wood Hay and Stubble, but Gold and Silver and Precious Stones; and as it is our profested

Sentiments that a Visible Church of Christ, Consists of Visible Believers with their Children, so no Adult Persons ought to be Admitted as members but such as Credibly profess True Faith in Jesus Christ, Love, Obedience, and Subjection to Him, Holding the Fundamental Doctrines of the Gospel, and who will Solemnly Enter into Covenant to Walk Worthy such an Holy Profession as we do this Day."

The last survivor of those who signed this document was General William Gould, who died February 12, 1847, in his ninetieth year. During the Revolution he saw much active service, especially at the battles of Springfield and Monmouth and the campaigns that preceded and followed these conflicts.

But the connection of the church with the Revolution came rather through Rev. James Caldwell, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth Town. During the early years of the struggling congregation he was their adviser and helper, and after his death the name of the church was changed to Caldwell, in his honor.

Mr. Caldwell—who had among his parishioners in Elizabeth Town William Livingston, the Governor of the State, Elias Boudinot, Commissary General of Prisons and President of Congress, Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as well as more than forty commissioned officers of the Continental Army—was one of the famous chaplains of the war, having been chosen in 1776 chaplain of the regiment largely made up of his own members. Later he was Assistant Commissary General.

The British called him the "Fighting Chaplain," and he was cordially hated because of his zeal for the cause of the patriots. His life was always in danger, and

when he was able to spend a Sunday with his congregation he would preach with his cavalry pistols on the pulpit, while sentinels were stationed at the doors to give warning.

The enmity of the British led to the burning of the chaplain's church, and the murder, a few months later, of Mrs. Caldwell. While she was sitting in a rear room at the house at Connecticutt Farms, where she had been sent for safety, surrounded by her children, a soldier thrust his musket through the window and fired at her.

Mr. Caldwell survived the war, in spite of the efforts of the British to capture him, only to be murdered on November 24, 1781, by a Continental soldier who was thought to have been bribed by those whose enmity the chaplain had earned during the conflict.

The Elizabeth Town congregation succeeded in rebuilding their church five years after it was destroyed, but the delayed Caldwell church building was not ready for its occupants until 1795. The timbers for the church were hewed in the forest where the trees were felled and were drawn by oxen to the site selected. Forty men worked several days to raise the frame. Lime was made from sea shells, which were hauled from Bergen, and then burned in a kiln erected near the church lot.

The interior of the building was plain. The pulpit, "about the size of a hogshead," was built on a single pillar, against the wall; above this was a sounding board. The windows had neither blinds nor curtains, and nothing was painted but the pulpit. The backs of the pews were exactly perpendicular. Provision was made regularly for the purchase of sand to freshen the floors. This building was burned in 1872.

The first pastor, Rev. Stephen Grover, received as salary one hundred and fifty dollars a year, though this sum was to be increased ten dollars a year until the total was two hundred and fifty dollars. Of course the use of the parsonage and land was given in addition.

Mr. Grover was pastor for forty-six years, and his successor was Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, to whose son, born in the old manse at Caldwell,—which was purchased in 1912 by the Grover Cleveland Birthplace Memorial Association,—was given the name Stephen Grover, in memory of the first pastor of the church. Forty-seven years later Stephen Grover Cleveland became President of the United States.

For the first ten months of its history the Caldwell church was Presbyterian, then it became Congregational, but since 1831 it has been a Presbyterian body.

XXVI

OLD TENNENT CHURCH, FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF MONMOUTH

One of the bas-reliefs on the monument commemorating the decisive Battle of Monmouth, which has been called the turning-point of the War for Independence, represents the famous Molly Pitcher as she took the place at the gun of her disabled husband. In the background of the relief is the roof and steeple of Old Tennent, the church near which the battle raged all day long.

THE FRANKLIN PALACE, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Photo furnished by W. A. Little, D. D., Perth Amboy

See page 115

OLD TENNENT CHURCH, FREEHOLD, N, J.

Photo by Hall's Studio, Freehold

See page 122

NASSAU HALL AND THE FIRST PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, PRINCETON. N. J.

Photo by R. H. Rose and Son, Princeton

See page 130

MORVEN, PRINCETON, N. J.

Photo by R. H. Rose and Son, Princeton

See page 134

Tennent Presbyterian Church was organized about 1692. The first building was probably built of logs. The second structure, more ambitious, was planned in 1730. Twenty years later a third structure was demanded by the growing congregation. This building, which was twenty-seven years old at the time of the battle of Monmouth, is still standing.

The plan called for a building sixty feet long and forty feet wide. The present pastor of the church, Rev. Frank R. Symmes, in his story of the church, says of the building:

"The sides were sheathed with long cedar shingles, and fastened with nails patiently wrought out on an anvil, and the interior was finished with beaded and panelled Jersey pine. . . . The pulpit . . . is placed on the north side of the room, against the wall, with narrow stairs leading up to it, closed in with a door. The Bible desk is nine feet above the audience floor, with a great sounding board overhanging the whole. . . . Below the main pulpit a second desk or sub-pulpit is built, where the precentor used to stand. . . . The galleries extend along three sides of the room."

Among the early pastors of the church were Rev. John Tennent and his brother, Rev. William Tennent, members of a family famous in the early history of the Presbyterian Church in New Jersey. In consequence of their forty-seven years of service the church became known as "Old Tennent."

The story of the marriage of Rev. William Tennent is a tradition in the congregation. In spite of his salary of about one hundred pounds, and the use of the parsonage farm, he became financially embarrassed. A friend

from New York who visited him when he was thirty-three years old told him he ought to marry and suggested a widow of his acquaintance. Mr. Tennent agreed to the proposition that he go to New York in company with his friend, and see if matters could not be arranged. So, before noon next day, he was introduced to Mrs. Noble. "He was much pleased with her appearance," the story goes on, "and when left alone with her, abruptly told her that he supposed her brother had informed her of his errand; that neither his time nor his inclination would suffer him to use much ceremony, but that if she approved . . . he would return on Monday, be married, and immediately take her home." Thus in one week she found herself mistress of his house. She proved a most invaluable treasure to him.

The year after the death of Mr. Tennent, on Sunday, June 28, 1778, General Washington, at the head of about six thousand men, hurried by Old Tennent. That morning he had been at Englishtown where the sound of cannon told him his advance forces under General Lee were battling with the British. Washington was about one hundred yards beyond the church door when he met the first straggler who told him that Lee had retreated before the British. A little further on the Commander-in-chief met Lee. After rebuking him sharply he hastened forward, and rallied the retreating Continentals. The renewed battle continued until evening when the British were driven back to a defensive position. During the night they retired, to the surprise of Washington, who hoped to renew the battle in the morning. The victory snatched from defeat in this, one of the most stubbornly contested and longest battles of the war, gave new courage to the Colonies.

During the battle wounded soldiers were carried to the church, where members of the congregation tended them, in what could not have been a very secure refuge, since musket balls pierced the walls. An exhausted American soldier, while trying to make his way to the building, sat for rest on the grave of Sarah Mattison. While he was there a cannon ball wounded him and broke off a piece of the headstone. Watchers carried him into the church where he was laid on one of the pews. The stains of blood are still to be seen on the board seat, while the marks of his hands were visible on the book-rest of the pew until the wood was grained.

A tablet has been placed on the front wall of the church with this message:

1778-1901
In Grateful Remembrance
of Patriots Who, on Sabbath June 28, 1778,
Gained the Victory Which Was the Turning Point
Of the War for Independence,
And to Mark a Memorable Spot on
The Battlefield of Monmouth,
This Tablet is placed by Monmouth Chapter
Daughters of the American Revolution
September 26, 1901.

Not far from the church is the monument commemorating the battle itself. Spirited bronze reliefs on this tell the story of some of the picturesque incidents of the memorable struggle.

XXVII

THE FORD MANSION, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

FROM WHICH ALEXANDER HAMILTON WENT COURTING

New Jersey, which was the scene of so many battles during the Revolution, was also the scene of what was perhaps Washington's pleasantest winter during the war. From December, 1799, to June, 1780, the Commander-in-chief lived at the Ford Mansion with his "family," as he was fond of calling Mrs. Washington and his aides.

During these months he was busily engaged in making plans for the later successful conduct of the war, yet he took time for those social relaxations which were a needed relief from the anxious strain of the long conflict.

Among those who helped to make that winter memorable were Surgeon General John Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane, who occupied the Campfield House close by, and General and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, who had come down from Albany for a season at headquarters. Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Cochrane were sisters. Elizabeth Schuyler had come in advance of her parents, and for a time was a guest at the Campfield House.

Visitors from France were arriving from time to time, bringing word of the alliance that was to mean so much to the Colonies, and conferring as to methods of cooperation.

In one wing of the Ford Mansion lived Mrs. Ford

and her son Timothy. In the rooms set apart for the use of Washington's family eighteen people were crowded. Two of these were Alexander Hamilton and Tench Tilghman, both members of the General's staff.

Though Mrs. Washington delighted to put on style, on occasion, she could also be plain and simple. There had been times during the war when she was not ashamed to drive to headquarters in a coach and four. But sometimes at Morristown she was in a different mood—as, for instance, one day when a number of the ladies of the neighborhood, dressed in their best, called to pay their respects to her. To their surprise they found her sitting in a speckled apron, knitting stockings. If they were ill at ease at first, their state of mind can be imagined when their hostess began to talk to them of the need of care in their expenditures for their country's sake. After telling them of a dress she had made out of the carefully unravelled upholstery of a set of chairs, she completed their consternation by saying:

"American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother-country will dry up the source whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be examples of thrift and economy."

The coming of Elizabeth Schuyler to the Campfield House was the signal for a spirited contest for her favor between two of Washington's aides. Both Hamilton and Tilghman had met her at her father's house in Albany, and both called on her. But Hamilton

soon distanced his comrade in the race for her favor. It was not long until everybody was watching developments. Both of the young people were favorites. It is related that even a young soldier on sentry duty late one night was persuaded to a breach of military rules by his interest in Hamilton's courtship. That night the lover was on his way home after spending an evening with his Betsey. Evidently the young man had been thinking of anything but the countersign, for when he was halted and asked to give the countersign words he cudgelled his brain in vain. Then he whispered to the sentry, "Tell me!" And the sentry did tell. Whereupon Hamilton drew himself up before the soldier, gravely gave the countersign, and passed on to his quarters.

There was no time for long courtship in those days of quick movements in military circles. So, before long, Hamilton was writing to Elizabeth Schuyler such cheering letters as the following:

"I would not have you imagine, Miss, that I write you so often to gratify your wishes or please your vanity, but merely to indulge myself, and to comply with that restless property of my mind which will not be happy unless I am doing something, in which you are concerned. This may seem a very idle disposition in a philosopher and a soldier; but I can plead illustrious examples in my justification. Achilles liked to have sacrificed Greece and his glory for a female captive; and Anthony lost the world for a woman. I am very sorry times are so changed as to oblige me to go to antiquity for my apology, but I confess to the disgrace of the present that I have not been able to find as many who are as far gone as myself in their laudable zeal of the fair sex. I suspect, however, that if others knew the charms of my sweetheart as well as I do, I

should have a great number of competitors. I wish I could give you an idea of her. You have no conception of how sweet a girl she is. It is only in my heart that her image is truly drawn. She has a comely form, and a mind still more lovely; she is all goodness, the gentlest, the dearest, the tenderest of her sex. Oh, Betsey, how I love her!"

Who could withstand such a lover? Elizabeth Schuyler did not, and her father commended her judgment. For he wrote to Hamilton:

"You cannot, my dear sir, be more happy at the connexion you have made with my family than I am. Until the child of a parent has made a judicious choice, his heart is in critical anxiety; but this anxiety was removed the moment I discovered on whom she had placed her affection. I am pleased with every instance of delicacy in those who are dear to me; and I think I read your soul on that occasion you mention. I shall therefore only entreat you to consider me as one who wishes in every way to promote your happiness, and I shall."

The young people were married at the Schuyler homestead in Albany on December 14, 1780.

To-day the Ford Mansion where Hamilton dreamed of a conquest in which the British had no part is owned by the Washington Association of New Jersey, and is open to visitors. The Campfield House is to be found on a side street; it has been moved from its original site.

XXVIII

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

WHERE THE CONGRESS OF 1783 MET FOR FIVE MONTHS

Where the College of New Jersey, as Princeton University was officially known until 1896, erected its first building at Princeton, the far-sighted trustees arranged what was long ago the largest stone structure in the Colonies. The records of early travellers on the road between Philadelphia and New York tell of their amazement at the wonderful building.

In 1756 the college abandoned its rooms in the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, New Jersey, and occupied the ambitious quarters in Princeton, which had cost about £2,900.

Originally the halls extended from end to end of Nassau Hall, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five feet. These long, brick-paved halls afforded students inclined to mischief wonderful opportunity to make life miserable for the tutors who were charged with their oversight. "Rolling heated cannon balls, to tempt zealous but unwary tutors, was a perennial joy," writes Varnum Lansing Collins, in his book, "Princeton." Then he adds the statement that at a later epoch there were wild scenes, "when a jackass or a calf was dragged rebelliously up the narrow iron staircase, to be pitted in frenzied races with the model locomotive purloined from the college museum."

There was no provision for lighting the long halls, so the rollicking students were accustomed to fix candles to

the walls with handfuls of mud. When a tutor was heard approaching, the candles would be blown out and he would be foiled in his attempt to identify the offenders. Sometimes barricades of cordwood were built hastily on the stairs or across the entrance to one of the halls.

In vain the authorities tried to correct these abuses by the passage of strict regulations. "No jumping or hollowing or any boisterous Noise shall be suffered, nor walking in the gallery in the time of Study," was a regulation which could be made known far more easily than it could be enforced. Lest there be breaches of decorum inside the rooms, tutors were directed to make at least three trips a day to the quarters of the students, to see that they were "diligent at the proper Business." They were to announce their coming to a room "by a stamp, which signal no scholar shall imitate on penalty of five shillings." Should the occupant of the room refuse to open the door, the tutor had authority to break in. At a later date, students in Nassau Hall liked to have double doors to their rooms, so that the obnoxious tutor might be hindered in his efforts to force an entrance, long enough to give them opportunity to hide all evidence of wrongdoing.

In 1760 a code of "orders and customs" was issued by the authority of President Aaron Burr. One of the most astounding directions in this code was that "Every Freshman sent on an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return." Other rules, as indicated in Mr. Collins' book, concerned deportment, and demanded constant deference to superiors. "Students are to keep their hats off 'about ten rods to the President and about five to the tutors;' they must 'rise up

and make obeisance' when the President enters or leaves the prayer hall, and when he mounts into the pulpit on Sundays. When walking with a superior, an inferior 'shall give him the highest place.' When first coming into the presence of a superior, or speaking to him, inferiors 'shall respect by pulling their Hats;' if overtaking or meeting a superior on the stairs, he 'shall stop, giving him the banister side;' when entering a superior's, 'or even an equal's' room, they must knock; if called or spoken to by a superior, they must 'give a direct, pertinent answer concluding with sir;' they are to treat strangers and townspeople 'with all proper complaisance and good manners;' and they are forbidden to address any one by a nickname."

Evidently rules like these helped to make good patriots, for Princeton students were among the most sturdy adherents of the Colonists' cause. In September, 1770, the entire graduating class wore American cloth, as a protest against Great Britain's unjust taxation measures.

In January, 1774, the students broke into the college storeroom and carried the winter's supply of tea to a bonfire in front of Nassau Hall. While the tea burned the college bell tolled and the students—in the words written home to a parent by one of them—made "many spirited resolves."

The spirited students were jubilant on the evening of July 9, 1776, when the news of the Declaration of Independence was read in Princeton. Nassau Hall was illuminated and the whole town rejoiced that President Witherspoon, as a member of the Continental Congress, had been a signer of the document.

In November, 1776, the students who had not enlisted

in the army were sent from the town just in time to escape the British, who took possession of the building and used it as barracks and hospital. Early in the morning of January 3, 1777, the British held the building. After the battle Washington's troops took possession, but abandoned it almost at once. At evening the British were once more in control. Soon they hurried on to New Brunswick. The next occupants were the soldiers of General Putnam, who found room here for a hospital, a barracks, and a military prison. They found that during the battle of Princeton a round shot had struck the portrait of George II in the prayer hall.

After the British left Princeton College classes were continued in the President's house, and it was 1782 before a serious attempt was made to reoccupy Nassau Hall, which was found to be "mostly bare partition walls and heaps of fallen plaster."

A year later, when temporary repairs had been made, the Continental Congress, which had been besieged by a company of troops who were insistent in their demands for overdue pay, made its way to Princeton. From June to November the sessions were held in Nassau Hall. Commencement day came during the sessions and Congress sat, with Washington, on the platform. On that occasion Washington gave fifty pounds to the college. This sum was paid to Charles Wilson Peale for a portrait of the donor, which was placed in the frame from which the portrait of George II had been shot more than seven years before.

Congress was still in session at Nassau Hall when, in October, the first authentic news came of the signing of the Definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain.

A few weeks later the college was left to its sedate

ways. Never since then has it witnessed such stirring events. But the experiences of the years from 1776 to 1784 had made Nassau Hall one of the nation's picturesque monuments.

XXIX

THREE HISTORIC HOUSES AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

MORVEN, THE MERCER HOUSE, AND WASHINGTON'S ROCKY HILL HEADQUARTERS

"Sollemnity & Distress appeared almost on every countenance, several students that had come 5 & 600 miles & just got letters in college were now obliged under every disadvantage to retire with their effects, or leave them behind, which several through the impossibility of getting a carriage at so Confused a time were glad to do, & lose them all, as all hopes of continuing longer in peace at Nassau were now taken away I began to look out for some place where I might pursue my studies & as Mr. G. Johnson had spoke to me to teach his son I accordingly went there & agreed to stay with him till spring."

So wrote John Clark, one of the students at the College of New Jersey, who, in 1776, was dismayed by the threatened approach of Cornwallis and his army. He was able to remove his effects in ample time, for he had only a "Trunk & Desk." But there were others in the peaceful village who were not so fortunate. One of them was Mrs. Richard Stockton of Morven, a beautiful

home still standing not far from the college campus. The activity of her husband in the interests of the Colonies had angered the British, and they were not slow to take advantage of the absence of the family by pillaging the mansion and destroying many things it contained. Fortunately Mrs. Stockton, before leaving hurriedly for Freehold, had buried the family silver, and this was not discovered, though Cornwallis and his officers occupied the house as headquarters.

Probably, while they were here, they talked gleefully of what they called the collapse of the war. They felt so sure that the war was over that Cornwallis was already planning to return to England.

Then came the surprise at Trenton, when nearly a thousand Hessians of a total force of twelve hundred were captured.

Immediately Cornwallis, who had returned to New York, hastened back to Princeton, where he left three regiments and a company of cavalry. Then he hurried on to Trenton. On the way he was harassed by Washington's outposts, and the main force of the General delayed his entrance into the town until nightfall. He expected to renew the attack next morning, but during the night Washington stole away toward Princeton. Within two miles of Princeton the force of General Mercer encountered the reserve troops of Cornwallis, which were on their way to their commander's assistance. Washington, hearing the sound of the conflict that followed, hastened to the field in time to rally the forces of Mercer, who had been wounded. The day was saved, but General Mercer was lost; he died in the farmhouse on the battle field to which he was carried. To this day visitors are shown the stain made on the floor

by the blood of the dying man. Those who express doubt as to the stain are not welcomed.

Alfred Noyes has written of this conflict which meant more to the struggling Colonies than some historians have indicated. The reference in the first line of the second stanza is to the tigers that crouch at the entrance of Nassau Hall in Princeton:

"Here Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them to wait that future, side by side.

* * * * * * *

"The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plow.

"Through this May night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last."

After the battle came happier days for Princeton. Morven was restored, and Washington was frequently an honored guest within the walls, as have been many of his successors in the White House.

More than six years after the memorable battle of Princeton, another house in the neighborhood received him. When Congress convened in Nassau Hall, it rented for Washington the Rocky Hill House, five miles from the village, which was occupied by John Berrian, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. This house, which was suitably furnished for the General, was the last headquarters of the Revolution.

While at the Berrian house, Washington sat to William Dunlap for his portrait. In his "Arts of Design" the artist, who at the time of which he wrote was eighteen years old, said:

"My visits are now frequent to headquarters. The only military in the neighborhood were the general's suite and a corporal's guard whose tents were on the green before the Berrian House, and the captain's marquee nearly in front. The soldiers were New England yeomen's sons, none older than twenty. . . . I was quite at home in every respect at headquarters; to breakfast and dine day after day with the general and Mrs. Washington and members of Congress."

It was Washington's custom to ride to Princeton, mounted on a small roan horse. The saddle was "old and crooked, with a short deep blue saddle cloth flowered, with buff cloth at the edge, buckskin seat, the cloth most below the skirt of the saddle at the side, double skirts, crupper, surcingle, and breast straps, double belted steel bridle and plated stirrup."

The real closing scene in the Revolution was Washington's farewell address to the army, which he wrote in the southwest room of the second story. On Sunday, November 2, from the second-story balcony, he read this

to the soldiers. Two days later orders of discharge were issued to most of them.

Fortunately the Berrian House has become the property of "The Washington Headquarters Association of Rocky Hill," and is open to the patriotic pilgrim.

XXX

THE SPRINGFIELD MEETING HOUSE, NEW JERSEY

WHOSE PSALM BOOKS FURNISHED WADDING FOR THE CONTINENTAL GUNS

"One pint of spring water when demanded on the premises" was the strange payment stipulated by the donor of one hundred acres of land given in 1751 to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, New Jersey, to be for the use of the minister of the parish. The church records do not state that the rent has been paid regularly, but they do state that the woodland enabled them for many years to furnish the free firewood that was a part of the support promised to every one of the early pastors.

The first building occupied by the church was completed in 1746. Fifteen years later the second building was first occupied, and it continued to be the centre of the community's religious life until November, 1778, when it was needed for military stores. The church was gladly given up to the army, and services were held in the garret of the parsonage.

The British under General Knyphausen, determined

to drive Washington and his men from the New Jersey hills and to destroy his supplies, marched from Elizabeth Town on June 23, 1780. There were five thousand men, with fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery, in the expedition. A few miles away, near Springfield, was a small company of patriots, poorly equipped but ready to die in the defence of their country.

Warning of the approach of the enemy was given to the Continentals by the firing of the eighteen-pounder signal gun on Prospect Hill; twelve Continentals stationed at the Cross Roads, after firing on the enemy, had hurried to the hill. After firing the gun they lighted the tar barrel on the signal pole.

Instantly the members of the militia dropped their scythes, seized their muskets, and hurried to quarters. "There were no feathers in their caps, no gilt buttons on their home-spun coats, nor flashing bayonets on their old fowling pieces," the pastor of Springfield church said in 1880, on the one hundredth anniversary of the skirmish that followed, "but there was in their hearts the resolute purpose to defend their homes and their liberty at the price of their lives."

The sturdy farmers joined forces with the regular soldiers. For a time the battle was fierce. The enemy were soon compelled to retreat, but not before they had burned the village, including the church. Chaplain James Caldwell was in the hottest of the fight. "Seeing the fire of one of the companies slacking for want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian meeting house nearby, and rushing in, ran from pew to pew, filling his arms with hymn books," wrote Headley, in "Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution." "Hastening back with them into the battle, he scattered them

about in every direction, saying as he pitched one here and another there, 'Now put Watts into them, boys.' With a laugh and a cheer they pulled out the leaves, and ramming home the charge did give the British Watts with a will."

The story has been attractively told by Bret Harte:

". . . Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—that's bad; why, he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the 'rebel high priest.' He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

"He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the 'farm,' where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

"Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day—think of him and his band
Of military ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance, of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

"Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke down the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load

At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice, 'Put Watts into 'em! Boys, give 'em
Watts.'

"And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—
But not always a hero like this—and that's all."

The battle of Springfield is not named among the important battles of the Revolution, but it had a special meaning to the people of all that region, for it taught them that the enemy, who had been harassing them for months, was not invulnerable. From that day they took fresh courage, and their courage increased when they realized that the British would not come again to trouble them.

After the burning of the Springfield church, the pastor, Rev. Jacob Vanarsdal, gathered his people in the barn of the parsonage. Later the building was ceiled and galleries were built.

For ten years the barn was the home of the congregation, but in 1791 the building was erected which is in use to-day.

FOUR: RAMBLES ABOUT THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FOUR: RAMBLES ABOUT THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

XXXI

THE LETITIA PENN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM PENN'S FIRST AMERICAN HOME

When William Penn, English Quaker, met Guli Springett, he fell in love with her at once. In 1672 they were married.

Ten years later when, as Proprietor of Pennsylvania, Penn was about to sail in the *Welcome* for America, he wrote a letter of which the following is a portion:

"My dear wife and children, my love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most tenderly visits you with eternal embraces and will abide with you for ever. . . . My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth and the joy of my life, the most beloved as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comfort, and the reason of that love were more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which were yet many. God knows, and thou knowest it, that it was a match of Providence's making, and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world."

Penn landed at New Castle, Delaware, in October, 1682. He had already sent forward the plot of his new

country village; his cousin, Lieutenant Governor Markham, had come to America in 1681, bringing with him instructions for the beginning of the settlement. On this plot there was evidence of his thought for his wife and his daughter Letitia; two lots were set apart for the family, on one of which he planned to build, while the other he designed for Letitia.

When he reached America, he found that, by some mistake, Letitia's lot had been given to the Friends for a meeting house. He was vexed, but nothing could be done. So he decided that the lot reserved for his own use should be made over to her. He did not carry out his purpose for some time, however.

For a time Penn remained at Upland (now Chester), but in 1684, he went to Philadelphia to oversee the erection of the houses for the settlers. His own house he built on a large plot facing the Delaware River and south of what is now Market Street. The house was of brick, which was probably made nearby, though many of the interior fittings had been brought from England in the *John and Sarah* in 1681. It was the first brick house in the new settlement, the first house which had a cellar, and was built in accordance with the request the Proprietor had made:

"Let every house be placed, if the person pleases, in the middle of the plat, as to breadth way of it, that so there may be ground on each side for garden or orchard, or fields, that it may be a green country town, which will never be burnt and always wholesome."

For a few months the Quaker kept bachelor's hall in his new house. Then he went to England, intending to return before long. Before his departure he arranged

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

LETITIA PENN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

See page 145

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

ST. PETER'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

See page 153

that the house should be used in the public service. Probably it was the gathering place for the Provincial Council for many years. Thus it was the first state house of Pennsylvania.

During the fourteen years' stay in England many misfortunes came to Penn. He was accused of treason, and his title to the American lands was taken away from him. Later he was acquitted, and his lands were returned.

In 1692 Guli Penn died, and in 1696 Penn married Hannah Callowhill. In 1699, when he returned to America, he brought with him his wife and Letitia, who was then about twenty-five years old.

Evidently the old house was not good enough for the ladies of the family. At any rate they occupied for a time the "slate-roof house," one of the most pretentious buildings in the Colony. When the manor, Pennsbury, twenty miles up the Delaware, was completed, the family was taken there. Great style was maintained at the country estate in the woods. The house had cost £5,000, and was "the most imposing house between the Hudson and Potomac rivers."

The Philadelphia house was transferred to Letitia on "the 29th of the 1st month 1701." At once extravagant Letitia tried to dispose of it. She succeeded in selling a portion of the generous lot, but it was some years before she was able to sell the whole.

In the meantime the Proprietor felt that he must return to England because of the threat of Parliament to change the government of the American Colonies. Mrs. Penn and Letitia, who did not like America, pleaded to go with him. He thought he would be returning soon, and he urged them to remain. They in-

sisted. In a letter to James Logan he wrote: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, and still less with *Tish*. I know not what to do." Later he wrote: "The going of my wife and Tish will add greatly to the expense. . . . But they will not be denied."

In 1702 Letitia married William Aubrey, who had all of Penn's keenness and none of his genial qualities. Almost from the day of the marriage both husband and wife pestered Penn for money. Aubrey insisted on a prompt payment of his wife's marriage portion. His father-in-law was already beginning to feel the grip of financial embarrassment that later brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, but, on this occasion as well as later, he felt compelled to yield to the insistent demands of the grasping Aubrey.

The only members of the Penn family who ever returned to America were the children of the second wife, to whom most of the property descended.

The Letitia Penn House, as it came to be known, fell on evil days. It was an eating house in 1800, and in 1824 it was the Rising Sun Inn. Later it was called the Woolpack Hotel.

In 1882 funds were raised by public subscription, and the venerable house was taken down and rebuilt in Fairmount Park. Visitors who enter the city by the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York City may easily see it from a right-hand car window, for it is the only house in the corner of the park on the west side of the river.

XXXII

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA

CALLED BY BENSON J. LOSSING "THE TEMPLE OF FREEDOM"

Philadelphia was but forty-two years old when a number of builders in the growing town decided to have a guild like the journeymen's guilds of London. Accordingly they formed, in 1724, "The Carpenters' Company of the City and County of Philadelphia," whose object should be "to obtain instruction in the science of architecture; to assist such of the members, or the widows and children of members, as should be by accident in need of support," as well as "the adoption of such a system of measurements and prices that every one concerned in a building may have the value of his money, and every workman the worth of his labor."

At first the meetings were held here and there, probably in taverns. In 1768 the Company decided to build a home. A lot was secured on Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth streets, for which an annual ground rent of "176 Spanish milled pieces of eight" was to be paid. The sum of three hundred pounds necessary to begin operations was subscribed in about a week.

The Company's annual meeting of January 21, 1771, was held within the walls, though the building was not entirely completed until 1792.

Three years after the opening of the hall came the first event that linked the building with the history of America. A general meeting of the people of Philadel-

phia was held here to protest against the failure of Governor Penn to convene the Assembly of the Colony. A committee of three was appointed to wait on the Speaker and ask him for "a positive answer as to whether he would call the Assembly together or not."

The Assembly was then called to meet on the "18th day of the 6th month." Three days before the time fixed, another meeting was held in Carpenters' Hall to consider what measures for the welfare of the Colony should be proposed to the Assembly. At this meeting the necessity of holding "a general Congress of delegates from all the Colonies" was voiced. Later the Assembly approved of the idea of such a conference, and a call was issued.

On September 5, 1774, the delegates from eleven provinces met in the City Tavern. Learning that the Carpenters' Company had offered the hall for the use of the Continental Congress, the delegates voted to inspect the accommodations. John Adams, one of their number, said after the visit: "They took a view of the room and of the chamber, where there is an excellent library. There is also a long entry, where gentlemen may walk, and also a convenient chamber opposite to the library. The general cry was that this was a good room."

When this First Continental Congress met, it was decided that the session of the second day should be opened with prayer. Rev. Jacob Duché of Christ Church and St. Peter's was asked to be present and conduct an opening service. This historic account of the service was written by John Adams:

"Next morning he appeared with his clerk and having on his pontificals, and read several prayers in the

established form, and then read the Psalter for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. You must remember that this was the next morning after we had heard of the horrible cannonade of Boston (the account proved to be an error). It seemed as if heaven had ordered that Psalm to be read on that morning. After this, Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess, I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced."

In part, this prayer was as follows:

"Be thou present, O God of wisdom! And direct the councils of this honorable assembly, enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst Thy people."

On October 26 the Congress was dissolved. The second Congress was called to meet on May 10, 1775, at the State House, later known as Independence Hall.

When the British took possession of the city in 1777, a portion of the army was quartered in the building. Officers and men alike borrowed books from the Library Company of Philadelphia, which had quarters here, invariably making deposits and paying for the use of volumes taken in strict accordance with the rules.

In 1778 the United States Commissary of Military Stores began to occupy the lower story and cellar of the building. From 1791 to 1821 various public organizations sought quarters here, including the Bank of the United States, the Bank of Pennsylvania, the United States Land Office, and the United States Custom House.

The Carpenters' Company therefore, in 1791, erected a second building on this lot, which they occupied until 1857.

When Benson J. Lossing visited the historic hall, on November 27, 1848, he wrote of his great disappointment because the banner of an auctioneer was on the front of the building. He said:

"I tried hard to perceive the apparition . . . to be a classic frieze, with rich historic trigliphs, but it would not do. . . . What a desecration! Covering the façade of the very Temple of Freedom with the placards of grovelling Mammon! If sensibility is shocked with this outward pollution, it is overwhelmed with indignant shame on entering the hall where that august Assembly of men—the godfathers of our Republic—convened to stand as sponsors at the baptism of infant American liberty—to find it filled with every species of merchandise, and the walls which once echoed the eloquent words of Henry, Lee, and the Adamses, reverberating with the clatter of the auctioneer's voice and hammer. Is there not patriotism strong enough in Philadelphia to enter the temple, and 'cast out all them that buy and sell, and overthrow the tables of the money-changers?'"

At length the Carpenters' Company decided that the time had come to do what the historian pleaded for. In 1857 they returned to the building, and since then they have held their meetings within the walls consecrated by the heroes of Revolutionary days. The rooms were restored to their original condition, and relics and mementoes of early days were put in place. The Hall has ever since been open to visitors "who may wish to visit the spot where Henry, Hancock, and Adams inspired the delegates of the Colonies with nerve and the sinew for the toils of war."

XXXIII

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

WHOSE BUILDING IS PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED AFTER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

There were but fifteen thousand people in Philadelphia when, on March 19, 1753, the suggestion was made to the vestry of Christ Church that a new church or Chapel of Ease of Christ Church be built for the accommodation of the people in the southern part of the city. Thomas and Richard Penn gave a site for the building of the new church, and on September 21, 1758, the corner stone was laid. In 1761 the church was opened, though it was not completed until March, 1763. To the new organization was given the name St. Peter's, and it was ordered by the vestry of Christ Church, "that the said church . . . in every respect whatever shall be upon an equal footing with Christ Church, and be under the same government with it."

At the same time, in view of the gift of the site, it was ordered that "the first and best pew in the said Church shall be set apart forever for the accommodation of the Honorable Proprietary's family."

When the building was completed the building committee reported that the cost was £4,765, 19 s. 6½ d. Added to this report were statements that sound quite modern. "The sudden rise in the prices of materials and labor," and "the inability of some subscribers to meet their engagements," had added to the burdens of the committee.

From the beginning prayers were read in the church for the king and all the royal family, but on July 4, 1776, the vestry ordered that patriotic prayers be substituted. While the British were in Philadelphia the prayers for the king were renewed by order of Dr. Duché, rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's. The official history of St. Peter's refers to Dr. Duché, who ordered this, in the following sentences:

"From an advocate of the Colonies, he became an advocate of the King, and on the Sunday following the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, he restored the prayers for the King to the Liturgy. This compromise with conditions availed him nothing, and he was arrested for serving as chaplain to Congress after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The influence of his loyalist friends secured his speedy release. . . . Not long afterward he went to England, where he remained practically an exile for twelve years, returning to Philadelphia several years before his death, when, it is said, no truer American could have been found in the City. He . . . was buried in St. Peter's Churchyard."

During the occupation of the church by British troops in 1777 the pews were burned for fuel, but the building was never closed for lack of fuel or for any other reason, until the late winter of 1917-18, when coal could not be secured.

The wooden fence that surrounded the property originally was burned by the British for fuel, and the brick wall that is now in place was built in 1784.

Washington frequently occupied a pew in St. Peter's, and many other men who were prominent in the early history of the country worshipped here. The building

is practically as it was when they lived. "It is the same church to which the colonists in their knee-breeches and rich coats came to attend the first service in 1761," a member of the vestry said in 1891. "The pulpit, reading desk, and chancel rails were built in 1764, and the present organ loft was put up over the chancel in 1789. In all other respects the plain, austere interior of this old church . . . remains unchanged, the only relic in Pennsylvania, and one of the very few in the country at large, of the church in colonial days. Bishop De Lancey, in his centennial sermon, preached September 4, 1861, said: 'We enter by the same doors—we tread the same aisles—we kneel where they knelt—we sit where they sat; the voice of prayer, instruction, and praise ascends from the same desk from which it reached their ears, in the privacy and seclusion of the same high, strait unostentatious pews.'"

In the crowded churchyard are the graves of many colonial worthies as well as many leaders in the early history of America. Stephen Decatur is buried here, and Charles Wilson Peale, who painted a famous portrait of Washington.

The *Pennsylvania Evening Post* of January 18, 1777, told of the burial of one of the patriots whose bodies were laid here:

"Yesterday the remains of Captain William Shippen, who was killed at Princeton the third instant, gloriously fighting for the liberty of his country, were interred in St. Peter's Churchyard. His funeral was attended by the Council of Safety, the members of Assembly, officers of the army, a troop of Virginia light horse, and a great number of inhabitants. This brave and unfortunate man was in his twenty-seventh year, and has left a

widow and three children to lament the death of an affectionate husband and a tender parent, his servants a kind master, and his neighbors a sincere and obliging friend."

Captain Shippen, before joining Washington's army, was captain of the privateer *Hancock,* which, between July 1 and November 1, 1776, sent to American ports ten prizes captured at sea.

XXXIV

CLIVEDEN, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA

ON THE FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN

In the days before the Revolution there were many residents of Philadelphia who had, in addition to a sumptuous town house, a country house, to which they could resort in the summer or at other times when they wished relief from the cares of daily life. Germantown, the straggling village five miles from the town of William Penn, was one of the popular places for such establishments.

Samuel Chew's town house was at Front and Dock streets when he built Cliveden at Germantown in 1761. At that time he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, though in 1774 he became Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Both in Philadelphia and in Germantown he maintained the hospitable traditions he had learned at Maidstone, near Annapolis, where he was born, in 1722, of a

family whose first American ancestor, John Chew, came to Virginia a century earlier.

During the days of the Continental Congress Judge Chew seemed to sympathize with the colonists in their protests against the aggression of Great Britain, but when independence was proposed, he let it be known that he was unwilling to act with the patriots. Accordingly he was arrested by order of Congress, together with John Penn, and when he refused to sign a parole, he was banished from the State.

During his absence the battle of Germantown was fought. On October 3, 1777, the British forces were disposed on nearly all sides of the Chew mansion. Washington planned to attack these scattered forces by four columns, which were to advance from as many directions. General Wayne's column successfully opened the attack at daybreak October 4, driving before him the enemy encountered at Mount Airy. Colonel Musgrave checked the retreat of the soldiers at Cliveden. With six companies he took possession of the mansion, prepared to defend themselves behind hastily barricaded doors and windows. Wayne and the leaders who were with him pushed on past the house, continuing the pursuit of that portion of the enemy which had continued its retreat; he did not know that he was leaving an enemy in his rear. When Washington came to Cliveden, he was surprised by the fire of the entrenched enemy. After a hasty conference with others, it was decided not to pass on, leaving a fortress behind. Cannon were planted so as to command the door, but they were fired without much effect.

The next attempt was made by a young Frenchman who asked others to carry hay from the barn and set

fire to the front door. Thinking they were doing as he asked, he forced open a window and climbed on the sill. From this position he was driven back, and he found that he had not been supported by those on whom he had counted.

In the meantime the artillery fire continued, but with little effect. General Wilkinson, who was present, afterward wrote:

"The doors and shutters of the lower windows of the mansion were shut and fastened, the fire of the enemy being delivered from the iron gratings of the cellars and the windows above, and it was closely beset on all sides with small-arms and artillery, as is manifest from the multiplicity of traces still visible from musket-ball and grape-shot on the interior walls and ceilings which appear to have entered through the doors and windows in every direction; marks of cannon-ball are also visible, in several places on the exterior of the wall and through the roof, though one ball only appears to have penetrated below the roof, and that by a window in the passage of the second story. The artillery seem to have made no impression on the walls of the house, a few slight indentures only being observable, except from one stroke in the rear, which started the wall."

In a few minutes Washington, realizing that precious time was being lost in the attack on the thick walls of the house, ordered a regiment to remain behind to watch Cliveden, while his main force hastened on.

It has been claimed that this brief delay was responsible for the defeat at Germantown. Wilkinson, on the contrary, insists that this delay saved Washington's army from annihilation, since he would otherwise have hurried on in the thick fog until he was in contact with the main body of the British army. The result, he

thinks, would have been a far greater disaster than actually overtook the American arms that day.

The damage done to the house was so great that five carpenters were busy for months making repairs. Evidently Judge Chew was not satisfied with the result, for in 1779 he sold Cliveden for $9,000, only to buy it back again in 1787 for $25,000.

The property descended to Benjamin Chew, Jr., on the death of his father. During his occupancy of Cliveden Lafayette was a guest there in 1825.

XXXV

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

WHOSE PASTOR INSPIRED JOHN ADAMS TO PLEAD FOR INDEPENDENCE

There were four thousand, seven hundred and seventy-four houses in Philadelphia in 1767 when the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, the third church of this denomination in the city, was built. The subscription paper, still in existence, shows that £1,078 "in money or otherwise" was subscribed for the purpose. The sum needed to complete the building was raised by a lottery, which yielded £2,500. In the proceeds of the lottery the Market Street Church and the Second Church shared, £1,035 going to the Pine Street building.

The original building was of but one story, with gable ends. When alterations were made in 1837 the top of the church was raised bodily, while a larger roof was built over the old roof. The visitor who climbs to

the loft is able to see the old walls and windows. The floor was raised one step above the street level, and was paved with brick.

Rev. George Duffield, D.D., who was pastor from 1772 to 1790, was a prominent figure during the Revolution. He was chaplain of the Continental Congress and of the Pennsylvania militia during the period of the war, and he delivered fiery messages that stirred patriots to action. John Adams, who was a member of the church, called him a man of genius and eloquence. On May 17, 1776, after listening to a sermon in which Dr. Duffield likened the conduct of George III to the Americans to that of Pharaoh to the Israelites, and concluded that God intended the liberation of the Americans, as He had intended that of the Israelites, he wrote to his wife:

"Is it not a saying of Moses, Who am I that I should go in and out before this great people? When I consider the great events which are passed, and those greater which are rapidly advancing, and that I may have been instrumental in touching some springs, and turning some small wheels, which have had and will have such effects, I feel an awe upon my mind, which is not easily described. Great Britain has at last driven America to the last step, complete separation from her; a total, absolute independence. . . ."

Headley, in "Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," says:

"The patriots of the first Congress flocked to his church, and John Adams and his compeers were often his hearers. . . . In a discourse delivered before several companies of the Pennsylvania militia and members of Congress, four months before the Declaration of Independence, he took bold and decided ground in

CLIVEDEN, PHILADELPHIA

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 156

THIRD (OLD PINE STREET) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 159

DAVID RITTENHOUSE'S HOUSE, NORRITON, PENNA. *Photo by Ph. B. Wallace*

See page 170

DAWESFIELD, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. *Photo by H. C. Howland, Philadelphia*

See page 178

favor of that step, and pleaded his cause with sublime eloquence, which afterwards made him so obnoxious to the British that they placed a reward of fifty pounds for his capture."

Later on in the same sermon he prophesied:

"Whilst sun and moon endure, America shall remain a city of refuge for the whole earth, until she herself shall play the tyrant, forget her destiny, disgrace her freedom, and provoke her God."

As chaplain of the Pennsylvania militia, Dr. Duffield was frequently in camp, where "his visits were always welcome, for the soldiers loved the eloquent, earnest, fearless patriot."

Headley gives this incident of the courageous chaplain's work:

"When the enemy occupied Staten Island, and the American forces were across the river on the Jersey shore, he repaired to camp to spend the Sabbath. Assembling a portion of the troops in an orchard, he climbed into the forks of a tree and commenced religious exercises. He gave out a hymn. . . . The British on the island heard the sound of the singing, and immediately directed some cannon to play on the orchard, from whence it proceeded. Soon the heavy shot came crashing through the branches, and went singing overhead, arresting for a moment the voices that were lifted in worship. Mr. Duffield . . . proposed that they should adjourn behind an adjacent hillock. They did so, and continued their worship, while the iron storm hurled harmlessly overhead."

In spite of his almost constant service in the field, Dr. Duffield was in Philadelphia among his people every little while. The church records show that he

baptized children every month during the Revolution, except for the period of the British occupation of Philadelphia, when the church was occupied as a hospital, and more than one hundred Hessian soldiers were buried in the churchyard.

Another remarkable fact is that of the one hundred and ten men who had signed the call to George Duffield in 1771, sixty-seven served in the army during the war. Colonel Thomas Robinson, whose portrait is in Independence Hall, was a member of the church; Captain John Steele, who was field officer on the day of the surrender of Cornwallis, and Colonel William Linnard, whose company attempted to keep the British from crossing the Brandywine, were also members. Many other officers and private soldiers were on the rolls; the stones and vaults in the cemetery tell of many of them.

One of the original trustees of Pine Street was Dr. William Shippen, Jr., first Professor of Medicine in America and Director General of all the hospitals during the war. Benjamin Rush, Signer of the Declaration, was an attendant at the services, and his mother was a member.

XXXVI

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

WHERE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN

William Penn was a man of vision. When, in 1682, Thomas Holme surveyed for him the site of Philadelphia, the Quaker pioneer gave instruction that "the

Centre Square," one mile from the Delaware, be set apart for the public buildings of the city and colony.

But for many years after the founding of the city, Centre Square was far out in the country. During these years temporary public buildings were provided for official meetings, including the Assembly, but in 1728 steps were taken to erect a suitable public building within reach of the people of the young city. Ground was bought on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and the State House was begun in 1730. The total cost of the building was $16,250. Two wings were added in 1739 and 1740; these cost some $12,000 more.

Two years after the completion of the main building the Pennsylvania Assembly passed an act in which this statement was made:

"It is the true intent and meaning of these Presents, that no part of the said ground lying to the southward of the State House, as it is now built, be converted into or made use of for erecting any sort of Building thereupon, but that the said ground shall be enclosed and remain a public open Green and Walks forever."

Eighty years after the passage of the act an attempt was made to divert the State House yard to other purposes. In a curious old document, dated February 6, 1816, W. Rawle and Peter S. Duponceau made an argument against this diversion, showing conclusively that the State House Square had been "irrevocably devoted to the purpose of an open and public walk." Thanks to their efforts and the efforts of others who have labored to the same end, the grounds are to-day, and must forever remain, open to the use of the people.

The first public function held in the new State House was a banquet, given in the "long room," in the second story. Of this Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette* of September 30, 1736, said:

"Thursday last William Allen, Esq., Mayor of this city for the past year, made a feast for his citizens at the State House, to which all the strangers in town of note were also invited. Those who are judges of such things say that considering the delicacy of the viands, the variety and excellency of the wines, the great number of guests, and yet the easiness and order with which the whole was conducted, it was the most grand, the most elegant entertainment that has been made in these parts of America."

The builders were dilatory. It was 1736 before the Assembly was able to hold its first session in the chamber provided for it, and not until 1745 was the room completed. Three years more passed before the apartment intended for the Governor's Council was ready for its occupants.

In 1741 the tower was built, and on November 4 Edmund Wooley sent to the Province of Pennsylvania an interesting bill, "for expenses in raising the Tower of the State House":

95 loaves of Bread	£0	19	9
61¾ lb. Bacon, at 7d.	1	14	1
148½ lb. Beef at 3½d.	2	8	1
Potatoes and Greens	0	7	1
800 Limes at 4s.	1	12	0
1½ Barrels of Beer at 18s.	1	7	0
44 lb. Mutton at 3½d.	0	12	8
37¾ lb. Veal at 3½d.	0	11	0
30 lb. Venison at 2d.	0	5	0

Turnips	0	1	6
Pepper and Mustard	0	1	5
2 Jugs and Candles, Pipes and Tobacco	0	6	0
Butter 9s. 8d. Turkey 4s. 4 pair Fowls 9s.	1	2	8
¼ of a hundred of Flour	0	3	6
Two former Hookings at getting on two Floors, and now for raising the Tower, Fire Wood, etc.	3	0	0

Provision was made in 1750 for the extension of the tower for the accommodation of a bell, and on October 16, 1751, the Superintendent of the State House sent a letter to the colonial agent in London. In this letter he said:

"We take the liberty to apply ourselves to thee to get us a good bell, of about two thousand pounds weight, the cost of which we presume may amount to about one hundred pounds sterling, or, perhaps, with the charges, something more. . . . Let the bell be cast by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words well-shaped in large letters round it, viz:—

"'By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the city of Philadelphia, 1752,'

"And underneath,

"'Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof—Levit. XXV. 10.'"

When the new bell was hung it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper. Isaac Norris wrote:

"We concluded to send it back by Captain Budden, but he could not take it on board, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here, and I am just now informed they have this day opened the Mould and have got a good bell, which, I confess, pleases me

very much, that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell cast, for aught I know, in English America. The mould was finished in a very masterly manner, and the letters, I am told, are better than [on] the old one. When we broke up the metal, our judges here generally agreed it was too high and brittle, and cast several little bells out of it to try the sound and strength, and fixed upon a mixture of an ounce and a half of copper to one pound of the old bell, and in this proportion we now have it."

But when the bell was in place it was found to contain too much copper, and Pass & Stow, the founders, "were so teazed with the witticisms of the town," that they begged to be allowed to recast it. In June, 1753, this third bell was hung, and in the following September the founders were paid £60 13s. 5d.

In 1752 arrangements were made for a clock. The works were placed in the middle of the main building, immediately under the roof. These were connected by rods, enclosed in pipes, with the hands on the dial plates at either gable. Early views of the State House show these dials. The cost of the clock, which included care for six years, was £494 5s. 5½d.

During the twenty years that followed the installation of the clock and the bell the State House became a civic centre of note; but not until the stirring events that led up to the Revolution did it become of special interest to other colonies than Pennsylvania. On April 25, 1775, the day after news came to Philadelphia of the battles of Lexington and Concord, the great bell sounded a call to arms that was the real beginning of making the building a national shrine. In response to the call eight thousand people gathered in the Yard

to consider measures of defence. On April 26 the newspapers reported that "the company unanimously agreed to associate for the purpose of defending with arms their lives, liberty, and property, against all attempts to deprive them of them." This determination of the people was soon sanctioned by the Assembly, and Pennsylvania prepared to raise its quota towards the Army of the Revolution.

On May 10, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met in the Assembly Chamber, and took action that made inevitable the adoption of the Declaration of Independence the next year. On Friday, June 7, 1776, in the Eastern Room on the first floor of the State House, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia introduced the following:

"Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

At the same time the Pennsylvania Assembly was considering, in the chamber upstairs, what instruction to give to its delegates. When the Assembly adjourned the Continental Congress removed to the upper room. There, on July 2, the Virginian's motion was carried. Later the Declaration itself was adopted, and on July 4, it was

"Resolved, that Copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions, and committees or councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the Continental troops; that it be proclaimed

in each of the United States and at the head of the army."

It was ordered that the Declaration be proclaimed from the State House on Monday, July 8, 1776. On that day the State House bell sounded its glad call; for the first time did it indeed "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." And in the hearing of those who gathered in response to its call the Declaration was read.

From that day the State House has been known as Independence Hall, while the State House Yard has become Independence Square.

The sittings of Congress in Independence Hall were interrupted by the approach of the British. For five months the building was used as a British prison and hospital. But on July 2, 1778, Congress returned; the building once more belonged to the nation.

The building became more than ever a national shrine when, in 1787, the Constitutional Convention met there. On September 17, 1787, the votes of eleven States were recorded in favor of the Constitution, and Benjamin Franklin, looking toward a sun which was blazoned on the President's chair, said of it to those near him, "In the vicissitudes of hope and fear I was not able to tell whether it was rising or setting; now I know that it is the rising sun."

In 1790, the Congress of the United States met in the western portion of the buildings on the Square, erected in 1785 for the Pennsylvania Assembly.[1] This

[1] A building to the east of Independence Hall was completed in 1791. In this building, which was the Philadelphia City Hall until 1854, the Supreme Court of the United States held its first session, February 7, 1791.

In 1813 the arcades connecting the main building with the wings

building was, by that body, offered to Congress and accepted for the term of ten years, until the Capital should be removed to the shore of the Potomac.

During these ten years, and for thirty-five years more, the Liberty Bell continued to sound notes of joy and of sorrow. On July 8, 1835, it was tolling for Chief Justice Marshall. When the funeral procession was on Chestnut Street, not far from Independence Hall, the bell cracked. Since that day it has been mute.

The passing years have brought many changes to Independence Hall, as well as to the Liberty Bell. The bell cannot be renewed, but the historic building and the Square have been restored until they present essentially the appearance of the days of 1776. The chief difference is in the steeple. The present steeple was built in 1828. It is much like the old steeple, but a story higher.

As the visitor passes from room to room of the venerable building, and examines the relics and studies the portraits of the great men who gathered there so long ago, his heart is stirred to thankfulness to those who dared to call a nation into being, and he cannot but think that it is good to live for one's country.

were removed, and new buildings were erected which connected Independence Hall with the corner buildings.

In 1816 the city of Philadelphia became the owner of the whole property.

XXXVII

THE DAVID RITTENHOUSE HOME, NEAR PHILADELPHIA

THE HEADQUARTERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S FRIEND AND CO-LABORER

"See the sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky!
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies."

This was Barlow's way of telling of the achievement of David Rittenhouse, the colonial astronomer, in fashioning the marvellous orrery, the mechanical representation of the movements of the planetary system. Thomas Jefferson's prose description was a little more readable:

"A machine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy and utility anything of the kind ever before constructed. . . . He has not indeed made a world, but he has by imitation approached more its Maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day."

The father of the maker of the orrery was a paper manufacturer near Germantown, but when David was three years old he moved to a little farm in Norriton, nineteen miles from Philadelphia, where, in 1749, he built the stone house in which his son spent the rest of his life.

It was his purpose to make a farmer of David, and

he might have succeeded if he had not invested in a few mathematical books. The twelve-year-old boy was fascinated by these volumes. Samuel W. Pennypacker has told the result:

"The handles of his plough, and even the fences around the fields, he covered with mathematical calculations. . . . At seventeen he made a wooden clock, and afterward one in metal. Having thus tested his ability in an art in which he had never received any instruction, he secured from his somewhat reluctant father money enough to buy in Philadelphia the necessary tools, and after holding a shop by the roadside, set up in business as a clock and mathematical instrument maker."

Dr. Benjamin Rush once said that "without library, friends, or society, and with but two or three books, he became, before he had reached his four-and-twentieth year, the rival of two of the greatest mathematicians of Europe."

The skilled astronomer was soon called upon to render a service to several of the Colonies. By means of astronomical instruments he did such accurate work in marking out the boundary between Delaware and Pennsylvania that Mason and Dixon later accepted his results, and he settled the dispute between New Jersey and New York as to the point where the forty-first degree of latitude touches the Hudson River. Perhaps, however, the achievement that won for him greatest fame was the observation, made in 1769, of the transit of Venus. The importance of the observation is evident from the facts that it provides the best means for calculating the distance between the heavenly bodies, which had never been satisfactorily made, and that the

opportunity would not occur again for one hundred and five years. After months of preparation, which included the making of delicate instruments, Rittenhouse, one of a committee of three appointed by the American Philosophical Society, succeeded. In the words of Pennypacker, "The first approximately accurate results in the measurement of the spheres were given to the world, not by the schooled and salaried astronomers who watched from the magnificent royal observatories of Europe, but by unpaid amateurs and devotees to science in the youthful province of Pennsylvania."

Benjamin Franklin found in him a kindred spirit, and the Philadelphian was frequently a visitor at the Norriton farmhouse. On Sunday the two friends often went to the old Norriton Presbyterian Church, which had been built on the corner of the Rittenhouse farm, within sight of the house. This church, which probably dates from 1698, is still standing in good repair.

Some years after the successful observation of the transit of Venus brought fame to the American astronomer, he moved to Philadelphia. There, among other duties, he had charge of the State House clock.

At the beginning of the Revolution the Council of Safety asked that he should "prepare moulds for the casting of clock weights, and send them to some iron furnace, and order a sufficient number to be immediately made for the purpose of exchanging them with the inhabitants of this city for their leaden clock weights." The leaden weights were needed for bullets. Later he was sent to survey the shores of the Delaware, to choose the best points for fortifications.

When he became Engineer of the Council of Safety

"he was called upon to arrange for casting cannon of iron and brass, to view the site for the erection of a Continental powder mill, to conduct experiments for rifling cannon and muskets, to fix upon a method of fastening a chain for the protection of the river, to superintend the manufacture of saltpeter, and to locate a magazine for military stores on the Wissahickon."

This was but the beginning of service to Pennsylvania during the Revolution. His activities were so valuable to the Colonies that a Tory poet published in the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* of December 2, 1777, a verse addressed "To David Rittenhouse," of which the first stanza read:

> "Meddle not with state affairs,
> Keep acquaintance with the stars;
> Science, David, is thy line;
> Warp not Nature's great design.
> If thou to fame would'st rise."

The following year Thomas Jefferson wrote to him:

"You should consider that the world has but one Rittenhouse, and never had one before. . . . Are those powers, then, which, being intended for the erudition of the world, are, like light and air, the world's common property, to be taken from their proper pursuit to do the commonplace drudgery of governing a single State?"

To the call of the nation Rittenhouse responded in April, 1792, when President Washington appointed him the first Director of the Mint.

His closing years were full of honors, but his strength was declining rapidly; he had spent himself so fully for his country that his power of resistance

was small. Just before he died, on June 26, 1796, he said to a friend who had been writing to him, "You make the way to God easier."

XXXVIII

THE HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA

WHERE WASHINGTON LIVED DURING THE WINTER OF 1777-78

A few rods from the beautiful Schuylkill River, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, twenty-four miles from Philadelphia, is the quaint stone house where Washington spent nearly six months of the most trying year of the Revolution.

While the British troops were occupying Philadelphia Congress was in session at York, Pennsylvania. Valley Forge was accordingly a strategic location, for from here it was comparatively simple to guard the roads leading out of Philadelphia, and to prevent both the exit of the British and the entrance of supplies designed for the enemy.

The eleven thousand men who marched to the site selected for the camp were miserably equipped for a winter in the open. Provisions were scarce, and clothing and shoes were even more scarce. But the men looked forward bravely to the months of exposure before them.

Washington did everything possible to provide for their comfort. Realizing that the soldiers needed some-

thing more than the tents in which they were living at first, he gave orders that huts should be built for them. The commanding officers of the regiments were instructed to divide their soldiers into parties of twelve, to see that each party had the necessary tools, and to superintend the building of a hut for each group of twelve soldiers, according to carefully stated dimensions. A reward was offered to the party in each regiment which should complete its hut in the quickest and best manner. Since valuable time would be lost in preparing boards for the roofs, he promised a second sword to the officer or soldier who should devise a material for this purpose cheaper and more quickly made than boards.

Some of the first huts were covered with leaves, but it was necessary to provide a more lasting covering. After a few weeks fairly acceptable quarters were provided for the men, in spite of the scarcity of tools. Colonel Pickering, on January 5, wrote to Mrs. Pickering, "The huts are very warm and comfortable, being very good log huts, pointed with clay, and the roof made tight with the same."

At first, Washington sought to encourage his soldiers by assuring them that he would accept no better quarters than could be given them; he would set the example by passing the winter in a hut. But officers and men alike urged that it would be unwise to risk his health in this way, and he consented to seek quarters in a near-by house. However, he refused to make himself comfortable until the men were provided for.

His headquarters were finally fixed in the two-story stone house of Isaac Potts. There he met his officers, received visitors, planned for the welfare of the army,

and parried the attacks of those who could not understand the difficulties of the situation. Once he wrote to Congress: "Three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat. The men must be supplied, or they cannot be commanded."

To the objections of those who thought that the army should not be inactive during the winter weather, he wrote:

"I can assure these gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little pity for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and, from my soul, I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

The heavy hearts of Washington and his officers rejoiced when, on February 23, 1778, Baron Steuben and Peter S. Du Ponceau called at headquarters. Du Ponceau wrote later:

"I cannot describe the impression that the first sight of that great man made upon me. I could not keep my eyes from that imposing countenance—grave, yet not severe; affable, without familiarity. . . . I have never seen a picture that represents him to me as I saw him at Valley Forge. . . . I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, as it was my duty to accompany the Baron when he dined with him, which was sometimes twice or thrice in the same week. We visited him also in the evening, when Mrs. Washington was at head-quarters. We were in a manner domesticated in the family."

An order was sent from headquarters, dated March 28, that Baron Steuben be respected and obeyed as Inspector General. The need of his services is revealed by his description of the condition of the army when he arrived in camp:

"The arms at Valley Forge were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches were quite as bad as the arms. A great many of the men had tin boxes instead of pouches, others had cow-horns; and muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, and rifles were to be seen in the same company. . . . The men were literally naked. . . . The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers, at a grand parade in Valley Forge, mounting guard in a sort of dressing-gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover. . . ."

Mrs. Washington joined the circle at headquarters on February 10. She was not favorably impressed. "The General's apartment is very small," she wrote. "He has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

The most joyful day at Valley Forge was May 7, 1778, when a fête was held to celebrate the conclusion of the treaty of alliance between France and the United States. After religious service, the army was reviewed, and Washington dined in public with his officers. "When the General took his leave, there was a universal clap, with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile."

On June 18 the glad tidings came to headquarters that the British were evacuating Philadelphia. Next

day the camp was left behind. Washington did not see it again for nine years.

In 1879 the Isaac Potts house was bought by the Continental Memorial Association of Valley Forge. And in 1893 the Pennsylvania Legislature created the Valley Forge Park Commission, which has since acquired the entire encampment, has laid it out as a park, and has arranged for the erection of many monuments and markers and a number of memorial structures. But the house in which Washington lived must always be the central feature of the grounds.

XXXIX

THREE HEADQUARTERS OF WASHINGTON

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS, DAWESFIELD, AND EMLEN HOUSE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA

During the closing months of 1777, one of the darkest times of the Revolution, Washington made famous by his occupancy three houses, all located within a few miles of Philadelphia. The first of these, Pennypacker's Mills, is the only building used by the Commander-in-Chief during the war that is still in the hands of the family that owned it when he was there.

Pennypacker's Mills is delightfully situated in the angle formed by the union of the two forks of the Perkiomen, the largest tributary of the Schuylkill. Hans Joest Heijt, who built the grist mill and house on the land in 1720, sold the property in 1730 to John Pauling. He was succeeded in 1757 by Peter Panne-

becker. His son Samuel was the owner of the house by the creek when, on September 26, 1777, Washington reached the Mills.

The orderly book of the following days and letters written from the house shed light on the events of the stay here.

On the day he reached the Mills, Washington wrote to William Henry at Lancaster:

"You are hereby authorized to impress all the Blankets, Shoes, Stockings, and other Articles of Clothing that can be spared by the Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster, for the Use of the Continental Army, paying for the same at reasonable Rates or giving Certificates."

The entry in the orderly book on September 28 read:

"The Commander-in-Chief has the happiness again to congratulate the army on the success of the Americans to the Northward. On the 19th inst. an engagement took place between General Burgoyne's army and the left wing of ours, under General Gates. The battle began at 10 o'clock, and lasted till night—our troops fighting with the greatest bravery, not giving an inch of ground. . . . To celebrate this success the General orders that at 4 o'clock this afternoon all the troops be paraded and served with a gill of rum per man, and that at the same time there be discharges of 13 pieces of artillery from the park."

On the same day there was a council of war. It was found that there were in camp, fit for duty, 5,472 men. The whole army in all the camps then contained about eight thousand Continental troops and three thousand militia.

Next day Washington wrote:

"I shall move the Army four or five miles lower down to-day from whence we may reconnoitre and fix upon a proper situation, at such distance from the Enemy, as will entitle us to make an attack, should we see a proper opening, or stand upon the defensive till we obtain further reinforcements. . . ."

Later in the day the army marched to Skippack, within about twenty-five miles of Philadelphia. The next stage in the advance was Methacton Hill, and from there the army began to move, on October 3, at seven o'clock in the evening, to the attack on the British at Germantown.

After the battle of Germantown Washington wrote to the President of Congress:

"In the midst of the most promising appearances, when everything gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began suddenly to retreat, and entirely left the field, in spite of every effort that could be made to rally them."

The Commander's marvellous ability to handle men was shown by the entry made in his orderly book the next day, when he was back at Pennypacker's Mills. Instead of reprimanding the soldiers for their strange retreat, he "returned thanks to the generals and other officers and men concerned in the attack on the enemy's left wing, for their spirit and bravery, shown in drawing the enemy from field to field, and although . . . they finally retreated, they nevertheless see that the enemy is not proof against a vigorous attack, and may be put to flight when boldly pursued."

Photo by Ph. B .Wallace

EMLEN HOUSE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

See page 178

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

FATLANDS, NEAR PHOENIXVILLE, PENNA.

See page 187

WAYNESBOROUGH, NEAR PAOLI, PENNA.

Photo by H. C. Howland

See page 192

MORAVIAN CHURCH, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

Photo by Rev. A. D. Therelar, Bethlehem

See page 196

The good results of this message were evident from the letter of a soldier written from the Mills on October 6. He said:

"Our excellent General Washington . . . intends soon to try another bout with them. All our men are in good spirits and I think grow fonder of fighting the more they have of it."

To the joy of the soldiers the word was given on October 8 to march toward Philadelphia. In three short stages the army arrived, on October 21, at Whitpain, where Washington took up his headquarters in the house of James Morris, Dawesfield. From here messages were sent that tied his men still closer to him. On October 24 he issued a proclamation of full pardon to deserters who should return before a specified date, and next day he congratulated the troops on the victory at Red Bank.

The chief event of the stay at Dawesfield was the court-martial convened October 30, to try Brigadier-General Wayne, at his own request, on the charge that his negligence was responsible for the defeat at Paoli, September 20. The verdict was that "he did everything that could be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer, under the orders he then had."

Three days after the trial the army moved to Whitemarsh, near the junction of the Skippack and Bethlehem roads. There Washington lived at Emlen House, of which Lossing says, "At the time of the Revolution it was a sort of baronial hall in size and character, where its wealthy owner dispensed hospitality to all who came under its roof."

The house was modernized in 1854, but it still re-

tains many of the original features. Among these is the moat at the side of the house.

Washington followed the example of the owner of the house by welcoming guests, in spite of the handicaps mentioned in the orderly book on November 7:

"Since . . . the middle of September last, he [the General] has been without his baggage, and on that account is unable to receive company in the manner he could wish. He nevertheless desires the Generals, Field Officers and Brigadier-Major of the day, to dine with him in the future, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

It was from Emlen House that Washington gave the first intimation that he knew of the infamous attempts to discredit and displace him which later became known as the "Conway Cabal." To General Conway himself he wrote saying that he had heard of Conway's letter to General Gates in which he had said, "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak General and bad counsellors would have ruined it."

A few glimpses of the awful condition of privation that were to prevail that winter at Valley Forge were given on November 22:

"The Commander-in-Chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person, who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hide."

The movement to Valley Forge was begun on December 1. The army went by way of "Sweeds" Ford

(Norristown), where, as the quaint diary of Albigence Waldo says:

"A Bridge of Waggons made across the Schuylkill last night consisted of 36 waggons, with a bridge of Rails between each. Sun Set—We are order'd to march over the River. The Army were 'till Sun Rise crossing the River—some at the Waggon Bridge, & some at the Raft Bridge below. Cold and Uncomfortable."

XL

SWEETBRIER-ON-THE-SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA

THE HOME OF THE FATHER OF THE FREE SCHOOLS OF PENNSYLVANIA

When Samuel Breck was fifty-eight years and six months old—on January 17, 1830—he wrote:

"My residence has been . . . for more than thirty years . . . on an estate belonging to me, situated on the right bank of the Schuylkill, in the township of Blockley, county of Philadelphia, and two miles from the western part of the city. The mansion on this estate I built in 1797. It is a fine stone house, rough cast, fifty-three feet long, thirty-eight broad, and three stories high, having out-buildings of every kind suitable for elegance and comfort. The prospect consists of the river, animated by its great trade, carried on in boats of about thirty tons, drawn by horses; of a beautiful sloping lawn, terminating at that river, now nearly four hundred yards wide opposite the portico; of side-screen woods; of gardens, green-house, etc. Sweetbrier is the name of my villa."

Mr. Breck spent his boyhood in Boston, but his parents removed to Philadelphia in 1792 to escape what they felt was an unjust system of taxation. During the first years of their residence in the city of William Penn it had "a large society of elegant and fashionable and stylish people," Mr. Breck said in his diary. "Congress held its sessions in Philadelphia until the year 1800, and gave to the city the style and tone of a capital. All the distinguished emigrants from France took up their abode there."

Among the associates of the Brecks were some of the leaders of the new nation. Samuel Breck was frequently at the Robert Morris house, and later, during the four years' imprisonment of Mr. Morris, he "visited that great man in the Prune Street debtors' apartment, and saw him in his ugly whitewashed vault."

The diarist's comment was bitter: "In Rome or Greece a thousand statesmen would have honored his mighty services. In a monarchy . . . he would have been appropriately pensioned; in America, Republican America, not a single voice was raised in Congress or elsewhere in aid of him or his family."

There is not a more striking passage in the diaries than that written on August 27, 1814, during the second war with England:

"I was in town to-day . . . at half past twelve o'clock I went with an immense crowd to the post-office to hear the news from the South. The postmaster read it to us from a chamber window. It imported that the navy-yard had been burnt (valued at from six to eight millions of dollars) including the new frigate *Essex,* sloop-of-war *Argus,* some old frigates, a vast

quantity of timber, from five to eight hundred large guns, and many manufactories of cordage, etc., by our people; that the President's House, Capitol, and other important buildings had been destroyed, and all this by a handful of men, say, six thousand!"

The diary told also of some interesting experiences at the mansion on the Schuylkill. In 1807 "a newly invented iron grate calculated for coal" was installed at Sweetbrier. After less than three weeks' trial Mr. Breck wrote, "By my experiment in coal fuel I find that one fireplace will burn from three to three and a half bushels per week in hard weather and about two and a half in moderate weather. This averages three bushels for twenty-five weeks, the period of burning fire in parlors." The coal cost forty-five cents a bushel, and Mr. Breck decided that wood was a cheaper fuel.

Even in those early days city families had their troubles with servants. "This is a crying evil, which most families feel very sensibly at present," was Mr. Breck's sorrowful statement. Fifteen years after this entry was written, a bitter complaint was made:

"In my family, consisting of nine or ten persons, the greatest abundance is provided; commonly seventy pounds of fresh butcher's meat, poultry and fish a week, and when I have company nearly twice as much; the best and kindest treatment is given to the servants; they are seldom visited by Mrs. Breck, and then always in a spirit of courtesy; their wages are the highest going, and uniformly paid to them when asked for; yet during the last twelve months we have had seven different cooks and five different waiters. . . . I pay, for instance, to my cook one dollar and fifty cents, and chambermaid one dollar and twenty-five cents per week;

to my gardener eleven dollars per month; to the waiter ten dollars; to the farm servant ten dollars, etc., etc. Now, if they remain steady (with meat three times a day) for three or four years, they can lay by enough to purchase two or three hundred acres of new land."

On one occasion, learning that the ship *John* had arrived from Amsterdam, Mr. Breck visited it in search of men and women. He wrote:

"I saw the remains of a very fine cargo, consisting of healthy, good-looking men, women and children, and I purchased one German Swiss for Mrs. Ross and two French Swiss for myself. . . . I gave for the woman seventy-six dollars, which is her passage money, with a promise of twenty dollars at the end of three years, if she serves me faithfully, clothing and maintenance of course. The boy had paid twenty-six guilders towards his passage money, which I have agreed to give him at the end of three years; in addition to which I paid fifty-three dollars and sixty cents for his passage, and for two years he is to have six weeks' schooling each year."

It was like Mr. Breck to make the provision for schooling. He was an ardent friend of education in an age when too many were indifferent. In 1834, when the fortunes of a proposal for free schools in Pennsylvania were in doubt, he consented to become a member of the State Senate. There he bent every effort to secure the passage of a generous provision for common schools. On the first day of the session he moved successfully for the appointment of a Joint Committee on Education of the two Houses, "for the purpose of digesting a general system of education." Of this committee he was made chairman.

After seven weeks of unremitting labor the bill incorporating the committee's report, a bill drafted by Mr. Breck, was introduced. In six weeks more it became a law, four votes only having been cast against it. Wickersham, in his "History of Education in Pennsylvania," says that the passage of the bill was "the most important event connected with education in Pennsylvania—the first great victory for free schools."

At the close of the session the author of the bill retired to Sweetbrier, in accordance with his intention to decline any further public honors. He felt that his work for the State and the Nation was done.

XLI

MILL GROVE AND FATLANDS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA

THE HOMES OF JOHN J. AUDUBON AND OF HIS BRIDE, MARY BAKEWELL

About two hundred years ago, there lived in France a poor fisherman named Audubon, who had nineteen daughters and two sons. One of the sons was sent away to make his fortune when he was twelve years of age. His entire patrimony was a shirt, a suit of clothes, a cane, and a blessing. For five years he was a sailor before the mast. Then he bought a boat. He prospered and bought other vessels. After many years he had large wealth, and was trading to the distant quarters of the earth.

When he was an old man he paid a visit to America. In two widely separated places, attracted by the country, he bought land. One estate was on Perkiomen Creek, near Philadelphia; the other was in Louisiana. In Louisiana he spent much of his time; and there, on May 4, 1780,[1] his son, John James Audubon, was born.

Commodore Audubon wanted his son to be a seaman, and he took him to France that he might be educated for the navy. But the boy's tastes were in another direction altogether. One of the teachers provided for him was an artist, who gave him lessons in drawing that were intended as a part of his training for the profession the father had chosen for him. But the boy put it to a use of his own. On his holidays he used to take a lunch into the country, and would return loaded down with all kinds of natural history specimens. These he would preserve in a cabinet of his own devising, and drawings of many of them would be made and treasured.

Commodore Audubon was not pleased with his son's habits, and he thought he would give him something to do that would distract his mind. The estate in Pennsylvania needed a superintendent. So he sent the would-be naturalist to America, with instructions to look after the estate.

But the wild woods about Philadelphia offered so many opportunities for tramping and nature investigation that the estate was neglected. The house on the estate, Mill Grove, which is still standing, is near the mouth of the Perkiomen. Along this pleasing stream

[1] This date and place were generally accepted until 1917, when Francis Hobart Herrick published proof that Audubon was born in Santo Domingo in 1785.

he could ramble for hours, with his gun or his fishing rod or his collecting instruments. Before long the attic room which he occupied was a treasure house of birds and animals and natural-history specimens. He was his own taxidermist. He would do his work seated at a window that looks toward the Valley Forge country, where Washington spent the winter of 1777-78 with his faithful soldiers. The marks of his work are still to be seen on the old boards beneath the window. These boards came from the sawmill on the estate which gave the house its name.

Here in this attic room the young naturalist dreamed of making careful, accurate drawings of all the birds of America. He knew that this would be a difficult matter, but he was not deterred by thought of hardship and poverty.

While he was dreaming of what he would do for the world, something was happening in London that was to have an effect on his life. An official named Bakewell refused to be silent about a matter that the king felt should be forgotten. Bakewell was a conscientious man, and he did not feel that silence would be proper. The king rebuked him, and he resigned his office. At once he made up his mind to leave England and make a home in America, taking with him his wife and daughter.

After many investigations, he found an estate near Philadelphia that pleased him—Fatlands, on the Schuylkill, near the Perkiomen, so named because every year the latter stream overflows and deposits rich sediment on the surrounding lands. The mansion house at Fatlands was built in 1774, and there Washington as well as the British commander had been entertained

by the Quaker owner who felt that he could not show partiality. Here the English immigrant made his home.

Of course Audubon heard of the coming of the strangers to the house across the road, not half a mile from his own quarters. But he did not go to call on them. He was French and they were English; he felt sure they would be undesirable acquaintances, and that he had better keep to the woods and follow his own pursuits, without reference to others.

Then came a day when he was having a delightful stroll through the woods. He was carrying specimens of many kinds. A stranger, also a hunter, encountered him and made a remark about his burden that touched a responsive chord. Soon the two were on good terms. "You must come and see me," the stranger said. The invitation was accepted with alacrity. Then came the question, "Where do you live?" To his surprise, Audubon heard that this pleasing man was his new neighbor at Fatlands.

Deciding that an Englishman was not so bad, after all, he made it convenient to call very soon. Then when he saw Mary Bakewell, the daughter of the house, he was sure he liked the English. She showed great sympathy for his pursuits, and he liked to talk with her about them. Before long she decided to help him in his great life work, the American ornithology.

The marriage was postponed because of the death of Mrs. Bakewell, who pined away, homesick for her native England. But the time came when, on April 8, 1808, the two nature lovers became husband and wife. Then they began the long wanderings in the West and

the South, the fruit of which was what has been called one of the most wonderful ornithological treatises ever made, Audubon's "Birds of America."

Mr. and Mrs. Audubon floated down the Ohio River, spent a season in Kentucky and Missouri, had narrow escapes from the Indians, and finally found their way to Louisiana. There for a time the wife supported herself by teaching at the home of a planter. Friends and acquaintances thought the husband was a madman to continue his quest of birds when his family was in straitened circumstances. But Mrs. Audubon believed in him, urged him to go to Europe and study painting in oils, that he might be better equipped for the preparation of his bird plates. She secured a good situation as teacher at Bayou Sara, and was soon enjoying an income of three thousand dollars a year.

Finally, with some of his own savings, as well as some of his wife's funds, he went to England, where he was well received. Plans were made to publish the bird plates, with descriptive matter, at one thousand dollars per set. He had to have one hundred advance subscribers. These he secured by personal solicitation.

At last the work was issued. Cuvier called it "the most magnificent work that art ever raised to ornithology."

Many years later, Audubon, after the death of his wife, returned to the scenes of his early life as a naturalist. "Here is where I met my dear Mary," he said, with glistening eyes, as he looked into one of the rooms of the old mansion.

Mill Grove was built in 1762. Five years after Audu-

bon's marriage the estate was bought by Samuel Wetherill, the grandfather of the present owner, W. H. Wetherill.

Fatlands, which is one of the most beautiful old houses in the vicinity of Philadelphia, was built in 1774. During the Revolution it was occupied by a Quaker named Vaux, who entertained many officers of both armies. It is related that one day General Howe, the British commander, was entertained at breakfast, while Washington was in the house for tea the same evening.

The house was rebuilt in 1843, on the old foundations, according to the original plan.

XLII

WAYNESBOROUGH, NEAR PAOLI, PENNSYLVANIA

THE HOME OF "MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE

Captain Isaac Wayne, who commanded a company at the Battle of the Boyne, came from Ireland to Pennsylvania in 1722. Two years later he bought sixteen acres of land in Chester County and built Waynesborough.

His son Isaac, who was a captain in the French and Indian War, enlarged the mansion in 1765. While a wing was added in 1812, it presents much the same appearance to-day as it did at the time Anthony Wayne left it to go to war with General Washington, even to the crooked hood above the entrance door. The present owner, William Wayne, is as unwilling as were his ancestors to have this hood straightened.

On the front of the house is a tablet which reads:

The Home of General Anthony Wayne,
Born in this House, January 1, 1745.
Died at Erie, Pennsylvania, December 15, 1796.
A Leader of the American Revolution in
Pennsylvania and a soldier distinguished
for his
Services at Brandywine, Germantown,
Valley Forge,
Monmouth, Stony Point, and Yorktown.
Subdued the Indians of Ohio, 1794.
Commander-in-Chief of the
United States Army 1792-1796.
Marked by the Chester County Historical
Society.

To this record the statement might have been added that General Lafayette visited the home of his old commander when he was in the United States in 1824. Reverently the General bowed his head in Wayne's favorite sitting-room, to the right of the entrance hall, where nothing had been disturbed since the death of the patriot. The furnishings and ornaments of the room are the same to-day as then.

Anthony Wayne was a delegate to several of the conventions which took the preliminary steps leading to the Revolutionary War. In 1775 he was a member of the Committee of Safety, and in the same year he organized a regiment of "minute men" in Chester County.

His first active service was as colonel with troops sent to Canada in January, 1776, and from November, 1776, to April, 1777, as commander of twenty-five hundred men at Ticonderoga. "It was my business to prevent a junction of the enemy's armies and . . . to keep

at bay their whole Canadian force," he wrote in a private letter.

Here, in the midst of difficulties with soldiers who wanted to desert, he heard that the British were threatening Waynesborough. But, like a true soldier, he stuck to his work, and urged his wife to be brave. "Should you be necessitated to leave East-town, I doubt not but you'll meet with hospitality in the back parts of the Province," he wrote to her.

His fidelity and resourcefulness were recognized in February, 1777, by a commission as brigadier general. Washington, who was then in New Jersey, wrote to him a little later, saying that his presence with him was "materially needed," to guard the country between West Point and Philadelphia. And when the British fleet sailed out of New York Harbor, Washington sent him to Chester, to organize the militia of Pennsylvania. A few weeks later he was in charge of a division at Brandywine. Historians say that his steadfastness on the left prevented the advance of Knyphausen, and saved the right from entire destruction.

Less than a week later, within a mile of his own house, he was surprised by the enemy near Paoli, in consequence, it is said, of the act of an inn-keeper who betrayed Wayne's presence to the British. The result was the only defeat of his brilliant career. Eighty of his men were killed. The engagement has been called "the Paoli Massacre," because of the conduct of the victors. Wayne escaped. A squad of soldiers searched for him at Waynesborough. When they could not find him in the house, they thrust their bayonets into the great boxwood bush that is still to be seen in the rear of the mansion.

Because some said that the General was responsible for the defeat, he demanded a court-martial. The court-martial was held soon after, and he was acquitted with the highest honor, and was declared to be "an active, brave, and vigilant officer."

Washington's letters and orderly book are full of references to Wayne. He was a trusted commander, and his advice was followed many times. He it was who first proposed that the army should "hut" during the winter of 1776-77, some twenty miles from Philadelphia. He was always eager to do his Commander's bidding. On one occasion, when he was in Philadelphia, on his way to greet his family, he was met by a fast rider who handed him a despatch in which Washington said, "I request that you join the army as soon as you can."

During his long absence from Waynesborough his wife Polly and his children were continually in his thoughts. Once he wrote:

"I am not a little anxious about the education of our girl and boy. It is full time that Peggy should be put to dancing school. How does she improve in her writing and reading? Does Isaac take learning freely? Has he become fond of school?"

Just before the storming of Stony Point, he prepared for death, sending to a friend a letter which was not to be opened until the author was dead. The letter said:

"I know that your friendship will induce you to attend to the education of my little son and daughter. I fear that their mother will not survive this stroke. Do go to her."

On the way up the mount he was grievously wounded and fell senseless. Soon he roused himself and cried, "Lead me forward. . . . Let me die in the fort." Several hours later he was able to send word to Washington, "The fort and garrison are ours."

In this spirit he served through the war. And when the action was won he continued to fight for his country. On February 6, 1796, Claypool's *Daily American Advertiser* told of his return from his successful campaign against the Indians of Ohio:

"Four miles from the city, he was met by the entire Troop of Philadelphia Light Horse, and escorted by them to town. On his crossing the Schuylkill, a salute of fifteen guns was fired from the Centre-square, by a party of Artillery. He was ushered into the city by the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of joy."

XLIII

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY WHOSE FOUNDERS WERE TRUE PATRIOTS

The Unitas Fratrum or Church of the Brethren arose in the fifteenth century in Bohemia and Moravia. In 1727 intolerance led its leaders to begin to plan an emigration to America. A colony was sent to Pennsylvania in 1734, while a second colony went to Georgia

in 1735. Late in the year 1740 the remnant of the emigrants to Georgia joined forces with the Pennsylvania contingent, and settled on five thousand acres of land in the "Forks of the Delaware," as the locality just within the confluence of the Delaware River and the Lehigh or "West Fork of the Delaware" was called. The object of the settlers was to preach to the Indians, and they began at once to win the confidence of the Delawares.

The first house was built in 1741. This was twenty by forty feet, one story high, with sleeping quarters for a number of persons in the attic under the steep pitched roof. The cattle were kept in a portion of the house partitioned off for them. The common room in which they lived was also the place of worship for more than a year. The site of this house is marked by a memorial stone, which was put in place in 1892.

The foundation for the Gemeinhaus, or Community House, was laid in September. For many years this was to serve as home and hospice, manse and church, administration office, academy, dispensary, and town-hall. As "The House on the Lehigh," it became known through all the countryside.

The event of the year 1741 was the coming of Count Zinzendorf. The Community House was not yet finished, but two rooms in the second story were hurriedly prepared for the guest.

No name had yet been given to the settlement, but on Christmas Eve, after Zinzendorf had celebrated the Holy Communion in the building, the only fitting name suggested itself. Bishop Levering of the Moravian Church tells the story:

"This humble sanctuary, with beasts of the stall sharing its roof, brought the circumstances of the Saviour's birth vividly before their imagination. . . . Acting upon an impulse, the Count rose and led the way into the part of the building in which the cattle were kept, while he began to sing the quaintly pretty words of a German Epiphany hymn which combined Christmas thoughts and missionary thoughts. . . . Its language expressed well the feeling of the hour. . . . The little town of Bethlehem was hailed, its boon to mankind was lauded. . . . With this episode a thought came to one and another which gave rise to a perpetual memorial of the occasion. . . . By general consent the name of the ancient town of David was adopted and the place was called Bethlehem."

The chapel of the Gemeinhaus was used by the congregation for nine years. During this period many of the Indians were baptised there. In 1752 and again in 1753 councils were held here with the representatives of the Nanticoke and Shawnee Indians from the Wyoming Valley.

The second place of worship was an extension of the Gemeinhaus, completed in 1751. Here congregations gathered for fifty-five years. Here the gospel was preached by some of the most eminent ministers of colonial days, while the records show that famous visitors sat in the pews. Among them were Governor John Penn; Generals Washington, Amherst, Gage, Gates, and Lafayette; John Hancock, Henry Laurence, Samuel and John Adams, Richard Henry Lee, and many other delegates to the Continental Congress.

During the Revolution there were no more earnest patriots than the members of the Moravian Community at Bethlehem. At one time the Single Brethren's House

was used for eight months as a hospital, and no charge was made, though in 1779 a bill for repairs was sent which amounted to $358.

A letter from David Rittenhouse, received on September 16, 1778, caused great excitement, for he told of the despatch to Bethlehem of all the military stores of Washington's army, carried in seven hundred wagons. This was done because Washington's army had been compelled to fall back on Philadelphia. It was also thought wise to send the bells of Christ Church and of Independence Hall to Allentown, by way of Bethlehem. The wagon on which Independence Bell was loaded broke down on descending the hill in front of the hospital, and had to be unloaded while repairs were being made.

The most distinguished patient cared for in Bethlehem was the Marquis de Lafayette, who was brought from Brandywine, and was nursed by Sister Liesel Beckel.

Twenty years after the close of the war it was decided that the time had come for the building of a permanent church. The first estimate was made in 1802. At that time it was thought that the total cost would be $11,000. "It is interesting to note how very modern they were in underestimating the probable cost of a church," Bishop Levering says. The actual cost, including the organ, was more than five times the estimate.

The excavation for the building was made in March, 1803, by volunteer laborers, to whom the residents of the Sisters' House furnished lunch. The work was completed in two weeks. Then the great foundation walls were laid, six feet thick.

For the services of consecration, held from May 18 to May 26, 1806, six thousand people gathered in the village of five hundred inhabitants. On the first day, "at five o'clock in the morning the jubilant note of trombones, trumpets, and other wind instruments from the belfry of the church broke the stillness of the awaking village with a musical announcement of the festival day."

The Moravian Community at Bethlehem has grown. But those who worship in the old church are animated by the same missionary enthusiasm that characterized those who founded the institution so long ago.

FIVE: OVER THE MASON AND DIXON LINE

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets, coves, and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink,
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

* * * * * * *

BAYARD TAYLOR.

FIVE: OVER THE MASON AND DIXON LINE

XLIV

HISTORIC LANDMARKS AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE

THE FIRST LANDING PLACE OF WILLIAM PENN

How many students of United States history would be able to answer the question, "What town has had at least seven different names and has been under the flags of four different countries?"

There is such a town, and but one—New Castle, Delaware. The Swedes laid it out in 1631, and called it New Stockholm. In 1651 the Dutch built a fort there, and called it Fort Kasimir. Sandhoec was a second Dutch name. When the Dutch West India Company ceded it to the city of Amsterdam it was named New Amstel. After 1675 the English took a hand in naming the village. Grape Wine Point, Delaware Town, and, at length, New Castle were the last names assigned to the seaport that, within a generation, boasted twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

The site of Fort Kasimir was long ago covered by the Delaware. A quaint house, still occupied, is the only survival from the Dutch period. But it would be difficult to find a town of four thousand inhabitants which is so rich in buildings and traditions that go back to the earliest English occupation.

Many of the buildings and traditions centre about the old Market Square, in the centre of the town, only a few hundred feet from the Delaware. This square dates from the days of Petrus Stuyvesant, in 1658. At one end of the square is the old stone-paved courthouse, which has been in use since 1672. To this building William Penn was welcomed, as a tablet on the outer wall relates:

"On the 28th Day of October, 1682, William Penn, the Great Proprietor, on His First Landing in America, Here Proclaimed His Government and Received from the Commissioner of the Duke of York the Key of the Fort, the Turf, Twig, and Water, as Symbols of His Possession."

From the steps of the courthouse, as a centre, was surveyed the twelve-mile circle whose arc was to be the northern line of Delaware, according to the royal grant made to Penn. This arc forms the curious circular boundary, unlike any other boundary in the United States.

In the rear of the courthouse, though still on the green Market Square, is old Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, which was organized in 1689, though the building now occupied was begun in 1703. This cruciform structure is the oldest church of English building on the Delaware, and services have been held here continuously since 1706, when it was completed. Queen Anne gave to the church a "Pulpit and Altar Cloath, with a Box of Glass." A memorial tablet on the wall tells of the first rector, Rev. George Ross, who came as a missionary from England in 1703, and served for fifty years. His son, also George Ross, was one of

the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. His daughter Gertrude married George Read, another of the Signers. The tomb of George Read is in the rear of the church.

Across the street from the Market Square is the Presbyterian church, whose first building, erected in 1707, is still in use as a part of its ecclesiastical plant. The pastor and many of the members of this church had a prominent part in the War of the Revolution.

The visitor who crosses from one of these churches to the other is attracted by a stone pyramid, on the edge of the Market Square, whose story is told by a tablet:

"These stones were sleepers in the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad, completed in 1831, the first railroad in Delaware, and one of the first in the United States."

The fire of 1824 which burned a large part of New Castle destroyed many of the old houses, but there remain enough to make the town a Mecca for those who delight in studying things that are old. Most of these houses are on the square, or are within a short distance of it. All are remarkable for the beautiful entrance doorways and wonderfully carved interior woodwork. Artists from all parts of the country turn to these houses for inspiration in their work.

The Amstel House, the home of Henry Hanby Hay, is the oldest of these; it was probably built about 1730. One of its earliest owners was Nicholas Van Dyke, who was a major of militia during the Revolution, and later served six years in the Continental Congress. For three years he was Governor of Delaware. During his residence in this house it was called "The Corner." So, at

least, it was referred to by Kensey Johns in a love-letter to comely Anne Van Dyke, written during the cold winter of 1784:

"This evening I visited 'the Corner.' Soon after I went in Mrs. V. says, 'Well, Mr. Johns, what say you to a ride below with me, and bringing Miss Nancy up?' After an hour passed, I recovered myself and answered in the negative, that my business would not permit of it—Your papa discovered by his countenance the lightest satisfaction at my refusal; this approbation of his afforded me great pleasure. The more I regard your happiness, the more desirous I am by assiduity and attention to business to establish a character which will give me consequence and importance in life. I wish to see you more than words express.

"Mrs. B. says she wants you to come up very much; she asked me to use my influence to persuade you. All I can say is, that if your Grand Mama's indisposition will admit of it, and your inclination prompts you to come, it will much contribute to my happiness, even if I should only see you now and then for a few moments. My fingers are so cold I can scarce hold my pen, therefore adieu. Be assured that I never cease to be,

"Yours most affectionately,

"KENSEY JOHNS."

On a pane of glass in the guest chamber of the old house some one long ago scratched with a diamond a message that sounds as if it came from the heart of the lover:

"Around her head ye angels constant Vigil keep,
And guard fair innocence her balmy sleep."

Three months after Kensey Johns wrote the ardent letter to Anne Van Dyke, the day after the wedding, April 30, 1784, George Washington came to the Corner,

AMSTEL HOUSE, NEWCASTLE, DEL.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 205

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

DOORWAY OF AMSTEL HOUSE,
NEWCASTLE, DEL.

See page 205

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

HALL OF READ HOUSE,
NEWCASTLE, DEL.

See page 207

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

DOORWAY OF RODNEY HOUSE,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

DOORWAY OF STEWART HOUSE,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

DOORWAY OF READ HOUSE,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.

See page 207

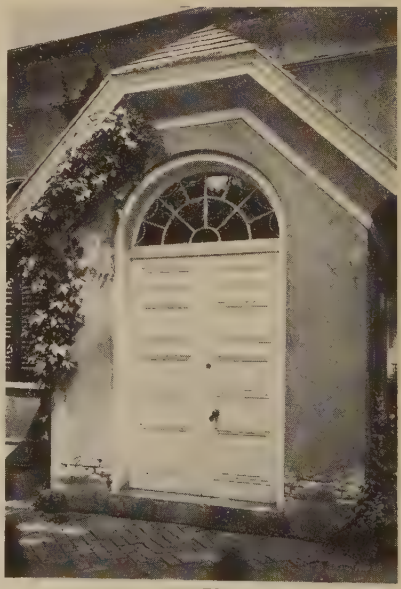


Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

DOORWAY OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.

See page 205

and there was a reception in his honor and that of the bride and groom. The Father of his Country received the guests standing before an old fireplace whose hearthstone has been lettered in memory of the event.

A few years later Kensey Johns, then Chief Justice of Maryland, built near by a beautiful colonial mansion where he entertained many of the leading men of the nation.

Kensey Johns' predecessor as Chief Justice was George Read, the Signer. His house, an old record says, stood so near the Delaware, which is here two and a half miles wide, that when the tide was high one wheel of a carriage passing in the street in front of it was in the water, and in violent storms the waves were dashed against the building. The house was in the midst of a wonderfully beautiful garden. This garden is still one of the sights of the town, though the house was destroyed in the fire of 1824.

George Read, the Signer's son, in 1801, built a house in the corner of the garden, which was saved from the fire by a carpet laid on the roof and kept thoroughly wet until the danger was past. This Georgian house is a marvel of beauty, both inside and out. The hand-carved moldings, mantels, and arches bring to the house visitors from far and near. Miss Hatty Smith, the present owner, delights to show the place to all who are interested.

In the early days New Castle was on the King's Road from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Washington passed this way when on his journeys. Lafayette visited the town in 1824. The house built by Nicholas Van Dyke, son of the owner of the Corner, received him for the

marriage of Charles I. Du Pont and Dorcas M. Van Dyke. It is recorded that on this occasion he gave the bride away.

Cæsar Rodney, too, passed through the town frequently, notably when he made the famous ride in July, 1776, that helped to save the Declaration of Independence; here he rested after the first stage of his historic journey.

The name of George Thomson, secretary of Congress during the Revolution, is also enrolled in the list of the worthies who visited the town. In 1740 his father, when on his way from Ireland to America with his three sons, died on shipboard. The captain appropriated the meagre possessions of the family and set the boys ashore at New Castle, penniless. George was sheltered by a butcher who was so delighted with him that he decided to bring him up to the trade. George was terrified when he overheard the man's plan; he did not intend to be a butcher. So he stole out of the town between dark and daylight and made his way to surroundings where the way was opened that led him to usefulness and fame.

XLV

THE RIDGELY HOUSE, DOVER, DELAWARE

A BOYHOOD HAUNT OF CÆSAR RODNEY, THE SIGNER

On the Green in Dover, Delaware, is one of the most striking houses of the quaint old town—the Ridgely house. The date of its erection is not certain, but it is an interesting fact that on one of the bricks is the

date 1728. Originally there were but two rooms in the house; subsequent enlargements have been so harmonious that one who sees the place from the Green must pause to admire. Admiration turns to delight when the interior of the house is examined. The old-fashioned garden at the rear intensifies delight.

Dr. Charles Greenburg Ridgely became owner of the property in 1769. The house was a gift from his father, Nicholas Ridgely. The second of the wives who lived here with Dr. Ridgely was Ann, the daughter of Squire William Moore of Moore Hall, near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, whose determined advocacy of armed preparation for defence against a threatened Indian attack once aroused the indignation of the Pennsylvania Assembly, most of whose members were Friends.

The Ridgely house was famous throughout Delaware as the resort of patriots. Dr. Ridgely was six times a member of the Provincial Assembly, and was also an active member of the Constitutional Convention of Delaware in 1776.

During the days when patriotic feelings were beginning to run high, Cæsar Rodney, the ward of Dr. Ridgely's father, was often an inmate of the Ridgely house. Cæsar was born near Dover in 1728. At Dover he received most of his education. Some twenty years after the little town saw so much of him he became famous because of his vital service to the Colonies, as a member of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. "He was the most active, and was by odds the leading man in the State in espousing the American cause," Henry C. Conrad once said to the Sons of Delaware. In the course of his address Mr. Conrad told the thrilling story of Cæsar Rodney's most spectacular service.

On July 1, 1776, when the vote was taken in the Committee of the Whole of the Continental Congress as to the framing and proclaiming of the Declaration of Independence, ten of the thirteen Colonies voted yes. "Pennsylvania had seven delegates, four of whom were opposed to it, and three in favor of it. Delaware had two members present, McKean and Read. Rodney was absent. McKean was in favor of, and Read against the Declaration. McKean, appreciating that it was most important, for the sentiment it would create, that the Declaration of Independence should be proclaimed by the unanimous vote of the thirteen Colonies, sent for Rodney, who was at that time at one of his farms near Dover. Rodney came post-haste, and he arrived just in time to save the day, and cast the vote of Delaware in favor of the Declaration.

McKean, writing of the event years afterward to Cæsar A. Rodney, a nephew of Cæsar Rodney, said:

"I sent an express, at my own private expense, for your honored uncle, the remaining member from Delaware, whom I met at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling. After a friendly salutation, without a word in the business, we went into the hall of Congress together, and found we were among the latest. Proceedings immediately commenced, and after a few minutes the great question was put. When the vote of Delaware was called, your uncle arose and said: 'As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of independence, and my own judgment coincides with theirs, I vote for independence.'"

Since Pennsylvania also voted in favor of the Declaration, it was adopted unanimously.

Cæsar Rodney was Governor of Delaware from 1778 to 1781. On April 8, 1784, the State Council, of which he was presiding officer, met at his house near Dover, because he was too ill to go to Dover. Less than three months later he died.

A monument marks his last resting-place in Christ Episcopal churchyard in Dover.

XLVI

REHOBOTH CHURCH ON THE POCOMOKE, MARYLAND

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA

The Pocomoke River rises in southern Delaware, forms a part of the eastern boundary of Somerset County, Maryland, and empties into Pocomoke Sound, an inlet of Chesapeake Bay. On the banks of this stream, not far from the mouth, Colonel William Stevens, a native of Buckinghamshire, England, located in 1665, taking out a patent on what he called the Rehoboth plantation, the name being chosen from Genesis 26:22. "And he called the name of it Rehoboth. And he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in this land." When Somerset County was organized he was made Judge of the County Court. He also became a member of "His Lordship's Councill," and was one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the Province.

As the years passed many followed Colonel Stevens

to Somerset County, in search of religious freedom. Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, and Quakers were represented in the village that was known at first as Pocomoke Town, though later it was called Rehoboth. Many of these settlers were Presbyterians, who had lost their property through persecution.

In 1672 the Grand Jury, encouraged by Judge Stevens, asked Rev. Robert Maddux to preach at four points in the county. One of these points was the plantation house at Rehoboth. The next year George Fox, the Quaker, was in the community. He also preached in his famous "leather breeches" at Colonel Stevens' plantation, to a great congregation of several thousand whites and Indians. A Quaker monthly meeting followed.

The number of Presbyterians increased to such an extent that in 1680 Colonel Stevens asked the Presbytery of Laggan in Ireland for a godly minister to gather the band of exiles into a church. Francis Makemie was sent as a result. Soon Rehoboth Church was organized by him, as well as a number of other churches in the neighborhood. The exact date of the beginning of Rehoboth Church is uncertain, but it is probable that the first building was erected about 1683.

For some years Makemie travelled from place to place, preaching and organizing churches as he went, but from 1699 to 1708, except in 1704 and 1705, when he visited Europe, he lived in the neighborhood and preached at Rehoboth whenever he was at home.

When it became necessary to erect a new church building, he decided to have this on his own land, because of Maryland's intolerant laws. This building, which is still in use, dates from 1706, the year when its builder

assisted in organizing the first Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia.

Makemie's name will ever be connected with the struggle for religious liberty. He had a certificate from the court that permitted him to preach in the Province of Maryland, but he had many trying experiences in spite of this fact. His congregation groaned under the necessity of paying taxes to support the rectors of three neighboring parishes.

The greatest trial was not in Maryland, but in New York, where he spent a portion of 1706 and 1707. His experiences there should be familiar to all who are interested in the struggle for religious liberty in America.

The story is told in a curious document written by Makemie himself, which was printed in New York in 1707, under the title "A Particular Narrative of the Imprisonment of two Non-Conformist Ministers; and Prosecution & Tryal of one of them, for Preaching one Sermon in the city of New-York. By a Learner of Law and Lover of Liberty."

The warrant for the arrest of the "criminal" was addressed to Thomas Cordale, Esqr., High-Sheriff of Queens County on Long-Island, or his Deputy, and was signed by Lord Cornbury. It read:

"Whereas I am informed, that one Mackennan, and one Hampton, two Presbyterian Preachers, who lately came to this City, have taken upon them to Preach in a Private House, without having obtained My Licence for so doing, which is directly contrary to the known Laws of England, and being likewise informed, that they are gone into Long-Island, with intent there to spread their Pernicious Doctrines and Principles, to the great disturbance of the Order by Law established by the Government of this province. You are therefore hereby

Required and Commanded, to take into your Custody the Bodies of the said Mackennan and Hampton, and then to bring them with all convenient speed before me, at Fort-Anne, in New-York."

When brought before Lord Cornbury, Makemie said: "We have Liberty from an Act of Parliament, made the first year of the Reign of King William and Queen Mary, which gave us Liberty, with which Law we have complied."

But Lord Cornbury replied: "No one shall Preach in my Government without my Licence. . . . That Law does not extend to the American Plantations, but only to England. . . . I know, for I was at Making thereof. . . . That Act of Parliament was made against Strowling Preachers, and you are such, and shall not Preach in my Government."

Makemie again challenged Lord Cornbury to show "any Pernicious Doctrine in the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church." Later he refused to give "Bail and Security to Preach no more."

"Then you must go to Gaol," his Lordship said.

On January 23 another warrant was given to the High Sheriff of New York. He was told "to safely keep till further orders" the prisoners committed to him.

From the prison Makemie sent a petition asking to know the charge, and demanding a speedy trial. Later the prisoner was released on habeas corpus proceedings.

At the trial, where Makemie conducted his own defence, he read Chapter 23 of the Westminster Confession of Faith, as a complete reply to the charge that he believed what incited the people to disregard the authority of the king.

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," but Makemie was obliged to pay the costs, including the fees of the Court Prosecutor, which amounted to twelve pounds. The total cost of the trial, including the expense of a trip from his home in Maryland, made necessary by a recess in the trial, was more than eighty pounds.

A few months later Makemie died. It was felt by those who knew him that the trying experiences at New York hastened his end.

He had not lived in vain. His struggles for religious liberty were to bear rich fruit before many years.

Henry van Dyke wrote a sonnet to the memory of Francis Makemie, which was read on May 14, 1908, when the monument to the memory of the pioneer was unveiled:

"To thee, plain hero of a rugged race,
We bring a meed of praise too long delayed!
Thy fearless word and faithful work have made
Of God's Republic a firmer resting-place
In this New World: for thou hast preached the grace
And power of Christ in many a forest glade,
Teaching the truth that leaves men unafraid
Of frowning tyranny or death's dark face.

"Oh, who can tell how much we owe to thee,
Makemie, and to labor such as thine,
For all that makes America the shrine
Of faith untrammelled and of conscience free?
Stand here, grey stone, and consecrate the sod
Where rests this brave Scotch-Irish man of God."

XLVII

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, NEAR ELLICOTT CITY, MARYLAND

WHOSE OWNER WAS THE LAST SURVIVING SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

It is true that when Charles Carroll was about to sign his name to the Declaration of Independence he added the words, "of Carrollton," but the story that he added the words there that he might be distinguished from a second Charles Carroll is an error; he had been writing his name thus since 1765. It would have been just as true a description if he had used the name of another of the numerous Carroll estates, Doughoregan Manor, but the designation he chose was simpler. At any rate he could not spell it in so many ways as the name of the family estate where he lived and died. Letters written by him at different periods show such diverse spellings as "Doeheragen," "Doohoragen," "Dooheragon," and "Dougheragen," before he settled down to "Doughoregan."

Doughoregan Manor, which was named for one of the O'Carroll estates in Ireland, is one of the most ancient family seats in Maryland. In 1688 Charles Carroll, I, came over from England. He became a large landed proprietor, in part as a result of his appeal to the king of England for a part in the estate of the O'Carrolls of King's County, Ireland. The king satisfied the claim by offering him 60,000 acres of land in the Colonies. His heir was Charles Carroll, II, who

was born in 1702. Fifteen years later Doughoregan Manor was built, and twenty-seven years later Charles Carroll, II, and his brother Daniel sold sixty acres of land which became the site of old Baltimore.

Charles Carroll, II, divided his time between Doughoregan Manor and the Carroll Mansion in Annapolis, his town house. Here was born, in 1737, Charles Carroll, III, the Signer. Most of the education of this heir to the vast estate of Charles Carroll, II, was secured in France. He was in Paris when his father wrote to him, in 1764, telling him of the large property that was to come to him. After speaking of this in detail, he concluded:

"On my death I am willing to add my Manor of Doughoregan, 10,000 acres, and also 1,425 Acres called Chance adjacent thereto, on the bulk of which my negroes are settled. As you are my only child, you will, of course, have all the residue of my estate at my death."

When the estate of his father finally came into his hands, Charles Carroll, III, was the richest man in Maryland. That he knew how to handle such a large property he showed by a letter which he wrote to his son, Charles Carroll, IV, on July 10, 1801:

"He who postpones till to-morrow what can and ought to be done to-day, will never thrive in this world. It was not by procrastination this estate was acquired, but by activity, thought, perseverance, and economy, and by the same means it must be preserved and prevented from melting away."

But while the owner of Doughoregan Manor was careful, he was not penurious. He kept open house to his numerous friends, of whom George Washington was one.

In one of the rooms of the Manor Washington sat to Gilbert Stuart for his portrait.

Both Mr. Carroll's property and his services were at his country's call. From the days of the Stamp Act to the close of the Revolution there was no more ardent patriot than he. He served as a member of the Continental Congress, was for three months with Washington at Valley Forge, by appointment of Congress, was later United States Senator, and was a leader in business as well as in political affairs. With Washington he was a member from the beginning of the Potomac Canal Company, which later was merged into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.

After the Revolution he spent most of his time at Doughoregan Manor, where he completed the remarkable three-hundred-foot façade by the addition of the chapel which has been used by the family for more than a century.

One by one the sons and daughters went out from the house, carrying the Carroll name or the Carroll training into many sections of Maryland and Virginia. Perhaps the most interesting marriage was that of Charles Carroll, IV, who was mentioned by Washington in his diary for 1798:

"March 27—Mr. Charles Carroll, Jr. . . . came to dinner.

"March 28—Mr. Carroll went away after breakfast."

William Spohn Baker, in "Washington after the Revolution," after quoting these extracts from the diary, says:

"The visit of young Mr. Carroll having given rise at Annapolis to a rumor that it was made with the inten-

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

IMMANUEL CHURCH, NEWCASTLE, DEL.

See page 204

RIDGELY HOUSE, DOVER, DEL. *Photo by R. C. Holmes*

See page 208

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, NEAR ELLICOTT CITY, MD. *Photo by James F. Hughes Company, Baltimore*

See page 216

tion of paying his addresses to Nelly Custis, her brother wrote to the General in allusion to it, saying, 'I think it a most desirable match, and wish that it may take place with all my heart.' In reply, under date of April 15, Washington wrote, 'Young Mr. Carroll came here about a fortnight ago to dinner, and left on next morning after breakfast. If his object was such as you say has been reported, it was not declared here; and therefore, the less is said upon the subject, particularly by your sister's friends, the more prudent it will be, until the subject develops itself more.'

"But youthful aliiances are not always made at the nod of Dame Rumor, nor are they always controlled by the wishes of relatives. Nelly Custis married, February 22, 1799, at Mount Vernon, Laurence Lewis, a nephew of Washington; and Charles Carroll, Junior, found, in the following year, a bride at Philadelphia, Harriet, a daughter of Benjamin Chew" [of Cliveden].

A delightful picture of life at the Manor was given by Adam Hodgson, an English visitor, who wrote from Baltimore on July 13, 1820:

"I have lately been paying some very agreeable visits at the country seats of some of my acquaintances in the neighborhood. . . . The other morning I set out, at four o'clock, with General H, on a visit to a most agreeable family, who reside at a large Manor, about seventeen miles distant. We arrived about seven o'clock, and the family soon afterward assembled to breakfast. It consisted of several friends from France, Canada, and Washington, and the children and grandchildren of my host, a venerable patriarch, nearly eighty-five (83) years of age, and one of the four survivors of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. . . . After breakfasting the following morning, the ladies played for us on the harp; and in the evening, I set out on horseback, to return hither, not without a feeling of regret, that I had probably taken a final leave

of my hospitable friend, who, although still an expert horseman, seldom goes beyond the limits of his manor. . . ."

The other three surviving Signers died first, so that when Charles Carroll of Carrollton followed on November 14, 1832, the last Signer was gone. Among his last words were these:

"I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health, I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which this world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

He was buried under the pavement of the chapel at the Manor.

The present occupants of Doughoregan are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, who followed Governor John Lee Carroll, after his death in 1911.

XLVIII

THE UPTON SCOTT HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

WHERE, AS A BOY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR

When Colonel James Wolfe was campaigning in Scotland in 1748 to 1753, one of the surgeons in his command was Upton Scott, a young Irishman from County Antrim. At that time began a friendship between the two men that continued through life.

Another friend made at this time by the young surgeon was Horatio Sharpe. In 1753, when Sharpe planned to go to America, Dr. Scott decided to go with him, though it was not easy to think of resigning his commission, for this would mean the severance of pleasant relations with his colonel. When Wolfe said goodbye to his comrade he gave him a pair of pistols as a remembrance. These are still treasured by descendants of the surgeon.

From 1754 to 1769 Horatio Sharpe was Proprietary Governor of Maryland, and Dr. Scott was his companion and physician. The young surgeon was popular among the young people whom he met at Annapolis, the colonial capital.

In 1760, when he persuaded Elizabeth Ross, the daughter of John Ross, the Register of the Land Office of Maryland, to become his bride, he built for her the stately house in Annapolis, Maryland, which is now occupied by the Sisters of Notre Dame. The new house, with its charming doorway and wonderful hall carvings, was well worth the attention even of one who had spent her girlhood at Belvoir, a quaint mansion of great beauty, six miles from Annapolis.

Governor Sharpe was a welcome visitor at the Scott house until the time of his death in 1789, when he appointed his friend, the owner, one of his executors. Governor Robert Eden, the last of the Proprietary Governors, who served from 1769 to 1774, was at times almost a member of the Scott household.

Governor Eden was looked upon with favor by the patriots in Maryland because he was always moderate and advised the repeal of the tax on tea. In 1776 he went to England, but in 1784 he returned to Maryland

to look after the estate of Mrs. Eden, who was Caroline Calvert, sister of Lord Baltimore; by the terms of the treaty of 1783 he was entitled to this property. While in Annapolis he was the guest of Dr. Scott. There, in the room now used by the Sisters of Notre Dame as a chapel, he died.

But probably the most famous visitor to the Scott mansion was Francis Scott Key, who was the grandson of Mrs. Scott's sister, Ann Arnold Ross Key of Belvoir. When he was a boy he was often in Annapolis. His college training was received at St. John's in the old town, and in later life he frequently turned his steps to the house of his great-aunt and listened to the stories of Dr. Scott that helped to train him in the patriotism that was responsible, a few years later, for the composition of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Many garbled stories have been told of the circumstances that led to the writing of this song that has stirred the hearts of millions. The true story, and in many respects the simplest, was told by Key himself to his brother-in-law, R. R. Taney, who was later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1865, when the "Poems of the Late Francis Scott Key, Esq.," were published, the volume contained the story as related by Judge Taney.

In 1814, the main body of the British invaders passed through Upper Marlboro, Maryland. Many of the officers made their headquarters at the home of Dr. William Beanes, a physician whom the whole town loved. When some of the stragglers from the army began to plunder the house, Dr. Beanes put himself at the head of a small body of citizens and pursued these stragglers. When the British officers heard of this, Dr. Beanes was

seized and treated, not with kindness as a prisoner of war, but with great indignity. Key, as an intimate friend of the doctor, and a lawyer, was asked by the townsmen to intercede for the prisoner. When application was made to President Madison for help, he arranged to send Key to the British fleet, under a flag of truce, on a government vessel, in company with John S. Skinner, a government agent.

For a week or ten days no word came from the expedition. The people were alarmed for the safety of Key and his companion.

The bearers of the flag of truce found the fleet at the mouth of the Potomac. They were received courteously until they told their business. The British commander spoke harshly of Dr. Beanes, but fortunately Mr. Skinner had letters from the British officers who had received kindness at the doctor's hands. General Ross finally agreed that, solely as a recognition of this kindness, the prisoner would be released. But he told the Americans that they could not leave the fleet for some days. They were therefore taken to the frigate *Surprise,* where they were under guard. They understood that an immediate attack on Baltimore was contemplated, and that they were being restrained that they might not warn the city of the plans of the enemy.

That night Fort McHenry was attacked. The Admiral had boasted that the works would be carried in a few hours, and that the city would then fall. So, from the deck of the *Surprise,* Key and his companion watched and listened anxiously all night. Every time a shell was fired, they waited breathlessly for the explosion they feared might follow. "While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had

not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day. . . . They paced the deck for the remainder of the night in fearful suspense. . . . As soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glances were turned to the fort, uncertain what they should see there, the Stars and Stripes, or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came, and they saw that 'our flag was still there.'"

A little later they saw the approach of boats loaded with wounded British soldiers. Then Key took an envelope and wrote many of the lines of the song, and while he was on the boat that carried him to shore he completed the first rough draft. That night, at the hotel, he rewrote the poem. Next day he showed it to Judge Nicholson, who was so delighted with it that the author was encouraged to send it to a printer, by the hand of Captain Benjamin Eades. Captain Eades took the first handbill that came from the press and carried it to the old tavern next the Holliday Street Theatre. There the words were sung for the first time, to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven," the tune Key had indicated on his copy.

Long before the author's death in 1843 the song had won its place in the affections of the people. He wrote many other poems, and some of them have become popular hymns. At the memorial service conducted for him in Christ Church, Cincinnati, by his friend and former pastor, Rev. J. T. Brooke, the congregation was asked to sing Key's own hymn, beginning:

"Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise."

Dr. Scott, in whose Annapolis home Key had spent so many happy days, died in 1814, the year of the composition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mrs. Scott lived until 1819.

XLIX

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

THE BEGINNINGS OF WASHINGTON CITY, AND THE STORY OF THE HOME OF CONGRESS

The selection of parts of Virginia and Maryland as the site of the Federal District in which the National Capital was to be located was made only after many years of discussion.

In 1779 some of the members of Congress talked of buying a few square miles near Princeton, New Jersey, as a site for the government's permanent home. Four years later, the trustees of Kingston, New York, sought to interest Congress in that location. In 1783 Annapolis, Maryland, offered the State House and public circle to "the Honorable Congress" for their use. Burlington, New Jersey, also entered the lists, while in June, 1783, Virginia offered the town of Williamsburg to Congress and proposed to "present the palace, the capitol, and all the public buildings and 300 acres of land adjoining the said city, together with a sum of money not exceeding 100,000 pounds, this state cur-

rency to be expended in erecting thirteen hotels for the use of the delegates in Congress."

In October, 1784, Congress decided to place the capital near Trenton, New Jersey. Later it was decided to have a second capital on the Potomac, Congress to alternate between the two locations.

Neither Congress nor the country was satisfied with this solution of the difficulty. After years of discussion, in September, 1789, one house of Congress fixed on the Falls of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania as the permanent site. The Senate amended their proposal by suggesting Germantown, Pennsylvania.

This action was reconsidered and a long dispute followed. Finally, in 1790, the site on the Potomac was selected, and Congress was ready to provide for the building of "a palace in the woods."

President Washington and Vice-President Adams disagreed as to the location of the Capitol building. John Adams wished to see it the centre of a quadrangle of other public buildings, but Washington urged that Congress should meet in a building at a distance from the President's house and all other public buildings, that the lawmakers might not be annoyed by the executive officers.

The invitation to architects to present plans for the Capitol was made in March, 1792, five hundred dollars being promised for the best plan. None of the sixteen designs submitted were approved. Later two men, Stephen L. Hallet and Dr. William Thornton, offered such good plans that it was not easy to decide between them. The difficulty was solved by acceptance of Thornton's design and the engagement of Hallet as supervising architect at a salary of two thousand dollars

a year. This arrangement was not satisfactory; it became necessary to replace Hallet first by George Hadfield, then by James Hoban, the architect of the White House. Under his charge the north wing was completed in 1800.

The proceeds from the sale of lots in the new city proved woefully inadequate for the expenses of the building. Congress authorized a loan of eight hundred thousand dollars, but this loan could not be disposed of until Maryland agreed to take two-thirds of the amount, on condition that the commissioners in charge of the work add their personal guarantee to the government's promise to pay.

Congress was called to hold its first meeting in the Capitol north wing on November 17, 1800. A few months earlier the government archives had been moved from New York. These were packed in ten or twelve boxes, and were shipped on a packet boat, by sea. The arrival of the vessel was greeted by the three thousand citizens of Washington, who rang bells, cheered, and fired an old cannon in celebration of the event.

At that time the foundation for the dome had been laid, and the walls of the south wing had been begun. Later a temporary brick building was erected for the House, on a portion of the site of the south wing. The legislators called the building "The Oven."

The south wing was completed under the guidance of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, who also reconstructed the north wing and connected the two wings by a wooden bridge. That the building was far from satisfactory is evident from an article in the *National Intelligencer* of December 2, 1813, which spoke with

disgust of the wooden passageway as well as of the piles of débris on every hand.

In less than a year after the printing of the criticism, conditions were far worse, for the British troops came to Washington on August 24, 1814. They piled furniture in the hall of the House, and set fire to it. The wooden bridge that connected the wings burned like tinder. In a little while nothing was left but the walls. "The appearance of the ruins was perfectly terrifying," Architect Latrobe wrote.

Thus was fulfilled in a striking way the prophecy made by John Randolph when he pleaded with Congress not to make war on Great Britain, "All the causes urged for this war will be forgotten in your treaty of peace, and possibly this Capitol may be reduced to ashes."

The next session of Congress was held in the Union Pacific Hotel, but by December, 1815, there was ready a three-story building, erected by popular subscription, which Congress used for three years, paying for it an annual rental of $1,650. This was called "The Brick Capitol."

Of course efforts were made to remove the Capital to another location, but Congress made appropriation for the reconstruction of the Capitol on the old site. Work was begun almost at once, and was continued until 1830, when the wings had been rebuilt as well as the rotunda and centre structure. In general appearance the building was the same as before the fire, but marble instead of sandstone was used for colonnades and staircases and floors. The beautiful capitals of the marble pillars were carved in Italy or prepared by workmen brought from Italy.

During the latter part of this period the rotunda was used for all sorts of exhibitions. Once a panorama of Paris was shown there, an admission fee of fifty cents being charged. Exhibits of manufactured goods were made in this "no man's land," over which nobody seemed to have jurisdiction. In 1827 a congressman spoke in the House of the fact that "triangles of steel to take the place of bells, stoves, stew pans, pianos, mouse traps, and watch ribbons were marked with prices and sundry good bargains were driven." The general public felt that they had a right even to the hall of the House; frequently popular meetings were held there.

The present dome surmounting the rotunda is not the dome first planned. For Latrobe's dome, which he did not build, a higher dome was substituted by Bulfinch. The present dome is the work of Thomas U. Walter, the designer of Girard College, Philadelphia, whose plans for the completion of the Capitol were approved in 1851. The burning of the western front of the centre building in December, 1851, proved a blessing in disguise, for Walter was able to rebuild the section in perfect harmony with the other portions. The House first occupied its present quarters on December 16, 1857, but the Senate was not able to take possession of its new hall until January 4, 1859.

The great structure was finished in 1865, work having been carried on throughout the Civil War. Though they knew that there would be delay in receiving payment for their work, the contractors insisted on continuing and completing what is one of the most harmonious public buildings in the world.

The patriotic contractors had their reward, for the

building was ready to receive the body of President Lincoln when, on April 19, 1865, after the services in the White House, the casket was placed on a catafalque under the dome of the rotunda, that the people of the country whose destinies he had guided through four years of civil war might gather there to do him honor.

L

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINTGON

THE HOME OF EVERY PRESIDENT SINCE WASHINGTON

When, in 1792, James Hoban suggested to the commission appointed to supervise the erection of public buildings at Washington that the Executive Mansion be modelled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin, his proposition was accepted, and he was given a premium of five hundred dollars for the plan. More, he was engaged, at the same amount per year, to take charge of the builders.

No time was lost in laying the corner stone. The ceremony was performed on October 13, 1792, and operations were pushed with such speed that the building was completed ten years later!

In November, 1800, six months after the transfer of the government offices from Philadelphia to Washington, Mrs. Adams joined President Adams at the White House. She had a hard time getting there. A few days after her arrival she wrote to her daughter:

"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves

when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight miles through woods, where we wandered for two hours, without finding a guide, or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and furnished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them."

Mrs. Adams found no great comfort in the White House, either. "To assist us in this great castle," she wrote, "and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. . . . If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. . . . But, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it. . . . The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished. . . . We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great, unfinished audience-room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter."

The building itself was in good condition, though the surroundings were far from prepossessing, when it was burned by the British in 1814. President and Mrs. Madison moved to the Octagon House, and spent more

than a year in this comfortable winter home of Colonel John Tayloe.

The cost of rebuilding and refurnishing the Executive Mansion was about three hundred thousand dollars. The work was begun in 1814, and in September, 1817, the building was so far completed that President Monroe was able to take up his quarters there in some degree of comfort, though the floor in the East Room had not yet been laid and some of the walls were still without plastering. On January 1, 1818, the first New Year's reception was held there. "It was gratifying to be able to salute the President of the United States with the compliments of the season in his appropriate residence," the *National Intelligencer* said. It may be added that the editor called the building "the President's House." The title, "the White House," was not yet in common use.

For many years the successive occupants of the building were subject to all sorts of criticism. Mrs. Monroe refused both to make first calls and to return calls. President Monroe bought foreign-made furnishings! John Quincy Adams actually introduced a billiard table, and the use of public money to buy "a gaming table" was bitterly attacked! (Of course the purchase was made with personal funds.) Mrs. Adams was cold and haughty! When President Van Buren left Washington he took with him the gold spoons and the gilt dessert service that had attracted attention! But these were private property.

However, most criticisms like these have been inspired by pride in the President and his household, and a pardonable feeling of possession in them and the White House.

UPTON SCOTT HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Photo by M. M. Carter, Annapolis

See page 220

OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Photo by Frank Cousins Art Company from the Monograph on the Octagon House by the American Institute of Architects

See page 234

From the Monograph on the Octagon House, Issued by the American Institute of Architects

THE STAIRWAY, OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Until within recent years the President's offices were in the east end of the White House. A pleasing description of these offices has come down from Isaac N. Arnold, who thus spoke of the quarters of President Lincoln:

"The furniture of the room consisted of a large oak table, covered with cloth extending north and south, and it was round this table that the Cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table and between the windows was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large arm-chair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeon holes for paper, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map frames, from which hung military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. There was an old and discolored engraving of General Jackson over the mantel and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors open into this room from the room of the secretary and from the outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell-cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, and took in the cards and names of visitors."

During the time of President Roosevelt, outside Executive offices were built, and rooms that had long been needed for the personal uses of the President's household were released. The change has increased patriotic pride in the White House, one of the simplest mansions provided for the rulers of the nations.

LI

THE OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON

IN WHICH DOLLY MADISON LAVISHED HOSPITALITY IN 1814

John Tayloe, the wealthiest man in the Virginia of the late eighteenth century, had his summer home at Mt. Airy. His plantation, the largest in the State, was worked by more than five hundred slaves.

When he wanted a winter home, he thought of building at Philadelphia. But George Washington, eager to secure him as a resident of the young Federal City on the Potomac, asked him to consider the erection of a house there. So Mr. Tayloe made an investigation of Washington as a site for a residence, bought a lot for one thousand dollars, and in 1798 commissioned Dr. William Thornton to make the plans for a palatial house. During the construction of the building Washington several times rode by and from the saddle inspected the progress of the work.

Thornton was at the time a well-known man, though he had been born in the West Indies and was for many years a resident there. After receiving his education in Europe, he lived for several years in the United States. During this period he was a partner of John Fitch in the building and trial of the steamboat that for a time ran successfully on the Delaware River, more than twenty years before Fulton built the *Clermont*. He was himself something of an inventor; he secured a number of patents for a device to move a vessel by applying steam to a wheel at the side of the hull.

He had returned to the West Indies when he read that a prize was to be given for the best plan submitted for the Capitol to be built at Washington. At once he wrote for particulars, and in due time he presented his plans. He was then living in the United States. The plans were considered the best that had been offered. Jefferson said that they "captivated the eyes and judgment of all," while Washington spoke of their "grandeur, simplicity, and convenience." While these plans were later modified by others, certain features of the Capitol as it appears to-day are to be traced directly to Dr. Thornton's plans.

At the time of the award he was but thirty-one years old, and had already won a place as a physician, an inventor, and a man of science. He was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and had received the prize offered for the design for the new building of the Library Company of Philadelphia, in which Franklin was especially interested. Later he was awarded a gold medal by the American Philosophical Society for a paper in which he outlined the method of the oral teaching of deaf and dumb children which is still in use in many institutions.

The building planned by Dr. Thornton for Mr. Tayloe, at the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, was completed in 1801. At the time it was the best house in Washington. At once, as the Octagon House, it became famous for the lavish hospitality of its owner.

The next stirring period in the history of the Octagon House was the later years of the second war with Great Britain. On the night of August 24, 1814, when the British Army entered the city, the French minister,

M. Serurier, looked from his window and saw soldiers bearing torches going toward the White House. Quickly he sent a messenger to General Ross and asked that his residence be spared. The messenger found General Ross in the Blue Room, where he was collecting furniture for a bonfire. Assured that "the king's house" would be respected, he returned to the minister.

Dr. Thornton, who was at the time superintendent of the patent office, succeeded in persuading Colonel Jones to spare that building, on the ground that it was a museum of the Arts, and that its destruction would be a loss to all the world.

Among the public buildings destroyed was the White House. Mr. Tayloe at once offered the Octagon House to President Madison. On September 9, 1814, the *National Intelligencer* announced, "The President will occupy Colonel Tayloe's large house, which was lately occupied by the French minister." For more than a year the house was known as the Executive Annex.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in "Washington, the Capital City," tells how the mansion looked at this time:

"Its circular entrance hall, marble tiled, was heated by two picturesque stoves placed in small recesses in the wall. Another hall beyond opened into a spacious and lovely garden surrounded by a high brick wall after the English fashion. To the right was a handsome drawing room with a fine mantel, before which Mrs. Madison was accustomed to stand to receive her guests. To the left was a dining-room of equal size and beauty. A circular room over the hall, with windows to the floor and a handsome fireplace, was President Madison's office. Here he received his Cabinet officers and other men of note, listening to their opinions and reports on the progress of the war; and here, also, on a quaintly

carved table, he signed, February 18, 1815, the proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the contest with England."

The story of this table's history is interesting. From the Octagon House it went to John Ogle Ferneaux, of King George County, Virginia. He kept it until October 30, 1897, when it was sold to Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of 2011 California Street, San Francisco. When the fire that succeeded the earthquake of 1906 approached the house, the table was taken away hurriedly. Mrs. Voorhies says, "We wrapped sheets around the circular part of the table, and in part of the journey, it went turning round as a wheel to a place of safety." The San Francisco chapter of the Institute of Architects purchased it for $1,000, and sent it to Washington, December 1, 1911.

It is said that on the day the message came to the Octagon House that peace had been declared, Miss Sally Coles, who was Mrs. Madison's cousin, called from the head of the stairs, "Peace! Peace!" One who was a guest at the time gave a lively account of the scene in the house:

"Late in the afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of the good news. Cheers followed the carriage as it sped on its way to the residence of the President. Soon after nightfall, members of Congress and others deeply interested in the event presented themselves at the President's House, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing room at about eight o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity. Mrs. Madison—(the President being with the Cabinet)—doing the honors of the occasion; and what a happy scene it was!"

Mr. Tayloe occupied the Octagon at intervals until his death in 1828. Mrs. Tayloe lived until 1855. By this time the neighborhood had changed, and the property deteriorated. In 1865 it was occupied as a girls' school. From 1866 to 1879 it was the hydrographic office of the Navy Department. Later it became a dwelling and studio. From 1885 to 1889 it was in the hands of a caretaker, and deteriorated rapidly. At the last eight or ten families of colored people lived within the storied walls.

The Institute of American Architects leased the property in 1899 and later purchased the house for $30,000. It is now one of the sights of Washington. A tablet fixed to the wall relates the main facts of its history.

SIX: HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE CAVALIERS

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white columns,
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of hounds and horses.
Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten,
They are proud of their name and place, and their doors are always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hospitality.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

SIX: HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE CAVALIERS

LII

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was twenty years old when he became the owner of the Mount Vernon estate on the Potomac, in accordance with the provisions of the will of Laurence Washington, his half-brother. At that time the house contained but eight rooms and an attic, four rooms on each floor. There were twenty-five hundred acres in the farm.

As a boy Washington had tramped over every acre of the estate. When he was sixteen he made a plot of the region around Mt. Vernon. The original of the survey made at that time may be seen in the Library of Congress at Washington.

The young owner looked forward to years of quiet on his estate, but he was frequently called away from home for service in the militia of Virginia. In spite of these absences, however, he managed to make the acres surrounding the mansion give a good account of themselves.

When he responded to the call of the Colonies and became Commander-in-Chief of the army, he turned his back on Mt. Vernon with great reluctance, and for six

years hardly saw the place he loved. But when the independence of the Colonies had been won he returned home, in the hope that he might be permitted to remain there in obscurity, farming his land and entertaining his friends in the house on the Potomac.

That he might have more room for his friends, he enlarged the house. On July 5, 1784, he wrote to his friend, William Rumney of Alexandria, asking him to inquire into the terms on which "a House Joiner and Bricklayer" might be engaged for two or three years. To the house, which dated from 1744, he made additions until it was three times as large as when he inherited the property. The alterations were completed in 1785. The completed house was ninety-six feet long, and thirty feet deep, with a piazza fifteen feet wide. The building material was wood, cut in imitation of stone.

While these alterations were in progress a visitor to Mt. Vernon was Charles Vardo, an Englishman. When he returned home he wrote an account of his visit, in which said:

"I crossed the river from Maryland into Virginia, near to the renowned General Washington's, where I had the honor to spend some time, and was kindly entertained with that worthy family. As to the General, if we may judge by the countenance, he is what the world says of him, a shrewd, good-natured, plain, humane man, about fifty-five years of age, and seems to wear well, being healthful and active, straight, well made, and about six feet high. He keeps a good table, which is always open to those of a genteel appearance. . . .

"The General's house is rather warm, snug, convenient and useful, than ornamental. The size is what ought to suit a man of about two or three thousand

a year in England. The out-offices are good and seem to be not long built; and he was making more offices at each wing to the front of the house, which added more to ornament than to real use. The situation is high, and commands a beautiful prospect of the river which parts Virginia and Maryland, but in other respects the situation seems to be out of the world, being chiefly surrounded by woods, and far from any great road or thoroughfare. . . . The General's lady is a hearty, comely, discreet, affable woman, some few years older than himself. . . . The General's house is open to poor travellers as well as rich, he gives diet and lodging to all that come that way, which indeed cannot be many, without they go out of their way on purpose. . . ."

A visitor of January 19, 1785, was Elkanah Watson. In his diary Washington wrote simply that Mr. Watson came in and stayed all night; and that he went away after breakfast next morning. But Mr. Watson had a fuller account to give:

"I found him at table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity and with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at ease. . . . The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand."

The following May Rev. Thomas Coke and Bishop Francis Asbury were welcomed to Mt. Vernon. "The General's seat is very elegant," Mr. Coke wrote. "He is quite the plain, country-Gentleman." After dinner the visitors presented to their host a petition for the emancipation of the Negroes, "entreating his signature, if the eminence of his station did not render it inexpedient for him to sign any petition." Washington told his guests that he was "of their sentiments, and had signified his thoughts on the subject to most of the great men of the State; that he did not see it proper to sign the petition, but if the Assembly took it into consideration, would signify his sentiments to the Assembly by a letter."

An attractive picture of the General was given by Richard Henry Lee after a visit to Mt. Vernon in November, 1785:

"When I was first introduced to him he was neatly dressed in a plain blue coat, white Casimer waistcoat, and black breeches and Boots, as he came from his farm. After having sat with us some time he retired. . . . Later he came in again, with his hair neatly powdered, a clean shirt on, a new plain drab Coat, white waistcoat and white silk stockings."

John Hunter, who was with Colonel Lee, added his impression:

"The style of his house is very elegant, something like the Prince de Condé's at Chantilly, near Paris, only not quite so large; but it's a pity he did not build a new one at once, as it has cost him nearly as much a repairing his old one. . . . It's astonishing what a number of small houses the General has upon his Estate for

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA, REAR VIEW

Photo by E. C. Hall

See page 241

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 246

Photo by H. P. Cook

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

See page 249

his different Workmen and Negroes to live in. He has everything within himself—Carpenters, Bricklayers, Brewers, Blacksmiths, Bakers, etc., etc., and even has a well assorted store for the use of his family and servants."

While the repairs were still in progress, the ship *Mary* arrived at Alexandria, having a consignment for Washington from Samuel Vaughan, a great admirer in London. This was a chimney-piece, wrought in Italy from pure white and sienite marble, for the use of Mr. Vaughan. When the mantel reached England the owner learned of the improvements then in progress at Mt. Vernon. Without unpacking the mantel he sent it on to America. When Washington received word of the arrival of the gift, he wrote, " By the number of cases, however, I greatly fear it is too elegant and costly for my room and republican style of living." Nevertheless the mantel was installed in the mansion and became a great delight to the household.

Washington's days at Mt. Vernon were interrupted by the renewed call of his country. For much of the time for eight years he was compelled to be absent, and when, at length, the opportunity came to resume the free life on his estate, he had less than three years left. But these years were crowded full of hospitality in the mansion and of joyous work on the estate, and when, on December 14, 1799, he died as a result of a cold caught while riding on the estate, he left it to his " dearly beloved wife, Martha Washington."

For many years Mt. Vernon continued its hospitable career. Then came years of neglect, when the mansion was falling into ruins. But in 1853-56 Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina appealed to the

women of the nation, and succeeded in organizing an association that took over the estate, restored it to its original condition, furnished it with Washington relics gathered from far and near, and opened it for the visits of the reverent visitors to the city of Washington, who continue their journey sixteen miles down the Potomac that they may look on the scene that brought joy to the heart of the Father of his Country.

LIII

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

FROM WHICH ROBERT E. LEE WENT TO BATTLE FOR THE SOUTH

After the death of George Washington the Mt. Vernon family was gradually broken up, one after another going elsewhere for a home. George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son, and grandson of Martha Washington, decided to build a home on a hill overlooking the Potomac, opposite Washington City. There were eleven hundred acres in the estate of which Arlington, the mansion he built in 1802, was the central feature.

It has been said that the stately house is an adaptation of the Doric temple at Paestum, near Naples. The roof of the great portico rests on eight massive columns. The rooms within are of a size in keeping with the magnificent portal.

Perhaps the plan was too ambitious for the Custis fortune. At any rate the rooms on the south side of

the hall were not completed. But it was a famous house, nevertheless. Guests were many. They delighted to look from the portico across the Potomac to Washington, where they could see the government buildings slowly taking shape.

One of the favored guests was Robert E. Lee. His frequent visits led to his marriage, in 1831, to Mr. Custis' daughter. At this time Lee was a lieutenant in the United States Army. Mrs. Lee remained at Arlington, waiting for the husband whose military duties enabled him to spend only brief seasons with her and the growing family there.

During the years before the war visitors to the Capital City thronged to Arlington. Some of them were interested in the many Washington relics in the house. Chief among these was the bed on which Washington died. Others came to the picnic grounds at Arlington Spring, which Mr. Custis had opened for the pleasure of the people, building for the use of all comers a great dining-hall, a dancing pavilion, and a kitchen.

One of these visitors told his impressions of Arlington:

"In front of the mansion, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut and clumps of evergreens; and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is a sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion."

At the time of the secession of Virginia, Robert E. Lee was a colonel. Duty seemed clear to him. It was not easy for him to take up arms against the United

States Government, but he considered himself first of all a citizen of his native State. To respond to the call of the Confederacy meant ruin. His beautiful home, he feared, would be destroyed. But he did not hesitate. A desire to retain possession of his slaves had nothing to do with his decision. His own slaves had already been freed, and provision had been made in the will of Mrs. Lee's father that all his slaves should be freed in 1862.

When, in 1865, General Lee was urged to prolong the conflict by guerilla warfare, he said: "No, that would not do. It must be remembered that we are Christian people. We have fought the fight as long and as well as we know how. We have been defeated. For us as a Christian people there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis."

But he could not return to Arlington. The government had taken possession of the estate for a National Cemetery. For a time he lived in obscurity on a little farm. Then he became President of Washington College, later Washington and Lee University. With his family he lived on the campus at Lexington, Virginia, and there he died, October 12, 1870.

In the meantime the National Cemetery at Arlington was becoming a pilgrimage point for patriotic Americans. The slopes of the beautiful lawn were covered with graves. The stately white mansion, with its eight great pillars and its walls of stucco seemed a fitting background for the ranks of little white tombstones.

For years the title to the property was in dispute. In 1864 the United States bought it for $26,800, when it

was sold at auction for delinquent taxes. In 1882 the Supreme Court decided that G. W. C. Lee, son of General Lee, was entitled to the property, and the following year the government paid him $150,000 for eleven hundred acres, including the mansion.

LIV

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

WHERE WASHINGTON HAD A PEW "AT THE UPPER PART OF THE CHURCH"

George Washington was chosen one of the vestrymen of Fairfax parish in 1764, when this was formed by the division of Truro parish, although he was already a vestryman in Pohick Church at Truro.

The records of the new parish show that in 1766 it was decided to build Christ Church at Alexandria, and a second church at the Falls of the Potomac instead of the old church there. The members of the parish were asked to pay thirty-one thousand pounds of tobacco for the purpose of construction.

James Wren, the architect of Christ Church, is said to have been a descendant of Sir Christopher Wren. While the building was well designed, no one ever thought of it as a masterpiece. But it has answered the purposes of the worshipper for more than a century and a half, and it promises to last at least a hundred and fifty years more.

The original contract called for the expenditure of £600. Colonel John Carlisle, who was bondsman for

the contractor, James Parsons, in 1772, agreed to complete the building on payment of £220 additional, since Parsons failed to fulfil his agreement.

The church was built of brick, and was sixty by fifty feet long. The work was carefully done, but the structure was ready for the vestry to take possession early in 1773.

At the first sale of pews, of which there were fifty in all, Washington paid £36 10 s. for pew number five. He had already made a generous gift toward the building fund, but asked the privilege of giving the brass chandelier which still hangs from the ceiling.

When the Church and State were separated in Virginia, after the Revolution, Washington subscribed five pounds a year to the rector's salary. By act of the legislature the glebe lands of churches in the State were confiscated, but, through the influence of Washington and Charles Lee, Christ Church " and one other " (probably Falls Church) were allowed to retain their lands.

Many changes have been made in the building. The gallery was added in 1787, that twenty-five pews might be provided for the growing congregation. The west aisle was built in 1811, and the next year the chimneys were built, for stoves were placed in the church at that time. The bell was hung in 1816. The pews were later divided, including that which Washington occupied, but this pew has since been restored to its original condition. Since 1891 the high pulpit and sounding board have been replaced as they were at first.

Washington's diary tells of his attendance at service on Sunday, June 2, 1799. Perhaps it was of this Sunday a visitor to Alexandria wrote in a letter to a friend, which was quoted in " The Religious Opinions and Char-

acter of George Washington," published in 1836. The writer said:

"In the summer of 1799 I was in Alexandria on a visit to the family of Mr. H. . . . Whilst there, I expressed a wish to see General Washington, as I had never enjoyed that pleasure. My friend . . . observed: 'You will certainly see him on Sunday, as he is never absent from church when he can get there; and as he often dines with us, we will ask him on that day, when you will have a better opportunity of seeing him.' Accordingly, we all repaired to church on Sunday. . . . General Washington . . . walked to his pew, at the upper part of the church, and demeaned himself throughout the service of the day with that gravity and propriety becoming the place and his own high character. After the services were concluded, we waited for him at the door, for his pew being near the pulpit he was among the last that came out—when Mrs. H. invited him to dine with us. He declined, however, the invitation, observing, as he looked at the sky, that he thought there were appearances of a thunderstorm in the afternoon, and he believed he would return home to dinner."

LV

THE MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

WHERE WASHINGTON'S MOTHER SPENT HER LAST YEARS

The first property mentioned in connection with the name of Mary Ball, who became the mother of George Washington, was on the tract of four hundred acres "in ye freshes of Rappa-h-n River," bequeathed to her in her

father's will before she was six years old. Her father, Colonel Joseph Ball of Epping Forest, Lancaster County, thought he was about to die, but he lived some years longer.

Ten years later an unknown writer spoke of Mary Ball in pleasing terms:

"WmsBurg, y^e^ 7th of Oct^r^, 1722.

"Dear Sukey, Madam Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mama thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is verry Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish You could see Her."

This "Belle of the Northern Neck," as she came to be called, continued her conquests of young and old until, at twenty-two, an orphan, she left Epping Forest to live with her brother, Joseph Ball, at "Stratford-by-bow, Nigh London." There, on March 6, 1730, she became the second wife of Augustine Washington, the second son of Laurence Washington, who was visiting England at the time.

Less than two years later, at Wakefield, on the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, George Washington was born. He was not three years old when the mansion was burned.

The new home was at Pine Grove, in Stafford County, on the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg. For eight years the family circle was unbroken, but on April 12, 1743, Augustine Washington died. Laurence Washington, Mary Washington's stepson, then became the owner of Mt. Vernon, while to George Wash-

ington was bequeathed Pine Grove, though the estate was to be managed by Mrs. Washington until the son became twenty-one.

With wonderful skill Mrs. Washington directed the plantation and with firm purpose she devoted herself to the care of her five fatherless children.

A picture of this capable woman at this period was recorded by Laurence Washington, a nephew of George Washington's father. He wrote:

"I was often there [at Pine Grove] with George, his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother, I was more afraid than of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandfather of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe."

The death, in 1752, of Laurence Washington of Mt. Vernon made George Washington the owner of that property. Thereafter the twenty-five hundred acre estate became known as the home of the eldest son, while Mrs. Washington remained at Pine Grove with her younger children.

Only a few months later he stopped to see his mother, as he was on his way to the West to carry out a commission laid upon him by Governor Dinwiddie. As Mrs. Washington bade her son good-bye, she urged him to "remember that God only is our sure trust." Then she added, "To Him I commend you."

Her words were remembered. In 1755, when General Braddock asked Colonel Washington to accompany him to Fort Pitt, Mrs. Washington hurried to Mt. Vernon

and urged him not to go. He considered her objections, but said:

"The God to whom you commended me, madam, when I set out on a more perilous errand, defended me from all harm, and I trust He will do so now; do you?"

One by one the children left Pine Grove. In 1750 Betty Washington was married to Colonel Fielding Lewis, who built for her the stately house Kenmore, not far from her mother's home, but across the river, on the edge of Fredericksburg. This house is still among the show places of the old town.

In the early days of the Revolution Colonel and Mrs. Lewis tried to persuade Mrs. Washington that she was getting too old to live alone at Pine Grove, and urged her to make her home at Kenmore. At the same time Colonel Lewis offered to take over the management of the plantation. To both entreaties she turned a deaf ear; she said she felt entirely competent to take care of herself, and she would manage her own farm.

However, she consented to make her home in a house purchased for her in Fredericksburg, because "George thought it best." The dutiful son had time to help in the flitting to the new home before he hurried to the North. He was not to see her again for seven long years.

A member of the family described later the days of waiting when Mary Washington directed her household in the preparation of clothes, provisions, and other comforts for the General and his associates: "During the trying years when her son was leading the Continental forces, the mother was watching and praying, following him with anxious eyes," the story is told. "But to the

messenger who brought tidings, whether of victory or defeat, she turned a calm face, whatever tremor of feeling it might mask, and to her daughter she said, chiding her for undue excitement, 'The sister of the commanding general should be an example of fortitude and faith.'"

It was November 11, 1781, when the victorious commander next saw Fredericksburg, on his way to Philadelphia from Yorktown. George Washington Parke Custis has described the meeting with his mother:

"She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was told that the victor was awaiting at the threshold. She bade him welcome by a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of George. . . . She inquired as to his health, for she marked the lines which mighty cares and toils had made in his manly countenance, and she spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word."

When the Peace Ball was given in Fredericksburg she was an honored guest. Her son walked with her into the gaily decorated ballroom. She remained for a time, but after a while, from the seat where she had watched the dance, she called him to her side. When she was near she said, "Come, George, it is time for old folks to be at home."

Lafayette visited Fredericksburg in 1784, that he might pay his respects to Mrs. Washington. He found her in her garden, dressed in a short linsey skirt, working among her flowers. After his visit he declared, "I have seen the only Roman matron living at this day."

She still went frequently to her plantation across the

river, but as she became more feeble her son gave her a phaeton in which she could cross the ferry in comfort. Her great-granddaughter has written of her appearance when she rolled in the phaeton down the village street:

"In summer she wore a dark straw hat with broad brim and low crown, tied under her chin with black ribbon strings; but in winter a warm hood was substituted, and she was wrapped in the purple cloth cloak lined with silk shang (a present from her son George) that is described in the bequests of her will. In her hand she carried her gold-headed cane, which feeble health now rendered necessary as a support."

One of the last visits paid by George Washington to his mother was on March 7, 1789. A Fredericksburg paper of March 12 said, "The object of his Excellency's visit was probably to take leave of his aged mother, sister, and friends, previous to his departure for the new Congress, over the councils of which, the united voice of America has called him to preside." On March 11 Washington's account book shows that the expenses of the trip were £1.8.0. He also noted that he advanced to his mother at the time "6 Guineas."

At New York, on September 1, 1789, President Washington was dining with friends when a messenger brought word of the death of Mrs. Washington. The notice of her death, as given in the *Gazette of the United States,* on September 9, read:

"Fredericksburg, Virginia, August 27, 1789—On Tuesday, the 25th inst. died at her home in this town, Mrs. Mary Washington, aged 83 years, the venerable mother of the illustrious President of the United States, after a long and painful indisposition, which she bore

with uncommon patience. Though a pious tear of duty, affection, and esteem is due to the memory of so revered a character, yet our grief must be greatly alleviated from the consideration that she is relieved from the pitiable infirmities attendant on an extreme old age.—It is usual when virtuous and conspicuous persons quit this terrestrial abode, to publish an elaborate panegyric on their characters—suffice it to say, she conducted herself through this transitory life with virtue, prudence, and Christianity, worthy the mother of the grandest Hero that ever adorned the annals of history."

"O may kind heaven, propitious to our fate,
Extend THAT HERO'S to her lengthen'd date;
Through the long period, healthy, active, sage;
Nor know the sad infirmities of age."

The house in Fredericksburg which was occupied after 1775 by Mrs. Washington, is now the property of the Association for the Preservation of Virginian Antiquities.

LVI

GREENWAY AND SHERWOOD FOREST, VIRGINIA

TWO OF THE HOMES OF JOHN TYLER

A little girl was responsible for the fact that John Tyler, who became the tenth president of the United States, was born, not at Marlie, but at Greenway. Marlie was the name chosen by Judge John Tyler for his James River estate, but his young daughter, Anne

Contesse, as soon as she began to talk, insisted on calling it "Greenway," "because the grass grows so green there."

The fact that Anne's name displaced that chosen by her father is an indication of his great love for children. Greenway was "a bird's nest full of young," but at various times he added to his own flock one or another of twenty-one children, of whom he was made guardian, all of whom he guided through childhood to earnest manhood and womanhood.

These children must have enjoyed roaming about the estate, for, according to Judge Tyler's description, it was a delightful place. He said of it:

"Greenway contains five hundred acres, well improved. On it is a genteel, well-furnished dwelling-house, containing six rooms, all wainscoted, chair-board high, with fine dry cellars the full length of the house, which is 56 feet; also every other building which a reasonable person could wish or desire, to wit: a handsome study, storehouse, kitchen, laundry, dairy, meat-house, spring-house, and an ice-house within the curtelage; a barn 40 by 34 feet, two granaries, two carriage houses, 20 stalls for horses, a quarter for house servants; a handsome pigeon-house, well stocked; and several other houses for slaves; a well of water (so excellent that I can drink with delight after returning from a mountain circuit), a large, fertile garden, abounding with a great variety of shrubs, herbs, and beautiful flowers, well enclosed. The buildings new and well covered with shingles."

On this attractive estate John Tyler was born on March 29, 1790. He was a slender, delicate-looking lad, but he was not afraid to stand up for himself when he felt he was being abused. His first schoolmaster, a

Mr. McMurdo, who taught across the road from Greenway, thought that it was impossible to teach well unless the rod was in daily use. "It was a wonder that he did not whip all the sense out of his scholars," John said once, years later. But one day the boys rebelled. "John and some of the larger boys tripped him up, and began to tie his hands and feet," the Tyler family biographer tells the story. "McMurdo scuffled bravely, but upon little William Tyler, the smallest boy in school, throwing himself upon him, he exclaimed, in imitation of the great Roman, '*Et tu, Brute!*' and ceased to resist. The boys firmly secured him, locked him up in the schoolhouse, and left with cheers of triumph and derision."

Hours later the schoolmaster was released by a passing traveller, who heard his cries. At once the enraged man hastened to Judge Tyler and told his story. "But the Judge, born and bred in the Revolutionary school, hated tyranny in any shape, and as he drew himself up to his full stature, he . . . replied, in the language of Virginia's motto, '*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*'"

At the age of twelve John entered the grammar school of William and Mary College at Williamsburg. There he had a good time, and he made a creditable showing in his classes. Yet that he did not advance in at least one study is evident from a letter written by his father in 1807. He said:

"I can't help telling you how much I am mortified to find no improvement in your handwriting; neither do you construct your lines straight, which makes your letters look too abominable. It is an easy thing to correct this fault, and unless you do so, how can you be fit for law business?"

Some years later, when Judge Tyler was Governor of Virginia, he announced impressively to John that Thomas Jefferson would be among the dinner guests on a certain day. "Be sure you have a good dinner," the Governor added; for John was at the time in charge of the establishment. The future President asked himself, "What is the best thing for dinner?" "Plum pudding!" was the answer.

The appointed time came. The company was seated at table. The first course was served. Then came a long wait.

"Suddenly a door flew open, and a negro servant appeared, bearing, with both hands raised high above his head, a smoking dish of plum pudding. Making a grand flourish, the servant deposited it before Governor Tyler. Scarcely had he withdrawn before another door flew open, and an attendant, dressed exactly like the first, was seen bringing another plum pudding, equally hot, which at a grave nod from John, he placed before Mr. Jefferson. The Governor, who expected a little more variety, turned to his son, who sat surveying the puddings with tender interest, and exclaimed, in accents of astonishment, 'Two plum puddings, John, two plum puddings! Why, this is rather extraordinary!' 'Yes, sir,' said the enterprising major domo, 'it is extraordinary; but' (and here he rose and bowed deferentially to Mr. Jefferson) 'it is an extraordinary occasion.'"

In 1813, John Tyler married Letitia Christian. They did not make their home at Greenway, however. On the death of Judge Tyler the old house was sold, but it became the property of John Tyler in 1821. There he retired for the season of rest which he sorely needed after his strenuous years as a member of the House of Delegates, and Representative in Congress. During the

intervals of his service as Governor and United States Senator he resided at the old home, but in 1829 he sold the property, and removed to Gloucester County, to an estate which he took for debt. Eighteen years later, at the close of his presidential term, he returned, with his bride, the second Mrs. Tyler, to the county where he was born, having bought an estate of twelve hundred acres, three miles from Greenway, on the north side of the James, opposite Brandon. He tore down the old house on the estate, and built a house on the same plan, which, with its connected out-buildings, was more than two hundred feet long. He called his place "Sherwood Forest," with grim humor; for was he not an outlaw, in the opinion of the Whigs, just as really as was Robin Hood?

Not long after the beginning of life at Sherwood Forest he was appointed overseer of the road on which his estate was located. Some claimed that this appointment was secured by the Whigs to humiliate him. But he refused to be humiliated. Instead he determined to be a good overseer and make the road the best in the State. All the men in the township were called, and they were kept at work day after day, as, according to law, he had a right to keep them. But it was harvest time, and the wheat was dead ripe. "The smiles that lately illuminated the countenances of the Whigs turned to dismay. The august justice who had made the appointment repaired to Mr. Tyler's house, and represented to him the state of things. Mr. Tyler replied that the law made it his duty to put the road in good order, and to keep it so. The Whigs expostulated. Mr. Tyler was firm. Then the justice begged him to resign, and let the hands go home. The ex-President said, 'Offices

are hard to obtain in these times, and having no assurance that I can ever get another, I cannot think, under the circumstances, of resigning.' "

One of the statesman's valued companions during these early years at Sherwood Forest was "General," the old horse which he had owned for many years. At length the horse died, and was buried in the grave at Sherwood Forest. On a wooden slab at the head of the grave the owner wrote:

"Here lieth the bones of my old horse, General, who served his master faithfully for twenty-seven years, and never blundered but once—would that his master could say the same!"

The last years of John Tyler's life witnessed the return of his popularity. Enemies became friends, and all rejoiced to do him honor. He was called to a number of honorable posts, and he was about to take his seat as a member of the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress when he died, in Richmond, on January 18, 1862.

LVII

TWO HISTORIC COURTHOUSES OF VIRGINIA

OLD DOMINION COUNTY BUILDINGS AT HANOVER AND WILLIAMSBURG

A momentous announcement appeared in the Williamsburg, Virginia, *Gazette* on March 16, 1769:

"The Common Hall having this day determined to build a commodious brick court-house in this city and

MARY WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 251

HANOVER COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 262

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA. *Photo by H. P. Cook*

See page 266

NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN, VA. *Photo by H. P. Cook*

See page 270

having appointed us to agree with and undertake to build the same, we do hereby give notice that we shall meet at Mr. Hay's (the Raleigh Tavern) on Tuesday, the 4th of April, to let the building thereof; we are also appointed to dispose of the present court-house, and the ground on which the same stands. James Cock, John Carter, James Carter, John Tazewell."

The building displaced by the new structure was erected in 1716 by William Levington, and was given to the city in 1745 by "the Gentlemen subscribers for the Play House."

The stone steps on the new building, which are still in use, were brought from England in 1772. A copy of the letter in which William Wilson acknowledged their receipt is in a letter book preserved in the library of the Episcopal Seminary, near Alexandria.

During the Revolution, the patriots were called together, from time to time, by the bell in the picturesque tower. It was fitting, then, that when American independence was celebrated at Williamsburg, on May 1, 1783, the Courthouse was made the rallying place for the people. On receipt of official notice from Governor Benjamin Harrison that the treaty of peace had been signed, the mayor of Williamsburg prepared an "Order of the Procession on the Great Day," which closed with the following direction:

"The Citizens to be Conveyed on Thursday, at 1 o'clock at the Court-House by a Bellman.

"After the convention of citizens they are to make proclamation at the C: House, after which the Bells at the Church, College, & Capitol are to ring in peal.

"From the C^{t} House the Citizens are to proceed to the College, and make proclamation at that place, from whence they are to proceed to the Capitol and make

proclamation there and from thence Proceed to the Raleigh (Tavern) & pass the rest of the day."

A frequent visitor to the Williamsburg Courthouse was the brilliant lawyer Patrick Henry, whose reputation as an orator was made long before he delivered his "Give me Liberty or Give me Death" speech at St. John's Church, Richmond.

Some years before the Williamsburg Courthouse was erected, this orator made his first public speech, at Hanover Courthouse, a building that dates from 1735, in the celebrated suit of the clergy demanding the payment of their stipends in tobacco, according to law. In consequence of a short crop the price had increased, and they insisted that it was their right to have the advantage of the increase. Their case had been tried once and won. The attorney of the people thereupon withdrew, and Henry was engaged to appear for them in court.

When the case was called, Rev. Patrick Henry was present, to the regret of his nephew. The lawyer sought his uncle and said that he feared he would be too much overawed by his presence to do his duty to his clients, and added that he would be compelled to say some "very hard things of the clergy." The minister thereupon entered his carriage, and drove away.

William Wirt describes the scene at the opening of the case:

"On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the Colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his début. The Court House was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not

finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate, sat no other person than his own father. . . .

"And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other, and the father is described as having almost sunk with confusion, from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. . . . The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. . . . His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. . . .

"The people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses. . . . In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in deathlike silence. . . . The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks without the power or inclination to restrain them."

The case was won. As soon as the verdict was an-

nounced the people seized the orator at the bar and bore him out of the courthouse. Then, raising him on their shoulders, they carried him about the yard.

LVIII

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND

WHERE PATRICK HENRY SAID, "GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH"

In 1611 Sir Thomas Dale founded his town of Henricopolis, the second established settlement in Virginia. It was named in honor of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. A church was soon after built. The bounds of Henrico parish, to which it belonged, were quite large until 1634, when the parish was made to include the present Chesterfield, Powhatan, and Goochland counties.

Soon after the marriage of Pocahontas she moved to the plantation of her husband, John Rolfe, near Henricopolis, and they were both members of Henrico parish until they left Virginia.

The written records of Henrico parish begin with 1730. At that time the principal church of the parish was on Curle's plantation, on the north side of the James, some miles below the present city of Richmond. Curle's church disappeared during the Civil War. The bowl of the baptismal font in St. John's Church, Richmond, is a relic of the old church. This was removed from the cellar of a house where it had been in use for beating hominy.

Steps were taken in 1737 to build the present St. John's Church, because of the increase of population in Richmond. The first action was recorded as follows:

"At a Vestry held at Curls Church for Henrico parish ye 8th day of October Anno Dom. 1737 for laying ye parish Levey—

"The Vestry do agree to build a Church on the most convenient place at or near Thomas Williamsons in this parish to be Sixty feet in Length and Twenty-five in Breadth and fourteen feet pitch to be finished in a plain Manner After the Moddle of Curls Church. And it is ordered that the Clerk do Set up Advertisements of the particular parts of the Said Building and of the time and place of undertaking the Same. . . . It is ordered that the Collector do receive of every Tithable person in this parish five pounds of Tobacco after the Usual deduction to be apply'd towards building the New Church at Williamsons."

At a later meeting the location and the dimensions of the church were changed. Richmond was decided on, and it was stated that "Richard Randolph Gent undertakes the Said Building and engages to finish the Same by the Tenth day of June, which Shall be in the year of our Lord 1741; for which the Vestry agrees to pay him the Sum of £317 10s. Current Money to be paid by the amount of the Sale of Twenty thousand pounds of Tob'o Annually to be Levyd on the parish and Sold here for Money till the whole payment be compleat."

There is no record of the completion of the building, but probably it was finished at the appointed time. Since that date various additions have been made, yet it is possible to trace the lines of the original structure. The original pews are still in use, though they have been lowered. The hinges of the pew doors are handwrought.

The wainscoting and the window sashes are those first put in. The original weather-boarding is still in place. It is fastened by nails whose heads are half an inch broad.

For the new church there were imported from England:

"One Parsons Surples, a Pulpit Cushen and Cloth, two cloths for Reading Desks, a Communion Table Cloth, and a Dozen of Cushens—to be of good Purple Cloth, and the Surples good Hollond, also Large Bible and four large Prayer Books."

An entry in the vestry book on December 17, 1773, shows that the rector, Mr. Selden, received as salary 17,150 pounds of tobacco, worth £125. The clerk of the parish received 1,789 pounds of tobacco, or £13 10s., the sexton had 536 pounds, or £3.10s.7d.

Selden was chaplain of the Virginia Convention which met in the church March 20, 1775. At the closing session of this convention Patrick Henry "flashed the electric spark, which exploded the country in revolution," as Burton says in his history of Henrico Parish. This was the speech that closed:

"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, Give me liberty, or give me death."

Dr. Burton says that the orator "stood, according to tradition, near the present corner of the east transept and the nave, or more exactly, in pew 47, in the east aisle of the nave. . . . He faced the eastern wall of the transept, where were the two windows. In the more northern of these stood Colonel Edward Carrington. He broke the silence that followed the orator's burning words with the exclamation, 'Right here I wish to be buried!'"

When the British took possession of Richmond in 1781, St. John's Church became a barracks for Arnold's men. And some of them stood on the spot where Patrick Henry spoke the words that had such large part in stirring up the people to drive all British soldiers from the Colonies.

After the close of the war the diocese of Virginia was reorganized in the building, and plans were laid to overcome the difficulties that would soon come through the loss of the property of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which led Edmund Randolph, later Governor of Virginia and Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, to speak the famous words:

"Of what is the Church now possessed? Nothing but the glebes and your affections."

That the affections of the people are a better dependence than rich endowments in money has been shown by the later history of the church, the parish, and the diocese.

LIX

THE NELSON HOUSE AND THE MOORE HOUSE, YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

MADE MEMORABLE BY THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN AND THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

One day in 1740 a baby a little more than one year old, whose name was Thomas Nelson, stood by the side of his father, William Nelson, as the father was about to lay the foundation of his new home in York, Virginia. The babe had been stationed there that the brick for the corner might be placed in the little hands; then it could be said in later years that the babe had helped in the exercises of the day. The little fellow became a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, a General in the Revolutionary War, and Governor of Virginia.

William Nelson was a merchant, who had invested his savings in land and had become quite wealthy. When his son was fourteen years old he was able to send him to Cambridge, England, to be educated. Nine years later the young man married Lucy Grymes of Brandon, and took up his residence in the house whose foundation he had helped to lay.

For many years the home of the young people was noted for the hospitality shown there. Whenever the owner could leave his guests, he rode to his plantation near town. He kept a pack of hounds, which were frequently employed in fox hunting.

When discontent against England became pronounced, he was a leader of the patriots. He was a

member of the House of Burgesses of 1774 which was dissolved by Lord Dunmore because of the passage of a resolution against the Boston Port Bill, and he was one of the eighty-nine men who met next day at a tavern and took action that led to the first Continental Congress.

On July 17, when the Convention of Virginia delegates gathered in Richmond decided to raise three regiments for home defence, Patrick Henry was named as commander of the first while Nelson was put in charge of the second.

He was among the patriots who sat in the Continental Congress of 1775, 1776, and 1777, and his name was signed to the Declaration of Independence. On August 16, 1777, he retired from public service because of failing health, but when, a little later, the Governor of Virginia, fearing the approach of the British fleet, asked him to serve as brigadier general and commander-in-chief of the forces of the State, he agreed, on condition that he be excused from accepting payment for his services.

During the siege of Yorktown he was at the head of the militia. The sketch of his life as given by Sanderson in the "Biography of the Signers," says: "During the siege, observing his own house uninjured by the artillery of the American batteries he inquired the cause. A respect for his property, was assigned. Nelson . . . requested that the artillerists would not spare his house more than any other, especially as he knew it to be occupied by the principal officers of the British Army. Two pieces were accordingly pointed against it. The first shot went through the house and killed two . . . officers. . . . Other balls soon dislodged the hostile tenants." It is said that Nelson gave ten guineas reward to the man who fired the first shot.

Again Thomas Nelson responded to the call of his State when in June, 1781, he became Governor, succeeding Thomas Jefferson. Four months after the beginning of his term as chief executive of the State, George Washington, in general orders, said:

"The General would be guilty of the highest ingratitude, a crime of which he hopes he shall never be accused, if he forgot to return his sincere acknowledgments to his excellency governor Nelson, for the succours which he received from him and the militia under his command, to whose activity, emulation, and bravery, the highest praises are due. The magnitude of the acquisition will be ample compensation for the difficulties and dangers which they met with so much firmness and patriotism."

Nelson's term as Governor was shortened by ill health. In November, 1781, he was compelled to resign.

But he was not permitted to rest. Attacks were made on him for certain courses taken during his term as Governor. When he asked and was given permission to defend himself before the State delegates, he was triumphantly acquitted of all blame. On December 31, 1781, this action was recorded:

"An act to indemnify THOMAS NELSON, JUNIOR, Esquire, late governor of this commonwealth, and to legalize certain acts of his administration. Whereas, upon examination, it appears that previous to and during the siege of York, Thomas Nelson, Esquire, late governor of this commonwealth, was compelled by the peculiar circumstances of the state and army, to perform many acts of government without the advice of the council of state, for the purpose of procuring subsistence for the allied army under the command of his excellency general Washington; be it enacted that all such acts of

government, evidently productive of general good, and warranted by necessity, be judged and held of the same validity, and the like proceedings be had on them as if they had been executed by and with the advice of the council, and with all the formality prescribed by law. And be it enacted that the said Thomas Nelson, jr., Esquire, be and he hereby is in the fullest manner indemnified and exonerated from all penalties and dangers which might have accrued to him from the same."

Nelson lived more than seven years after this act approving his emergency actions. But three years were spent in comparative poverty. Most of his property was sold to satisfy the debts incurred by paying two regiments out of his own pocket, and by going security, with the State, for two million dollars needed to carry on the war. Sanderson says of these acts of generosity:

"He had spent a princely fortune in his country's service; his horses had been taken from the plough, and sent to drag the munitions of war; his granaries had been thrown open to a starving soldiery, and his ample purse had been drained to its last dollar, when the credit of Virginia could not bring a sixpence into her treasury. Yet it was the widow of this man who, beyond eighty years of age, blind, infirm, and poor, had yet to learn whether republics can be grateful."

On the simple gravestone in Yorktown, erected to the memory of the patriot, is this eloquent inscription:

Thomas Nelson,
Governor of Virginia.
He Gave All for Liberty.

Not far from the grave is another historic house that should be named with the Nelson house. This is the

Moore house, on Temple farm, then less than a mile from Yorktown. In this house, which was built in 1713, the terms of the surrender of Cornwallis were drawn up. It was once the summer home of the colonial governor, Alexander Spottswood.

LX

THE JOHN MARSHALL HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

WHERE THE CHIEF JUSTICE CARED FOR HIS WIFE AND ENTERTAINED HIS FRIENDS

An old book, "Richmond in By Gone Days," says that John Marshall was noted in Richmond for his unpretending manner. "His dress was plain even to negligence. He marketed for himself and might be seen at an early hour returning home with a pair of fowls, or a basket of eggs in his hand, not with ostentatious humility, but for mere convenience."

It is related by Flanders that Marshall "was one morning strolling through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in some little pleasantry with the landlord, and then passed on." Just then a man from the country, who wished a lawyer to appear for him in court, was referred by the landlord to Marshall, as the best advocate he could have, but the countryman declined to have anything to do with the careless young man. In court

he asked the clerk for a lawyer, and was once more recommended to take John Marshall. Again he refused. Just then a dignified old man in powdered wig and black coat entered. He was at once engaged, on his appearance. After a time the inferiority of the black-coated lawyer was so apparent that the countryman sought Marshall, told him of the mistake he had made, said that he had left but five dollars of the one hundred dollars he had set aside for lawyers' fees, and asked Marshall if he would assist on the case. The lawyer laughingly agreed.

In 1781, when Marshall was twenty-five years old, he walked from Virginia to Philadelphia, to be inoculated for smallpox. "He walked at the rate of thirty-five miles a day. On his arrival, such was his shabby appearance, that he was refused admission into one of the hotels; his long beard, and worn-out garments, probably suggesting the idea that his purse was not adequate to his entertainment. And this in the city which had seen much of the young man's heroic services during the Revolution!"

Before the close of the war, while visiting his father, Colonel Marshall, who was the commanding officer at Yorktown, Virginia, he met Mary Willis Ambler, a daughter of Jacqueline Ambler, the treasurer of Virginia. "She was just fourteen years of age at the time, and it is stated to have been a case of love at first sight." Even when Marshall called to see her he was not prepossessing in appearance, yet he was well received, "notwithstanding his slouched hat, and negligent and awkward dress," for his amiable manners, fine talents, and especially his love for poetry, which he read to them with deep pathos, led them to forget his dress.

The young people were married on January 3, 1783. After paying the fee of the minister, the groom's sole remaining fortune was a guinea!

Mrs. Marshall was for many years a nervous invalid. Bishop Meade says, "The least noise was sometimes agony to her whole frame, and his perpetual endeavor was to keep the house and yard and out-houses from the slightest cause of distressing her; walking himself at times about the house and yard without shoes." The attitude of the people of Richmond to the husband and wife is shown by the fact that "on one occasion, when she was in her most distressing state, the town authorities manifested their great respect for him and sympathy for her, by having either the town clock or town bell muffled."

On his marriage John Marshall took his wife to one of the best houses then available in the village of Richmond, a two-room frame building. In 1789 he bought two acres of ground on Shockoe Hill, and here, in 1793, he built a nine-room brick house. One of the rooms was a large apartment, in which he gave his famous "lawyer dinners."

When Marshall was not in Washington, he lived in this comfortable house, which was near the home of his father-in-law. He had also a farm a few miles from Richmond. Bishop Meade says that one morning, between daybreak and sunrise, he met Marshall on horseback. He had a bag of clover seed lying before him, which he was carrying to his farm.

An English traveller who spent a week in Richmond in 1835 gave his impression of the Richmond home:

"The house is small, and more humble in appearance than those of the average of successful lawyers and mer-

chants. I called there three times upon him; there is no bell to the door. Once I turned the handle of it and walked in unannounced; on the other two occasions he had seen me coming, and had lifted the latch and received me at the door, although he was at the time suffering from severe contusions received in the stage while travelling on the road from Fredericksburg to Richmond."

Chief Justice Marshall frequently attended the Monumental Church. The narrow pews troubled him, for he was quite tall. "Not finding room enough for his whole body within the pew, he used to take his seat nearest the door of his pew, and, throwing it open, let his legs stretch a little into the aisle."

The death of his wife was a great grief to him. "Never can I cease to feel the loss and to deplore it," he wrote on December 25, 1832, the anniversary of her death. "Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be, during my existence, marked by a recollection of her virtues."

He survived Mrs. Marshall less than five years. In June, 1835, he went to Dr. Physic in Philadelphia, seeking relief for a disability that had been aggravated by the road accident of which the English visitor wrote, as already quoted. There he died, July 6, 1835. On July 4 he wrote the inscription which he wished placed above his grave:

"John Marshall, son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born on the 24th of September, 1755, intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler the 3rd of January, 1783, departed this life the day of 18 ."

The Marshall house is now in possession of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, having

been purchased a few years ago from the Misses Harvie, the granddaughters of Chief Justice Marshall. They had lived in the house until they sold it to the city of Richmond.

LXI

FIVE OLD HOUSES OF TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA

SABINE HALL, WESTOVER, SHIRLEY, BRANDON, AND CARTER'S GROVE

The five houses mentioned briefly in this chapter are noteworthy, not only because of their beauty, but because the stories of those who lived in them show how the leading families of old Virginia intermarried until the various relationships became a puzzle that delights the genealogist.

On the Rappahannock, in Richmond County, Virginia, Landon Carter, son of Robert ("King") Carter, the ancestor of the Carter family of Virginia, built Sabine Hall in 1730. He was a great lover of the works of Horace, and it was quite natural that he should adopt for his mansion the name of the Roman poet's Sabine Farm.

Until his death in 1778 he was a recognized leader in both Church and State. Robert A. Lancaster quotes an unnamed writer who says that he was "a high-minded public servant and a finished scholar, indulging a taste for science and a love for letters," and was considered "one of the most notable of the pre-Revolutionary statesmen of the Colony," and was "looked up to by the

younger generation as a Nestor among his compatriots." He was a friend of Washington, and received many letters from him, some of which have been preserved.

Landon Carter's second wife was Maria Byrd, of Westover. Her portrait, as well as those of the other two wives, the husband and "King" Carter, are hanging to-day on the walls of Sabine Hall. The estate of four thousand acres descended to his son by his third marriage with Elizabeth Beale, Robert Wormeley Carter, who was a member of the Virginia Assembly. The property is still in the possession of the descendants of the original owner.

Westover, where Landon Carter courted Maria Byrd, is on the James in Charles City County, not far south of Sabine Hall. The mansion was built in the same year as Sabine Hall, 1730, by William Byrd, II, whose father came from England about 1674.

William Byrd, of Westover, was famous as a literary man and as a statesman. At one time he was President of His Majesty's Council. But perhaps his greatest fame came to him because he was the father of Evelyn Byrd, who was a reigning belle. When, at the age of eighteen, she was presented at Court, it was reported that the king of England complimented her by saying he was glad Virginia could produce such "beautiful Byrds."

Evelyn's brother, William Byrd, III, was the heir of the estate. He married Elizabeth Hill Carter, of Shirley, a neighboring estate. He was a member of the Virginia Council and attained distinction by his service as a colonel in the French and Indian War.

During the siege of Yorktown some of the French officers made frequent visits to Westover. One of them,

Marquis de Chastellux, said that this was the most beautiful place in America.

Two armies have halted at Westover. In April, 1781, Cornwallis passed that way, and, during the Civil War McClellan's army camped on the grounds. A war-time picture shows something of the havoc wrought by the soldiers.

When Elizabeth Hill Carter, of Shirley, came to Westover, she gave up one beautiful home for another. Her father's Charles City County mansion was probably built late in the seventeenth century, though the exact date is not known. One of the estate's claims to distinction is that it has never been offered for sale. Colonel Edward Hill, the builder, Colonel Edward Hill, II, his son, and Colonel Edward Hill, III, his grandson, were leaders in the life of the county. At the death of Colonel Hill, III, his sister, Elizabeth Hill, became heir to the estate. She married John Carter, of Corotoman, son of Robert ("King") Carter, who was Secretary of the Colony. It was his daughter who married William Byrd, III, of Westover. Her brother, Charles Carter, who was a patriot of prominence, was the father-in-law of Light Horse Harry Lee, and the grandfather of General Robert E. Lee.

Carter's Grove, another seat of the Carter family, is also on the James, in Charles City County, not far from Shirley. The builder was Carter Burwell, and the house dates from 1751. The work was done by slaves, under the direction of a foreman who received £140 for his work. In the construction of the house 25,000 feet of lumber, 40,000 shingles, 15,000 laths, and 460,000 bricks were used. The total cost was only £500.

Carter Burwell was the son of Elizabeth, daughter of

Robert ("King") Carter, who married Colonel Nathaniel Burwell.

Across the James, in Prince George County, is Brandon, whose builder was Nathaniel Harrison. The house dates from early in the eighteenth century. His son, also Nathaniel Harrison, married, as his second wife, Lucy the daughter of Robert ("King") Carter of Corotoman. Benjamin Harrison, the son by the first wife, Mary Digges, married Evelyn Taylor Byrd, of Westover. When she went to Brandon she took with her the Byrd portraits, which are to-day one of the attractions of the mansion.

Brandon has always been in the possession of descendants of the original owner.

LXII

GUNSTON HALL, VIRGINIA

THE HOME OF GEORGE MASON, "THE PEN OF THE REVOLUTION IN VIRGINIA"

Four miles from Mt. Vernon, on the Potomac, is the well-preserved mansion, Gunston Hall, built in 1758 by George Mason, the great-grandson of George Mason, who fled to America after the Battle of Worcester, where he was in arms against the king of England. The first mention of the name of this George Mason occurs in the Virginia patent of land which he secured in March, 1655.

George Washington and George Mason were not only near neighbors, but they were warm friends. Fre-

quently Washington drove to Gunston Hall for a talk with Mason; or sometimes he floated down the stream in his four-oared gig, manned by his own slaves. Sometimes the men roamed together through the woods or the fields; on one of these walks they sought to define the boundaries between their estates.

Gifts of various kinds passed back and forth between the two manors; one day in 1785, when Mason was driven from Mt. Vernon in Washington's carriage, he sent back by the driver some young shoots of the Persian jessamine and Guelder rose.

A few days later a hogshead of cider was broached at Gunston Hall, and a liberal sample was sent to Washington. A note dated "9th November, 1785," addressed to Washington, begins, "The bearer waits on you with a side of venison (the first we have killed this season), which I beg your acceptance of."

At one time both Washington and Mason were members of the vestry of Truro parish. Washington's list of the vestrymen shows that his friend was elected by two hundred and eighty-two votes, while he himself received but fifty-one votes.

Mason was as often at Mt. Vernon as Washington was at Gunston Hall. After a visit made on Christmas Day, 1783, one of the other guests, Miss Lewis, of Fredericksburg, wrote:

"Among the most notable of the callers was Mr. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, who was on his way home from Alexandria, and who brought a charming granddaughter with him. . . . He is said to be one of the greatest statesmen and wisest men in Virginia. We had heard much of him and were delighted to look in his face, hear him speak, and take his hand, which he

WESTOVER ON THE JAMES, VIRGINIA

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 278

GUNSTON HALL ON THE POTOMAC, VIRGINIA

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 281

WASHINGTON COLLEGE BUILDING, LEXINGTON, VA.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 285

BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 288

offered in a courtly manner. He is slight in figure, but not tall, and has a grand head and clear gray eyes."

To the home of George Mason other men of note delighted to come. In the guest room Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, as well as Washington, slept more than once. Patrick Henry, too, was a welcome visitor at Gunston Hall. George Mason had as high an opinion of the orator as Patrick Henry had of the statesman. "He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard," Mason once said of Henry; "every word he says not only engages but commands the attention; and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is in my opinion the first man upon this continent, as well in abilities as public virtues, and had he lived in Rome about the time of the first Punic War, when the Roman people had arrived at their meridian glory and their virtue not tarnished, Mr. Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

The orator returned the compliment by calling Mason one of the two greatest statesmen he ever knew.

George Mason's statesmanlike vision was seen in 1766, when he warned the British public of the results that would follow coercion. "Three millions of people driven to desperation are not an object of contempt," he wrote. Again he proved a good prophet when he wrote to George Washington, on April 2, 1776, after the General took possession of Boston:

"I congratulate you most heartily upon this glorious and important event—an event which will render George Washington's name immortal in the annals of America,

endear his memory to the latest posterity, and entitle him to those thanks which heaven appointed as the reward of public virtue."

Mason was of a retiring disposition, and he would have preferred to remain at home. But he was forced into the councils of the Virginia Convention, and during his service there he prepared the marvellous Bill of Rights which was later made a part of the Constitution of that State and was the model for similar documents in many other States. He was also the author of the Constitution of Virginia, and the designer of the State seal. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, where he proved himself "the champion of the State and the author of the doctrine of State Rights." Because the Constitution as finally drafted by the convention contained so many provisions that he felt were dangerous, he refused to sign the document, "declaring that he would sooner chop off his right hand than put it to the Constitution" whose provisions he could not approve.

After the Constitutional Convention for more than four years the statesman lived quietly at Gunston Hall. When he died in October, 1792, he asked to be buried by the side of his first wife, whose death in 1773 had been a grievous blow to him. Over her tomb he had inscribed:

> "Once She was all that cheers and sweetens Life;
> The tender Mother, Daughter, Friend and Wife:
> Once She was all that makes Mankind adore;
> Now view the Marble, and be vain no more."

No monument was ever raised over his own grave. A grandson planned to set a stone inscribed to "The

Author of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of Virginia," but he was unable to do as he wished.

Gunston Hall still stands, though it has passed through many hands since the death of him whom George Esten Cooke called " one of the most remarkable men, not only of his Country, and of his epoch, but of all Countries and all time."

LXIII

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE BUILDING, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

HOW GEORGE WASHINGTON SOLVED A DELICATE PROBLEM

Even before the treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed, George Washington was making plans for the development of the West. He was especially impressed with the possibilities of the Potomac and James rivers, if improved by canals, as a means of communication with the Ohio. Companies were organized to the work. In both enterprises he was a stockholder. On August 13, 1785, he wrote to Edmund Randolph:

" The great object for the accomplishment of which I wish to see the inland navigation of the River Potomack and James improved and extended is to connect the western territory with the Atlantic states. . . . I have already subscribed five shares to the Potomack navigation; and enclosed I give you a power to put my name down for five shares to that of James River."

In 1785 Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, wrote to Washington that the General Assembly of the State

had voted to give him one hundred shares in the James River Company, "it being their wish, in particular, that those great works of improvement, which, both as springing from the liberty which he has been so instrumental in establishing, and as encouraged by his patronage, will be durable monuments of his glory, may be made monuments also of the gratitude of his country."

Washington replied that he could not accept money for his services to his country. Then he added: "But if it should please the General Assembly to permit me to turn the destination of the fund vested in me, from my private emolument, to objects of a public nature, it will be my study in selecting these to prove the sincerity of my gratitude for the honor conferred on me, by preferring such as may appear most subservient to the enlightened and patriotic views of the legislature."

Of course the legislature granted the desired permission, indicating that the gifts might be made either during Washington's life, or by bequest.

Some years passed before Washington fixed on a proper recipient for the canal shares. In 1798, however, he gave them to the trustees of Liberty Academy, at Lexington, Virginia, which had been incorporated in 1782. In recognition of the gift the trustees asked the legislature to change the name of the school to Washington Academy. In 1813 the name was once more changed to Washington College.

This, the first large gift received by the institution, is still yielding an income of three thousand dollars. During many times of crisis the income provided in this way has been of signal use to the institution, notably in 1824, when the Washington College building was begun. This structure is two hundred and fifty feet long, is built

of brick, and each of its three porticoes is supported by white colonial columns.

For more than seventy-five years after Washington turned over the canal shares, the institution's sole endowment amounted to only about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The seventy thousand dollars added to the canal shares came from sources that were influenced by Washington's confidence in the institution.

The beginning of the larger life of the college was the election of General Robert E. Lee as president. The keynote of his five years of service was sounded in the letter which he wrote to the trustees on receiving notification of his election. He feared that, in view of his military history, he might cause harm to the college. He was never greater than when he said:

"I think it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I would not consent to be the cause of animadversion on the College."

Following the death of General Lee, which came after five years of remarkable development under his leadership, the name of Washington College was changed to Washington and Lee University, that it might continue forever a memorial to its two greatest benefactors.

LXIV

BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

"THE COURT CHURCH OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA"

Jamestown was the capital of Virginia until 1699. Then Williamsburg became the seat of government. Six years earlier the latter town had taken on some importance because of the founding there of William and Mary College, and for more than sixty years efforts had been made to persuade the people to make their homes in the place. The records of the Colony show that in 1632 rewards were offered to those who would locate in what seemed a promising situation for a town.

The date of the building of the first church in Williamsburg is not known. The first entry in the vestry book of Bruton parish was made in April, 1674, but the parish dates from 1658. In that year Harrop and Middle Plantation parishes were united, though the new parish was not called Bruton for some time. The name was given because Sir James Ludwell, who afterward left a legacy of twenty pounds to the parish, was born in Bruton, England.

A building (that it was not the first is shown by the mention in the records of the Old Church) was completed in 1683, and the first service was held on January 6, 1684. The cost was "£150 sterling and sixty thousand pounds of good sound, marketable sweet, scented Tobacco." The minister, "Mr. Rowland Jones," was

" paid annually y^e^ sum of sixteen thousand, six hundred and sixty pounds of Tobacco and Caske."

The removal of the capital to Williamsburg brought so many new people to town that the church became too small for the congregation. In 1701 the parish records show that there was talk of a new building.

On October 1, 1706, the vestry decided to levy a tax of twenty thousand pounds of Tobacco as a beginning of the building fund. Four years later the members of the vestry made known their hope that the House of Burgesses would assist in the expense, which, they thought, would be about five hundred pounds. To the Burgesses a message was sent indicating that the vestry " do not doubt in the least but the House of Burgesses would show their Pious and Generous Spirits by their Liberall Donation towards soe Necessary and good a worke and that they would assure them to the best of their Judgment they would appropriate the same according to the true Intent thereof."

The Burgesses offered " to take Care of the wings and intervening parts," if the vestry would build the ends of the church. They also agreed to build the pews for the Governor, the Council, and themselves. With their help, the building was completed and occupied in 1715. The tower was added in 1769.

Rev. James Blair, who was minister of Bruton parish at the time of the erection of the new building, had been instrumental in organizing William and Mary College. The early history of that institution is bound up with that of the church. Some of the most notable conflicts between Church and State in the old Colony took place during the years of Mr. Blair's activity. He died in 1743, after serving the church as minister for thirty-

three years, William and Mary College as President for fifty years, and the Colony as Commissioner for fifty-three years.

Among the famous names on the vestry rolls are those of Henry Tyler, great-great-grandfather of President Tyler, who was first mentioned on "The Seaventh day of April, 1694," and George Wythe, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Patrick Henry, and George Washington later worshipped with the congregation.

When Virginia was about to go to war with Great Britain, the House of Burgesses, on May 24, 1774, ordered that "the members of the House do attend in their places, at the hour of ten in the morning, on the first day of June next, in order to proceed with the Speaker and the mace, to the church," for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. During the Revolution the members of the church were noted for their loyalty to the Colonies.

To-day the building is about as it was during the troubled days of the war. No change has been made in the exterior, but in 1839 the interior was changed in many important particulars. In 1905, however, it was restored as before. The pulpit was put in the old place. The canopy and curtain which had long stood above the pew of Governor Spotswood, were found and again put in position. King Edward VII gave the new pulpit Bible, and President Roosevelt provided the lectern.

LXV

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE ALMA MATER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, JAMES MONROE, AND JOHN TYLER

Three years before John Harvard left a legacy for the founding of the college that bears his name, the first bequest for public education made by a resident of Virginia was recorded, though this was used for a secondary school, rather than for a college.

The project of a college, proposed in 1617 and 1618 by the London Company, and in 1619 at the first session of the General Assembly, languished until 1685, when Rev. James Blair came to the Colony as a missionary and settled in Henrico County, where it had been proposed to found the college sixty-eight years earlier. For five years he brooded over the need of a college and in 1690 he made to a convention at Jamestown "Severall Propositions for a free school and college, to be humbly presented to the consideration of the next general assembly." Later, by authority of the Assembly, Dr. Blair appealed to the Merchants of London, "especially such as traffick with Virginia," and three thousand pounds were pledged.

On the occasion of Dr. Blair's visit to England in 1691, he had an audience with King William, at which he presented the petition for "a charter to erect a free school and college." The king replied, "Sir, I am glad that the Colony is upon so good a design, and will pro-

mote it to the best of my power." Queen Mary also showed her interest in the college.

To the endowment in lands and taxes provided by royal order, Dr. Blair secured an appreciable addition in an ingenious manner. Learning that, some time before his arrival, the authorities had promised forgiveness to pirates who, before a set day, should confess their crimes and give up a portion of their booty, and that three famous pirates had come in after the appointed day, so that they were arrested, he visited them in jail and offered to use his influence in their behalf, if they would consent to give to the college a portion of their booty. They gladly agreed; Dr. Blair's efforts were successful, and they were given their liberty together with their treasure, minus the promised gift to the Virginia College. Another much larger gift was secured from the executor of an estate which held money devised indefinitely for "pious and charitable uses." The income from this portion of the endowment was to be used "to keep as many Indian children in meat, drink, washing, clothes, medicine, books and education, from the first beginning of letters till they should be ready to receive orders and be sent abroad to convert the Indians."

In connection with the charter for "the College of William and Mary," which was dated February 8, 1693, authority was given to use the seal described as follows: "On a green field a college building of silver, with a golden sun, showing half its orb, rising above it." This is said to be the sole instance of a college, either English or American, which has a seal of such high origin.

Sir Christopher Wren, the designer of St. Paul's Cathedral, made the plan for the original building, which was to be two stories and a half high, one hun-

dred and thirty-six feet long, and forty feet wide, and with two wings sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. In 1697 it was reported to the governor of the province that the front and north side of the proposed rectangle had been completed at Williamsburg, and that funds were exhausted. The walls were more than three feet thick at the base, and contained 840,000 bricks, the product of a brickyard nearby.

For some years subscriptions were paid slowly, and interest in the college languished, but conditions improved when King William sent to Governor Nicholson a proclamation urging him "Y^{t} you call upon y^{e} persons y^{t} have promised to contribute towards y^{e} maintenance of y^{e} s^{d} college, to pay in full the severall Contributions."

The first of the disasters that have visited the main building came in 1705, when the interior was burned. The college was rebuilt on the old walls, as was the case after the fire of 1859. Thus, after much more than two hundred years, the venerable building looks almost as it did when the first students entered its doors. A number of other structures have been erected since, including the Brafferton building in 1723, the house now occupied by the president, which dates from 1732, and the chapel, begun in 1729. Interest must always centre about the central structure, however.

During the Revolution the president was James Madison, second cousin of the future President of the United States. The president's house was occupied by Cornwallis in 1781. After his surrender French officers lived there. During their occupancy the house was badly damaged by fire, but it was repaired at the expense of the French Army.

Three events of the years of the war are of special moment in the history of higher education in America. On December 5, 1776, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the first intercollegiate fraternity in the United States, was organized. On December 4, 1779, the college was made a university, the first in the country, and the same year marked the beginning of the Honor System of college government which worked such a revolution in other colleges more than a century later. When Thomas Jefferson, who was a student at William and Mary in 1760-62, founded the University of Virginia, the Honor System was successfully inaugurated in the new institution.

Other famous men who have been connected with William and Mary included George Washington, who was chancellor in 1794; Chief Justice John Marshall, student in 1779; Secretary of State Edmund Randolph, student in 1766; James Monroe, student in 1775. John Tyler was also educated there. It is a remarkable fact that the presidents who are responsible for adding to the original territory of the country Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and most of the western territory, were products of William and Mary.

LXVI

THE MONUMENTAL CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

ON THE SITE OF A THEATRE WHOSE BURNING MOVED THE ENTIRE COUNTRY

"Last night the playhouse in this city was crowded with an unusual audience. There could not have been less than 600 persons in the house. Just before the con-

clusion of the play, the scenery caught fire, and in a few minutes the whole building was wrapt in flames. It is already ascertained that 61 persons were devoured by that most terrific element. The Editor of this paper was in the house when the ever-to-be-remembered, deplorable accident occurred. He is informed that the scenery took fire in the back part of the house, by raising of a chandelier; that the boy, who was ordered by some of the players to raise it, stated, that if he did so, the scenery would take fire, when he was commanded in a peremptory manner, to hoist it. The boy obeyed, and the fire was instantly communicated to the scenery."

This story the editor of the Richmond (Virginia) *American Standard* told in the columns of his paper on Friday, December 27, 1811. He added the fact that among those who perished were the Governor of the State, as well as many of the leaders in the business and social life of the city.

By order of the city council the remains of the victims were buried on the site of the burned building, which was bought for the purpose. At the same time it was ordered that "no person or persons should be permitted for and during the time of four months . . . to exhibit any public show or spectacle . . . within the city."

By ordinance it was also decreed that a monument should be erected on the site. Later it was suggested that there should be built there, by public subscription, "an edifice to be set apart and consecrated for the worship of God," and that this should be the monument.

Accordingly, on August 1, 1812, the corner stone of the Monumental Church was laid, the lot having been purchased by the city for $5,000. The building was consecrated as a Protestant Episcopal church in May, 1814. In April, 1815, the subscribers to the fund for

the building, who had organized under the title, "The Association for building a Church on Shockoe Hill," were notified that one-half of their subscription money would be returned to them on application at the Bank of Virginia.

In the middle of the front or main porch of the church a white marble monument was erected to the memory of the victims of the fire.

To the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, which assembled in Philadelphia on May 18, 1814, report was made that "a magnificent church has sprung up in Richmond from the ashes of the Theatre; it has the patronage and support of men of the greatest talents and highest rank in Virginia."

Among the communicants of the Monumental Church have been numbered many of the most prominent men in the Virginia capital, and men famous in the early history of the country were attendants from time to time. In February, 1824, General Lafayette worshipped in the building.

LXVII

MONTPELIER, ORANGE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

THE LIFELONG HOME OF JAMES MADISON

James Madison was born at the residence of his mother's parents, at Port Conway, Prince George County, Virginia, but before long he was taken to his father's house, Montpelier, which was the first brick

house built in Orange County. And Montpelier continued to be his home to the day of his death. Much of his life was spent in Washington, but his heart was always turning to the old Virginia plantation where he had spent his boyhood, and he took advantage of every possible opportunity to go there for a longer or shorter visit.

The distance to Shadwell, where Thomas Jefferson lived as a boy, was only thirty miles, but these two who were to have such a large place in the early history of America, did not meet until Madison was seventeen years old. Then lost time was made up. For many years the road between Montpelier and the home of Jefferson became quite familiar to the friends.

In the years before he went to college Madison roamed at will over the twenty-five hundred acres of the Montpelier estate. He walked and rode, he hunted and fished, he learned to take delight in the quiet scenery of that beautiful Blue Ridge country. His tutor, who lived on the estate, was his companion on his expeditions.

It was probably due to this outdoor life that his health was so much better in Virginia than it was at the College of New Jersey (Princeton College). Soon after he graduated in 1771 he returned to Montpelier, somewhat broken by reason of overwork and lack of exercise. To a college friend in Philadelphia he wrote rather pessimistically:

"I am too tired and infirm now to look for extraordinary things in this world, for I think my sensations for many months have intimated to me not to expect a long or a healthy life, though it may be better for me after some time; but I hardly dare expect it, and therefore have little spirit or elasticity to set about anything that

is difficult in acquiring and useless in possessing after one has exchanged time for eternity."

He was right in thinking that he was not to have a healthy life, but he was wrong in thinking it was to be neither long nor eventful. For more than sixty years after he wrote the letter from which quotation has been made, he was energetic and devoted in the service of his country. In May, 1776, he entered the Virginia Convention, thus beginning the career that led him to eight years in the White House. And after he retired from the Presidency much of his time and thought was given to the affairs of the nation. During all these years the thought of his Virginia home gave him new strength in the midst of his tasks.

That home meant more to him than ever when, in September, 1794, he entered the doors of Montpelier with his bride, Dorothy Todd, the young Philadelphia widow whom he had married at Harewood, Virginia.

The estate was still the property of Mr. Madison's father, and both his father and mother continued to live there. Before long the house was enlarged. The rooms so long occupied by the old people were made a part of the new mansion.

The two families lived together in perfect harmony. The father lived to see his son President of the United States, and the mother was ninety-eight when she died. William O. Stoddard, in his "Life of James Madison," says that "she kept up the old-fashioned ways of housekeeping; waited upon by her servants who grew old and faded away with her. She divided her time between her Bible and her knitting, all undisturbed by the modern hours, the changed customs, or the elegant hospi-

tality of the mansion house itself. She was a central point in the life of her distinguished son, and the object of his most devoted care to the end of her days."

For Mr. and Mrs. Madison, real life at Montpelier began in 1817, after the close of the stirring period in the White House. They did not have much opportunity to be alone, for guests delighted to come to them, and they liked to have others with them, yet they managed to secure a wonderful amount of joy out of the years spent "within a squirrel's jump of heaven," to use Dolly Madison's expressive phrase.

Among the guests were intimate friends like Jefferson, who was almost a member of the family. Lafayette, too, found his way to the estate, while Harriet Martineau told in her "Recollections" of her pleasant sojourn there. Frequently strangers who were on the way to the Virginia Hot Springs took the five-mile detour merely to reach Montpelier, and they were always made welcome.

The dining-room was large, but there were sometimes so many guests that the table had to be set out of doors. Mr. Madison wrote in 1820 of one such occasion: "Yesterday we had ninety persons to dine with us at our table, fixed on the lawn, under a large arbor. . . . Half a dozen only staid all night."

After a visit to her parents that was broken into by the presence of guests, a daughter of the house complained to her husband that she had not been able to pass one sociable moment with her father. His reply was sympathetic: "Nobody can ever have felt so severely as myself the prostration of family society from the circumstances you mention. . . . But there is no remedy. The present manners and ways of our country

are laws we cannot repeal. They are altering by degrees, and you will live to see the hospitality of the country reduced to the visiting hours of the day, and the family left to tranquillity in the evening."

When the steward saw that Madison would not curb these guests, he began to cut down on the fodder for the horses, but when the hospitable host learned of this he gave orders that there should be no further attempts of this sort. He realized that he was living beyond his income, but he saw no help for it. He longed for more time in his library or for riding or walking about the estate.

The time came when walks had to be taken on the veranda; health was failing rapidly. He was not able to oversee the farm as he had long been accustomed to do, but depended on others. In 1835 Mrs. Madison wrote to her daughter: "My days are devoted to nursing and comforting my sick patient, who walks only from the bed in which he breakfasts to another." Still later she wrote: "I never leave my husband more than a few minutes at a time, and have not left the enclosure around our house for the last eight months."

When the owner of Montpelier died, on June 28, 1836, he was buried in the cemetery on the estate. Mrs. Madison spent a few lonely years in the old home, but the property was finally sold to satisfy the debts of her wayward son, Payne Todd. She was sometimes in actual want before she died, but Congress provided for her relief by buying for twenty-five thousand dollars the Madison letters and other papers.

She lived until July 12, 1849, and her body was finally laid by the side of that of her husband.

William Dupont, the present owner of Montpelier,

has enlarged the house by the addition of a second story to the wings. So the house that was built in 1760 by James Madison, Sr., and was enlarged by James Madison, Jr., has entered on a new era of hospitality.

LXVIII

OAK HILL, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA

THE HOME OF JAMES MONROE'S OLD AGE

James Monroe, at twenty-eight, wrote from New York to Thomas Jefferson, with whom he had studied law:

"I shall leave this about the 1st of October for Virginia—Fredericksburg. Believe me, I have not relinquished the prospect of being your neighbor. The house for which I have requested a plan may possibly be erected near Monticello; to fix there, and to have yourself in particular, with what friends we may collect around, for society is my chief object; or rather, the only one which promises to me, with the connection I have formed, real and substantial pleasure; if, indeed, by the name of pleasure it may be called."

The "connection" of which the future President wrote was his marriage to Miss Eliza Kortwright of New York. Of this he had spoken in an earlier letter to Jefferson:

"You will be surprised to hear that I have formed the most interesting connection in human life with a young lady in this town, as you know my plan was to visit you before I settled myself, but having formed an

attachment to this young lady . . . I have found that I must relinquish all other objects not connected with her."

Monroe was not permitted to practice law long. As United States Senator, diplomat, Governor, Cabinet officer, and President, his time was so fully occupied that no one but a man of his fine physique and endurance could have stood the strain. Once, during the War of 1812, according to his friend, Judge E. R. Watson, when the burden of three of the departments of the government rested on him—State, Treasury, and War—he did not undress himself for ten days and nights, and was in the saddle the greater part of the time.

After some years he bought an estate in Loudoun County, Virginia, to which he retired for a brief rest whenever this was possible. For a time the old dormer-windowed house on the property satisfied him, but during his presidential term he built Oak Hill, the house for which Jefferson had prepared the plans. It is said that the nails used in its construction were manufactured on the Jefferson estate.

The house—which was named Oak Hill because of the oaks on the lawn, planted by the owner himself, one for each State of the Union—has been described by Major R. W. N. Noland as follows:

"The building was superintended by Mr. William Benton, an Englishman, who occupied the mixed relation to Mr. Monroe of steward, counsellor and friend. The house is built of brick in a most substantial manner, and handsomely finished; it is, perhaps, about 90 x 50 feet, three stories (including basement), and has a wide portico, fronting south, with massive Doric

columns thirty feet high, and is surrounded by a grove of magnificent oaks covering several acres. While the location is not as commanding as many others in that section, being in lower Loudoun where the rolling character of the Piedmont region begins to lose itself in the flat lands of tide water, the house in two directions commands an attractive and somewhat extensive view, but on the other side it is hemmed in by mountains, for the local names of which, 'Bull Run' and 'Nigger Mountain,' it is to be hoped the late President is in no wise responsible. . . . The little stream that washes the confines of the Oak Hill estate once bore the Indian name Gohongarestaw (the River of Swans), and is now called Goose Creek."

After the expiration of his second term as President Monroe made Oak Hill his permanent home, though sometimes he was with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, in New York.

One who was a member of the household during a part of the six years of the life in Virginia said that he "looked perhaps older than he was, his face being strongly marked with the lines of anxiety and care."

There were many guests at Oak Hill, among these being Madison and Jefferson. Monroe, in turn, was frequently at Monticello and Montpelier. His office as Regent of the University of Virginia also brought him into frequent touch with his two predecessors in the presidency, for they were fellow-members on the Board.

Whenever weather and guests permitted he was accustomed to ride about the estate and through the countryside both morning and evening. One day, when he was seventy-two, his horse fell on him, and his right wrist was sprained so badly that for a time

he could not write to his friends, as he had delighted to do. Thus he was able to sympathize with Madison when a letter came from Montpelier a few months later:

"In explanation of my microscopic writing, I must remark that the older I grow the more my stiffening fingers make smaller letters, as my feet take shorter steps, the progress in both cases being, at the same time, more fatiguing as well as more slow."

Monroe's last years of life were saddened by financial difficulties, though even these brought gleams of joy, because of the fidelity of his friends. Lafayette, who visited Oak Hill in 1825, wrote later to his friend a most delicately worded offer of assistance, indicating that he felt it was his right to offer this, since Monroe, when minister to France, had exerted himself to bring about the release of Lafayette, then a prisoner at Olmütz, and had ministered to the wants of Madame Lafayette.

A measure of relief came when Congress voted to repay, in part, the extraordinary expense incurred by the statesman during his diplomatic career, but not before he had advertised Oak Hill for sale and had planned to go to New York to live near his daughter. The estate was later withdrawn from the market, but the plan to go to New York was carried out: he did not see how he could remain after the death of Mrs. Monroe, which took place in 1830.

He did not stay long in New York. On July 4, 1831, he died. Twenty-seven years later, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, his body was taken to Richmond for burial. There, in his native State, rest the remains of him of whom Thomas Jefferson

said, "He is a man whose soul might be turned inside out without discovering a blemish to the world."

LXIX

RED HILL, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

WHERE PATRICK HENRY SPENT HIS LAST YEARS

Patrick Henry was only fifty-eight years old when he retired for rest and the enjoyment of family life to his 2,920-acre estate, Red Hill, in the Staunton Valley, thirty-eight miles southeast of Lynchburg. Just before he made this move he wrote to his daughter Betsy, "I must give out the law, and plague myself no more with business, sitting down with what I have. For it will be sufficient employment to see after my little flock."

He had served his country well for thirty years, as member of the House of Burgesses, as Speaker of the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774, in the Virginia Convention of 1775 where he made his most famous speech, and as Governor of Virginia from 1776 to 1779 and again from 1784 to 1786. He had well earned the rest he hoped to find. Washington asked him to become Secretary of State and, later, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. John Adams nominated him as minister to France. But he resisted all these efforts to draw him from his retirement.

The house at Red Hill was a simple story and a half structure, to which the owner soon added a shed kitchen, solely because he "wished to hear the patter of the

rain on the roof." This original portion of the house has been retained intact by later occupants, who have made additions with rare appreciation of what is fitting. The central portion was built by the son of the orator, John Henry. The box hedges in which the sage of Red Hill took such delight have been retained and extended.

George Morgan, in "The True Patrick Henry," says that this life in retirement "might be designated as a patriarchal life, if it were not for the fact that the cradle was still rocking at Red Hill." Henry's letters were full of references to his children. Once he wrote to his daughter Betsy, "I have the satisfaction to inform you that we are well, except Johnny, Christian, and Patrick, and they are recovering fast now." And again, "I have great cause of thankfulness for the health I enjoy, and for that of your mamma and all the children. . . . We have another son, named Winston."

William Wirt, in his "Life of Patrick Henry," written in 1817, said, "His visitors have not infrequently caught him lying on the floor, with a group of these little ones, climbing over him in every direction, or dancing around him with obstreperous mirth to the tune of his violin, while the only contest seemed to be who should make the most noise."

That there were many visitors who had the opportunity to see such contests as these is evident from a paragraph in "Homes of American Statesmen":

"His home was usually filled with friends, its dependences with their retinue and horses. But crowds, besides, came and went; all were received with cordiality. . . . Those who lived near always came to break-

fast, when all were welcomed and made full. The larder never seemed to get lean. Breakfast over, creature comforts, such as might console the belated for the loss, were promptly set forth on side-tables in the wide entrance-hall. . . . Meanwhile, the master saw and welcomed all with the kindliest attention, asked of their household, listened to their affairs, gave them his view, contented all. These audiences seldom ceased before noon, or the early dinner. To this a remaining party of twenty or thirty often sat down. . . . The dinner ended, he betook himself to his studies until supper, after which he again gave himself up to enjoyment."

Not only was he a total abstainer, but as he grew older he came to detest the odor of tobacco; so there were certain refreshments that were never offered to the guests at Red Hill.

During the closing years of his life he spent hours over the Bible. Every morning he would take his seat in the dining-room, with the big family Bible open before him. Once he said to a visitor, "This book is worth all the books that ever were printed, and it has been my misfortune that I never found time to read it with the proper attention and feeling till lately. I trust in the mercy of heaven that it is not too late."

To Betsy, a daughter by his first marriage, he wrote in 1796:

"Some good people think I am no Christian. This thought gives me much more pain than the appellation of tory; because I think religion of infinitely higher importance than politics, and I find much cause to reproach myself that I have lived so long and have given no decided and public proof of my being a Christian. But, indeed, my dear child, there is a character which I prize far above all this world has or can boast. And

amongst all the handsome things I hear said of you, what gives me the greatest pleasure is, to be told of your piety and steady virtue."

As, one by one, the older children grew up and went out from Red Hill to homes of their own, they were urged to read the Bible. Dorothea was the first to be married. Then came Martha Catherine, who, at seventeen, fell in love with the hero who rescued her when she fell from a boat into the water. Sarah married Robert, the brother of the poet Thomas Campbell. It is said that at one time the poet was engaged to come to Red Hill as tutor for the younger children of the family, but was unable to keep his promise.

Because of the constant pleas that were made that he give up his quiet life and reënter politics, Henry Clay wrote, in 1796:

"I shall never more appear in a public character, unless some unlooked-for circumstance shall demand from me a transient effort. . . . I see with concern our old Commander-in-chief most abusively treated—nor are his long and great services remembered, as any apology for his mistakes in an office to which he was totally unaccustomed. If he, whose character as our leader during the whole war was above all praise, is so roughly treated in his old age, what may be expected by men of the common standard of character?"

He kept his resolution. A few months after writing this message, when notified that he had been elected Governor of Virginia, for a third term, he wrote, "My declining years warn me of my inability."

But in January, 1799, came an appeal from Washington himself that he would present himself as a candi-

date "if not for Congress, which you may think would take you too long from home, as a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly of the Commonwealth." The reasons were given: "Your insight of character and influence in the House of Representatives would be a bulwark against such dangerous sentiments as are delivered there at present. It would be a rallying point for the timid, and an attraction of the wavering. In a word, I conceive it to be of immense importance at this crisis that you should be there, and I would fain hope that all minor considerations will be made to yield to the measure."

Though Henry knew that he had little strength left, he responded to the appeal. On County Court day, the first Monday in March, he presented himself before the people at Charlotte as a candidate for Representative. How they flocked about him!

A Hampdon-Sidney student, Henry Miller, who heard him that day, said afterward:

"He was very infirm, and seated in a chair conversing with some friends who were pouring in from all the surrounding country to hear him. At length he rose with difficulty, and stood, somewhat bowed with age and weakness. His face was almost colorless. His countenance was careworn, and when he commenced his exordium, his voice was slightly cracked and tremulous. But in a few minutes a wonderful transformation of the whole man occurred, as he warmed with his theme. He stood erect; his eyes beamed with a light that was almost supernatural, his features glowed with the hues and fires of youth; and his voice rang clear and melodious, with the intonations of some great musical instrument whose notes filled the area, and fell distinctly and delightfully upon the ears of the most distant of the thousands gathered before him."

Near the close of this effective address he said:

"You can never exchange the present government, but for a monarchy. If the administration have done wrong, let us all go wrong together, rather than split into factions, which must destroy that union upon which our existence hangs. Let us preserve our strength for the French, the English, the German, or whoever else shall dare to invade our territory, and not exhaust it in civil commotion and intestine wars."

After the conclusion of the oration, Henry went back to Red Hill, and never left it again. In April he was triumphantly elected, but he was unable to take his seat.

On June 6, 1799, he was near death. When the physician offered him a vial of mercury, at the same time telling him that the remedy might prolong his life a little while, or it might be fatal, he drew over his eyes a silken cap which he usually wore, and, holding the vial in his hands, made "a simple childlike prayer for his family, for his country, and for his own soul. Afterwards in perfect calm he swallowed the medicine."

His last word was to his physician, commending the Christian religion, which was so real a benefit to a man about to die.

Patrick Henry and his wife lie side by side in the rear garden of Red Hill. "His fame his best epitaph" is the simple inscription on the stone above the patriot.

LXX

POHICK CHURCH, TRURO PARISH, VIRGINIA

THE HOME CHURCH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Both Truro parish and George Washington were born in 1732, and Washington's connection with Truro Church began in 1735, when his father, Augustine Washington, became a vestryman, and it continued throughout his life, though during his later years, when services were seldom held there, he went to Christ Church at Alexandria.

When Washington was a boy he had to make a round trip of eighteen miles, frequently over extremely rough roads, when he wished to attend services. Yet he was a faithful attendant, at all seasons.

A number of the early rectors of Truro were welcome guests at Mt. Vernon. One of these, Charles Green, was a physician as well as a minister, as appears from the record that he was called to prescribe for Washington in 1757, when the young campaigner was so seriously ill, in consequence of hardships suffered on his western trip, that he said he had "too much reason to apprehend an approaching decay."

Five years after this illness Washington was elected a member of the vestry of the parish, and he was re-elected many times. His record for attendance was unusual, in spite of his many outside engagements. During the years from 1763 to 1774 thirty-one vestry meetings were held. He was absent from eight of these, once on account of sickness, twice because he

was attending the House of Burgesses, and at least three times because he was out of the county. For a few months, in 1765, he did not serve, because, on the division of Truro parish, Mt. Vernon was thrown over the line into the new Fairfax parish. At once the new parish made him a member of its vestry, but when, in response to a petition which Washington helped to present, the House of Burgesses changed the parish line so that Mt. Vernon was once more in Truro parish, he resumed his service in the old church. There he maintained his connection with an official body noted for the fact that, at one time or another, it had eleven members in the House of Burgesses, two members in His Majesty's Council for Virginia, as well as the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the State of Virginia, George Mason.

When it was decided that a new church building was needed, Washington was instrumental in settling the inevitable discussion as to site that followed. He made a map of the parish, showing where each communicant lived, and recommended that the building be placed at the centre of the parish, as shown by the map. His suggestion was adopted, and a site two miles nearer Mt. Vernon was chosen.

For the new church Washington himself drew the plan. He was also active in letting the plan and overseeing the building operation. At an auction of pews, held in 1772, when the church was ready for use, he bought Number 28, next the communion table, for £10, while he paid £13 10s. for pew 30. Evidently he was thoughtful for the guests who frequently rode with him to service, either in the coach, or in the chaise that followed, or on horseback. When the Mt. Vernon con-

tingent came to church there was usually quite a procession.

Under date October 2, 1785, the diary of Washington tells of one of these processions, as well as of an interesting event that followed:

"Went with Fanny Bassett, Burwell, Bassett, Doct^r Stuart, G. A. Washington, Mr. Shaw and Nellie Custis to Pohick Church to hear a M^r. Thompson preach, who returned with me to Dinner. . . . After we were in Bed (about Eleven o'clock in the Evening) M^r Houdon, sent from Paris by Doct^r Franklin and M^r Jefferson to take my Bust, in behalf of the State of Virginia . . . arrived."

For many years Pohick Church was practically deserted, but there is evidence that services were held here in 1802. Davies, an Englishman, in his "Four Years in America," wrote:

"About four miles from Occoquon is Pohick. Thither I rode on Sunday and joined the Congregation of Parson Weims, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win me to religion. A Virginia churchyard on Sunday is more like a race-course than a cemetery; the women come in carriages and the men on horses which they tie to the trees. The church bell was suspended from a tree. I was confounded to hear 'steed threaten steed with dreadful neigh,' nor was I less astounded at the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferation of the gentlemen to the negroes who attended them; but the discourse of Parson Weims calmed every perturbation, for he preached the great doctrines of Salvation as one who has experienced their power; about half the congregation were negroes."

This Parson Weems was no other than the author of

Weems' "Life of Washington," a readable but inaccurate biography that had a great vogue seventy-five years ago.

For many years Truro Church was desolate, and relic hunters made spoil of the furnishings. But since 1876 it has been open for services once more.

LXXI

MOUNT AIRY, RICHMOND COUNTY, VIRGINIA

THE PLANTATION HOME OF COLONEL JOHN TAYLOE

The purchase for £500 of three thousand acres of productive land in Charles County, on the Potomac, gave a big boost to the fortunes of the Tayloe family of Virginia. This shrewd purchase was made by Colonel John Tayloe, the son of William Tayloe (or Taylor) who came from England in the seventeenth century. William Tayloe was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1710. His son John became a member of the Colonial Council in 1732, while his son John, who was born in 1721, also had the honor of serving in the Council under Lord Dunmore, as well as in the first Republican Council, during the administration of Patrick Henry. He married the sister of Governor George Plater of Maryland. Of his eight daughters one married Richard Lightfoot Lee, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, while another married Colonel William Augustine Washington, a nephew of George Washington, by whom he was educated.

Colonel John Tayloe, the father of three daughters,

MONUMENTAL CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 294

POHICK CHURCH, VIRGINIA

Photo furnished by Aymar Embury, II

See page 311

MOUNT AIRY, RICHMOND COUNTY, VA.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 314

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 326

was the builder of Mount Airy, which was for many years the most superb mansion in Virginia, and was so different from all other mansions that it attracted many visitors, even in the days when transit was difficult. Its twenty-five spacious rooms afforded generous accommodation for the guests who were eager to accept the invitations of Colonel and Mrs. Tayloe. Among the entertainments provided for these guests by the thoughtful hosts were concerts by a band made up entirely of slaves who had been instructed by their master. On occasion this band was taken to the town house at Williamsburg, the capital of the State.

The letters of Washington show that the builder of Mount Airy was an ardent patriot, and his friend and associate. These two men were joint executors of the estate of one of the Lees. From his headquarters in the Craigie House at Cambridge the General wrote to Mount Airy a letter about the estate, asking Tayloe to become sole executor.

The varied interests of Colonel Tayloe were indicated by his remarkable will, which asked, among other things, that one part of his estate in Prince William County, Virginia, and Baltimore County, Maryland, be kept intact and worked for the making of pig iron. Not only did he own a number of other plantations, but he was a large shipowner, and reaped unusual profits from trade.

Perhaps the best known owner of Mount Airy was John Tayloe, III, who was born in 1771, and was the only son in a family of twelve. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, England. Before going abroad he had learned patriotism from his father, and on his return he was ready to administer his estate for the

benefit of the country as well as his own family. When his inheritance was turned over to him the income was sixty thousand dollars. Within a few years he increased this to seventy-five thousand dollars. His father's iron- and ship-building interests were conserved and enlarged. His master ship-builder at Occoquon was his slave Reuben.

During his residence at Mount Airy the splendor of the mansion was increased. Among his guests were men who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Washington during the Revolution, and those who later became prominent as associates of Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, and Pinckney. He married the daughter of Governor Ogle of Maryland, and had fifteen children.

The memorial by one of his sons, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, says that "his manners were refined and elegant. He was distinguished for his nice sense of honor, and a scrupulous regard to his word at all times. His wife was esteemed for sincerity and kindness of heart, graceful and dignified manners, and true and unaffected piety."

He took time for the services of his country. As Captain of Dragoons he went to Western Pennsylvania, to help put down the whiskey insurrection. When President Adams made him a Major of Dragoons, General Washington wrote to him a warm letter of congratulation, but Tayloe hesitated to accept the commission. He had just been elected as a Federalist to the Virginia Senate, and he feared, as he wrote to Washington, that if he resigned his seat the place would be filled by an opponent of the administration. On February 12, 1799, Washington replied that he was inclined to believe his civil service would be more im-

portant than military service, but he asked that decision be delayed until they could have a personal interview. Later, on the breaking out of the War of 1812, he was made commander of the cavalry of the District of Columbia, and saw active service.

Washington's friendship led him to make his winter home in the District of Columbia. In 1801 he occupied the Octagon House, then the finest private residence in the city. When the British burned the White House he was at Mount Airy. At once he sent a mounted messenger to President Madison, offering the use of the Octagon as the temporary Executive Mansion.

His establishment at Mount Airy was maintained in remarkable splendor. His household and equipages were the talk of the neighborhood. A lover of fine horseflesh, he was the owner of some of the swiftest animals of his day.

The eldest son, John Tayloe, inherited his father's ardor for public service. He was engaged brilliantly in the battles of the *Constitution* with the *Guerriere,* and with the *Cyano* and the *Levant.* After the action his native State gave him a sword, and he was promoted to a lieutenancy. Though he was captured by the British, he lived to return to Mount Airy, where he died in 1824. His father died four years later, while his mother lived until 1855.

Mount Airy has always been in the hands of a Tayloe. It is now in possession of the family of the late Henry Tayloe.

LXXII

TWO OF VIRGINIA'S OLDEST CHURCH BUILDINGS

ST. LUKE'S, IN SMITHFIELD, AND ST. PETER'S, IN NEW KENT COUNTY

Captain Smith in 1607 wrote of his discovery of the Indian kingdom of Warrosquoyacke. Soon settlers were attracted to its fertile lands. Twenty-seven years later the more than five hundred residents were organized into Isle of Wight County.

In 1632, the ancient brick church near Smithfield was built. The tradition fixing this date was established in 1887, when the date 1632 was read in some bricks that fell from the walls.

The builder of the staunch church was Joseph Bridger, who was Counsellor of State to Charles II. He is buried not far from the church, and on his tomb is the inscription: "He dyed April 15 Anno Domini 1688 Aged 58 years. Mournfully leaving his wife, three sons and four daughters."

The oldest vestry book dates from 1727, for the first book was destroyed at the time of General Arnold's expedition made to Isle of Wight County, in the effort to capture General Parker, of the Continental Army. Fortunately, however, a few other records were saved. An entry in 1727 spoke of "The Old Brick Church"; evidently the name St. Luke's was of later origin.

The architectural beauty of the old building is described in a pleasing manner by Aymar Embury, II,

the well-known New York architect, in his "Early American Churches":

"The building is an extremely picturesque brick church, reminiscent not of the Renaissance work then becoming dominant in England, but of the older Gothic; it is not at all unlike many of the small English parish churches of the sixteenth century, when the Gothic style was really extinct, although its superficial characteristics, the buttresses and the pointed arch, still obtained. The stepped gable at the chancel end of the church is an unusual feature in English architecture. . . . The tower is the only part of the building which shows the Renaissance influence."

When the building was some two hundred years old it began to fall into disrepair; the people preferred to attend the church in Smithfield. Bishop Meade wrote his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" at the time when the old church was most dilapidated. He said:

"Its thick walls and high tower, like that of some English castle, are still firm, and promise to be for a long time to come. The windows, doors, and all the interior, are gone. It is said that the eastern window—twenty-five feet high—was of stained glass. This venerable building stands not far from the main road leading from Smithfield to Suffolk, in an open tract of woodland. The trees for some distance round it are large and tall and the foliage dense, so that but little of the light of the sun is thrown upon it. The pillars which strengthen the walls, and which are wide at the base, tapering toward the eaves of the house by stair-steps, have somewhat mouldered, so as to allow various shrubs and small trees to root themselves therein."

For nearly fifty years the church was closed. But in 1884 Rev. David Barr, who was in charge of a church nearby, began to raise funds for the reconstruction of the building. He persisted in spite of many discouragements. When matters looked darkest a man who signed himself "A Virginian" made the following appeal:

"There is still some plastering to be done in the tower, and the pews are to be made or bought. The church cannot be completed until the money is raised. Can no generous giver be found who will contribute the money necessary to bring the east window from London? . . . For sixty odd years the church has stood there silent, without a service, facing and defying storms and decay, appealing in its desolation to every sentiment of the State, of the Church and of the Nation against abandonment and desertion, and now in its half completed condition, feeling the touch of revival and restoration, it pleads more imploringly still for just enough money to complete the repairs and to enable it once more to enter upon its life of activity, and to utter again with renewed joyousness the ancient but long suppressed voice of prayer and of thanksgiving. Shall it appeal in vain?"

The appeal was not in vain. The church was completed. Twelve beautiful memorial windows were put in place. These bore the names of George Washington, Joseph Bridger, the architect of the church, Robert E. Lee, Rev. William Hubbard, the first rector, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Rolfe, Captain John Smith, Bishops Madison, Moore, Meade, and Johns, and Dr. Blair, whose connection with Bruton Church and William and Mary College is told in another chapter of this volume.

A building that is similar and yet in many respects quite different is in New Kent County, about as far above Williamsburg as Smithfield is below that university town. This is St. Peter's Church. It is thought that the parish dates from 1654, though the present building was not begun until 1701. The minute which tells of the first plan for the structure is dated August 13, 1700:

"Whereas, the Lower Church of this Parish is very much out of Repair and Standeth very inconvenient for most of the inhabitants of the said parish; Therefore ordered that as soon as conveniently may be a new Church of Brick Sixty feet long and twenty fower feet wide in the clear and fourteen feet pitch with a Gallery Sixteen feet long be built and Erected upon the Main Roade, by the School House near Thomas Jackson's; and the Clerk is ordered to give a copy of this order to Capt. Nich. Merewether who is Requested to show the same to Will Hughes and desire him to draw a Draft of said Church and to bee at the next vestry."

The cost of the new church was one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds of tobacco. This included the main building only, for the belfry was not built until 1722.

Rev. David Mossom, who was rector of the church from 1727 to 1767, was the minister who married General Washington, at the White House, as the home of his bride was called, a few miles from St. Peter's Church. The story is told of this eccentric minister that on one occasion, having quarrelled with his clerk, he rebuked him from the pulpit. The latter avenged himself by giving out to the congregation the psalm in which were these lines:

"With restless and ungovern'd rage
Why do the heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?"

The epitaph on the tomb of Mr. Mossom in St. Peter's churchyard states that he was the first native American admitted to the office of Presbyter in the Church of England.

LXXIII

MONTICELLO, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

"Oh, my young master, they were all burnt, but ah! we saved your fiddle!"

So the negro servant replied to Thomas Jefferson who, on returning from a trip, learning that his home at Shadwell had been burned, asked after his books. To the negro's mind the fiddle was the most important thing in the house.

Fortunately the new mansion, Monticello, near Charlotte, which he had designed, was so nearly completed that he was able to take up his residence there. Two years later he led into the new house his bride, Martha Skelton, a widow of twenty-three.

Before the marriage Jefferson, in accordance with the Virginia law, in company with Francis Eppes, entered into a license bond, of which the following is a copy:

"Know all men by these presents that we Thomas Jefferson and Francis Eppes are held and firmly bound to the sovereign lord the king his heirs and successors in the sum of fifty pounds current money of Virginia, to the paiment of which well and truly to be made we bind ourselves jointly and severally, our joint and several heirs, executors and administrators, in witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seals this twenty-third day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy one. The condition of the above obligation is such that if there be no lawful cause to obstruct a marriage intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton of the County of Charles County, widow, for which a license is desired, then this obligation is to be null and void, otherwise the same is in full force."

Edward Bacon, who was overseer at Monticello for twenty years, described the estate in vivid words:

"Monticello is quite a high mountain, in the shape of a sugar-loaf. A winding road led up to the mansion. On the very top of the mountain the forest trees were cut down, and ten acres were cleared and levelled. . . . I know every room in that house. Under the house and the terrace that surrounded it, were the cisterns, ice-house, cellar, kitchen, and rooms for all sorts of purposes. His servants' rooms were on one side. . . . There were no negro and other out-houses around the mansion, as you generally see on plantations. The grounds around the house were beautifully ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. . . . Back of the house was a beautiful lawn of two or three acres, where his grandchildren used to play.

"His garden was on the side of the mountain. I had it built while he was President. It took a great deal of labor. We had to blow out the rocks for the walls for the different terraces, and then make the soil. . . .

I used to send a servant to Washington with a great many fine things for his table, and he would send back the cart loaded with shrubbery."

Jefferson spent most of his time on his estate until his death in 1826, except when he was called away for the service of his country.

Nine years after the beginning of the happy married life in Monticello there was a panic among the servants because of the approach of the British. Because Jefferson was Governor of Virginia, it was thought that of course the mansion would be pillaged. Mrs. Jefferson was put in the carriage and sent to a place of safety, while Mr. Jefferson remained at home, collecting his most valuable papers. Later he followed his family. But when the soldiers reached the estate, the first inquiry of the leader of the party was for the master of the house. When he learned that Jefferson had escaped, he asked for the owner's private rooms, and, on being shown the door which led to them, he turned the key in the lock and ordered that nothing in the house should be touched. This, it was explained, was in strict accordance with the orders that had been given by General Tarleton; their sole duty was to seize the Governor.

A year later, when the Marquis de Chastellux, a nobleman from France, visited Monticello, he was charmed with the house of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen. He said it was "rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault; it consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes, ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely

in the antique style; above it is a library of the same size; two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace."

Another attractive picture was given by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, after his visit to Monticello in 1796. He noted the fact that Jefferson owned five thousand acres, of which but eleven hundred were cultivated.

"I found him in the midst of the harvest," he wrote, "from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance. . . . Every article is made on his farm: his negroes are cabinet makers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. The children he employs in a nail factory, which yields already a considerable profit. . . . His superior mind directs the management of his domestic concerns with the same abilities, activity and regularity which he evinced in the conduct of public affairs."

Long absence from home and lavish hospitality wrecked the Jefferson fortune, and when the owner of Monticello finally returned home after his eight years as President, he was compelled to curtail his expenses. But still he made guests welcome. It is said that at times there were as many as fifty guests in the house at one time. One of those who sought the Sage of Monticello in 1817 was Lieutenant Francis Hall, who wrote of his veneration as he looked on "the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence, who shared in the Councils by which her freedom was established, when the unbought voices of his fellow-citizens called to the exercise of a dignity from which

his own moderation impelled him, when such an example was most salutary, to withdraw; and who, while he dedicates the evening of his glorious days to the pursuits of science and literature, shuns none of the humble duties of private life; but, having filled a seat higher than that of kings, succeeds with graceful dignity to that of the good neighbor, and becomes the friendly adviser, lawyer, physician, and even gardener of his vicinity."

July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, was the day of Jefferson's death. The sale of his estate was sufficient to pay all his debts. To his daughter who was thus made homeless, the legislatures of South Carolina and Virginia each voted as a gift $10,000.

On the stone placed over the grave of the Sage of Monticello was carved the inscription which he himself had asked for: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

LXXIV

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AT CHARLOTTESVILLE

THE CHILD OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S OLD AGE

When Thomas Jefferson retired from the Presidency he was surrounded at Monticello by his daughter, her husband, and eleven grandchildren. Daily association

with the young people made him more anxious than ever to carry out a plan that was the growth of years. He wanted to see other children as happy as were those in his own home, and he felt that the one thing he could do to increase their happiness would be to see that the State made provision for their education.

During the remainder of his life he never lost sight of his project. While he did not live to see his system of common schools established in Virginia, it was his joy to see the University of Virginia grow under his hands from an academy to a college and then to a university. From 1817 he labored for State appropriations for the school. A friend in the State Senate assisted him nobly. The reader of the published volume of the correspondence between the two men, a volume of 528 pages, will see how untiring was the labor that had its reward when the appropriation of funds made sure the founding of the university. Three hundred thousand dollars were provided for construction, as well as $15,000 a year for maintenance.

Jefferson himself drew the plans for the buildings and superintended the construction. Sarah N. Randolph, in "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," says that "the architectural plan and form of government and instruction for this institution afforded congenial occupation for his declining years. . . . While the buildings were being erected, his visits to them were daily; and from the northeast corner of the terrace at Monticello he frequently watched the workmen engaged on them, through a telescope which is still [1871] preserved in the library of the University."

Edmund Bacon, the overseer at Monticello, gave to Hamilton W. Pierson, the author of "Jefferson at

Monticello," a humorous account of the early days of the project:

"The act of the Legislature made it the duty of the Commissioners to establish the University within one mile of the Court House at Charlottesville. They advertised for proposals for a site. Three men offered sites. The Commissioners had a meeting at Monticello, and then went and looked at all these sites. After they had made their examination, Mr. Jefferson sent me to each of them, to request them to send by me their price, which was to be sealed up. Lewis and Craven each asked $17 per acre, and Perry, $12. That was a mighty big price in those days. . . . They took Perry's forty acres, at $12 per acre. It was a poor old turned-out field, though it was finely situated. Mr. Jefferson wrote the deed himself. Afterwards Mr. Jefferson bought a large tract near it. It had a great deal of timber and rock on it, which was used in building the University.

"My next instruction was to get ten able-bodied hands to commence the work. . . . Mr. Jefferson started from Monticello to lay off the foundation, and see the work commenced. An Irishman named Dinsmore, and I, went along with him. As we passed through Charlottesville, I . . . got a ball of twine, and Dinsmore found some shingles and made some pegs. . . . Mr. Jefferson looked over the ground some time, and then stuck down a peg. . . . He carried one end of the line, and I the other, in laying off the foundation of the University. He had a little ruler in his pocket that he always carried with him, and with this he measured off the ground, and laid off the entire foundation, and then set the men at work."

This foot-rule was shown to Dr. Pierson by Mr. Bacon, who explained how he secured it:

"Mr. Jefferson and I were once going along the bank of the canal, and in crawling through some bushes and

vines, it [the ruler] fell out of his pocket and slid down the bank into the river. Some time after that, when the water had fallen, I went and found it, and carried it to Mr. Jefferson. He told me I . . . could keep it. . . . When I die, that rule can be found locked up in that drawer.

"After the foundations were nearly completed, they had a great time laying the corner-stone. The old field was covered with carriages and people. There was an immense crowd there. Mr. Monroe laid the corner-stone. He was President at that time. . . . He held the instruments, and pronounced it square. I can see Mr. Jefferson's white head just as he stood there and looked on.

"After this he rode there from Monticello every day while the University was building, unless the weather was very stormy. . . . He looked after all the materials, and would not allow any poor materials to go into the building if he could help it."

A letter from Jefferson to John Adams, written on October 12, 1823, spoke of the "hoary winter of age." "Against this *tedium vitae,*" he said, "I am fortunately mounted on a hobby, which, indeed, I should have better managed some thirty or forty years ago; but whose easy amble is still sufficient to give exercise and amusement to an octogenary rider. This is the establishment of a University, on a scale more comprehensive, and in a country more healthy and central than our old William and Mary, which these obstacles have long kept in a state of languor and inefficiency."

In designing the buildings Jefferson acknowledged his indebtedness to Palladio, who guided him in his adaptation of Roman forms. The visitor who is familiar with Rome is reminded of the baths of Diocletian, the baths of Caracalla, and the temple of Fortuna

Virilis, while a reduction of the Pantheon, with a rotunda, is the central feature of the group.

The University was opened in March, 1825. Forty students were in attendance, though at the beginning of the second year the number was increased to one hundred and seventy-seven.

The central feature of the collection of buildings, the wonderful Rotunda, was badly injured in the fire of 1895 which destroyed the Annex. The Rotunda was soon rebuilt according to Jefferson's original plan, and the group of buildings is more beautiful than ever.

SEVEN: THROUGH THE SUNNY SOUTH

The long, grey moss that softly swings
In solemn grandeur from the trees,
Like mournful funeral draperies,—
A brown-winged bird that never sings.

* * * * * * *

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

O Magnet-South! O gistening perfumed South! my South!
O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse and love! good and evil! O all dear to me!
O dear to me my birth-things—all moving things and the trees where I was born—the grains, plants, rivers,
Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands or through swamps.

* * * * * * *

O the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar, hemp!
The cactus guarded with thorns, the laurel-tree with large white flowers,
The range afar, the richness and barrenness, the old woods charged with mistletoe and trailing moss,
The piney odor and the gloom, the awful natural stillness (here in these dense swamps the freebooter carries his gun, and the fugitive has his conceal'd hut;)

* * * * * * *

The mocking bird, the American mimic, singing all the forenoon, singing through the moonlit night,
The humming bird, the wild turkey, the raccoon, the opossum;
A Kentucky corn-field, the tall, graceful, long-leav'd corn, slender, flapping, bright green, with tassels, with beautiful ears each well-sheath'd in its husk;
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs, I can stand them not, I will depart;
O to be a Virginian where I grew up! O to be a Carolinian!
O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old Tennessee and never wander more.

WALT WHITMAN.

SEVEN: THROUGH THE SUNNY SOUTH

LXXV

THREE OLD CHURCHES IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

ST. MICHAEL'S, ST. PHILIP'S, AND THE HUGUENOT CHURCH, RELICS OF COLONIAL DAYS

The oldest church building in Charleston, South Carolina, St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, is a relic of three wars. At the beginning of the Revolution the rector and the vestry disagreed; the rector was a loyalist and most of the members were patriots. Accordingly the rector resigned. Later the beautiful tower, which is unlike any other church tower in America, was painted black, lest it become a guiding beacon to the British fleet. Unfortunately the black tower against the blue sky proved a better guide than a white tower would have been.

The clear-toned bells, which were cast in London in 1757, were taken from the tower when the British evacuated the city in 1782, and were sold in London as spoils of war. Fortunately a Mr. Ryhiner, once a merchant in Charleston, learned of this, bought them, and sent them to Charleston as a business venture.

When the bells were landed on the wharf from the brig *Lightning,* on November 20, 1783—according to

Johnson's "Traditions of Charleston"—"the overjoyed citizens took possession, and hurried them up to the church and into the steeple, without thinking that they might be violating a private right." In June, 1785, Mr. Ryhiner asked for payment for the bells. Later a subscription was ordered to pay the merchant.

During the British occupation of the city horses were stabled in the church, and the lead roof was removed, for use in bullet making.

In 1811 and 1812 the church figured in the second war with Great Britain. The vestry, whose patriotism was as great as ever, opened the building more than once for meetings of the citizens who wished to consider what they could do to help their country in the impending conflict.

During the Civil War the bells were taken to Columbia, to be cast into cannon. Fortunately they were not used for this purpose, but during Sherman's march to the sea they were burned and broken into small pieces. A friend of the church in London, on learning of the disaster, searched records of the bell-founders till he learned who had cast the bells. These records told the proportions of metal used and the sizes of the bells. Then the Londoner wrote to Charleston and asked that the fragments be sent to him. When these were received in London they were recast in the original moulds, which were discovered by an old employee. The cost of recasting the bells and restoring them to their places in the steeple was $7,723, of which sum the City Council contributed $3,000; $2,200, the charge made for import duty, was later returned to the church by special Act of Congress.

For nearly twenty years after the receipt of these

new-old bells, they were used to sound fire-alarms, as well as for calling to the services of the church.

The venerable building has suffered from fire, wind, and earthquake, as well as from war. In 1825 a cyclone damaged the spire and the roof, and in 1886 earthquake cracked the walls, destroyed a portion of the tower, and did so much further damage that a Charleston paper spoke of it as the "saddest wreck of all." At first it was feared that the building would have to be demolished, but repairs were found to be possible at a cost of $15,000.

The structure dates from 1752, when Governor Glenn of South Carolina laid the corner stone. The cost was $32,775.87.

St. Michael's parish was set off in 1751 from St. Philip's parish. The first St. Philip's Church was burned in 1681 or 1682. A second church was opened in 1723. This famous building survived until 1835, in spite of wars and fires. The building was saved during the fire of 1796 by a slave who climbed to the tower and threw to the ground a burning brand. As a reward the vestry purchased his freedom. But during the great fire of February 15, 1835, the edifice was destroyed.

The old church had been so much a part of the life of the city and was so thoroughly identified with the history of the country, that the citizens rejoiced when the decision was reached to rebuild it in practically every detail like the original, with the addition of a chancel and spire.

Older than either St. Philip's or St. Michael's, as an organization, is the Huguenot Church of Charleston. The early records of the congregation were destroyed

in the fire of 1740, though the building was saved. This first building was blown up during the fire of 1796, in a vain effort to stay the progress of the conflagration. A second building followed in 1800, and the present building was erected in 1828, when English displaced the French language in the services.

Many of the early members became famous in history. The tablets erected to their memory are so numerous that the Huguenot Church might well dispute with St. Philip's Church the title, "The Westminster of South Carolina."

LXXVI

THE HOUSE OF REBECCA MOTTE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

THE SPARTAN MATRON WHO HELPED BURN HER OWN PROPERTY

Charleston, South Carolina, was only about thirty years old when the Englishman, Robert Brewton, and the Huguenot exile, John de la Motte, took up their residence there. In 1758 Robert Brewton's daughter Rebecca married Jacob Motte, grandson of the Huguenot.

Three daughters came to the Motte home, and the family lived quietly until the outbreak of the Revolution. In 1775 Mrs. Motte's brother, Miles Brewton, sailed for England with his family, intending to leave them with relatives there while he returned to Charleston for the service of his country. But the vessel was

Photo furnished by Rev. Rockwell S. Brank, Savannah

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GA.

See page 340

PRINGLE HOUSE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Photo by H. P. Cook

See page 336

THE CABILDO, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

See page 343

lost, and was never heard from again. His Charleston house on King Street, which was built about 1765, became the property of his sister.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Motte, knowing that it was impossible for her husband to become a soldier because of his failing health, decided to do her part for her country. Fortifications were to be built, and many laborers were needed, so she sent to her plantation for all the able-bodied men; these she placed at the disposal of those in charge of the work of defence.

She had her reward when, first in 1776, and again in 1779, the British forces were unable to secure possession of the town. The third attempt, made by Sir Henry Clinton in 1780, was successful. For nearly three years the town was in the enemy's control. The Motte house was made headquarters by Clinton and his staff. The Mottes were crowded into a small room, while the British lived in comfort in the large apartments. Mrs. Motte divided her time between her invalid husband, her timid daughters, and the invaders. It was her custom to preside at the long dinner table, but the young ladies were never allowed to appear in the presence of the officers.

A reminder of the presence of the unwelcome guests is still to be seen on the marble mantel in one of the rooms—a caricature of Clinton scratched on the polished surface, evidently with a diamond point. In the same room the women of Charleston—who were accustomed to go about the streets in mourning, during the period of the occupation—presented a petition to Lord Rawdon, asking for the pardon of Isaac Hayne, a patriot who had been condemned for some infraction of

the regulations of the invaders. Their petition for clemency was in vain, though it was emphasized by the presence of Hayne's two little children.

After the death of Mr. Motte, in January, 1781, Mrs. Motte and her daughters secured permission to leave Charleston that they might return to the family plantation on the Congaree, thirty or forty miles from Columbia. They were disappointed in their desire to be alone, for it was not long till the English decided to build on the estate one of their long line of military stations. Earthworks were thrown up around the house, which became known as Fort Motte. Again the family were crowded into a few rooms, while officers occupied the remainder.

After a time Mrs. Motte was asked to retire to a small house on the plantation, a rough structure, covered with weather-boards, unplastered and only partially lined. At first it seemed that there was no place here to conceal the silverware brought from Fort Motte. How the difficulty was solved has been told in "Worthy Women of Our First Century":

"Some one suggested that the unfinished state of the walls of their sitting-room afforded a convenient hiding place; and they set to work to avail themselves of it. Nailing tacks in the vacancy between the outer and inner boarding, and tying strings around the various pieces of silver, they hung them along the inner wall. Shortly afterwards a band of marauders did actually invade the premises; and one more audacious than the others jumped on a chair and thrust his bayonet into the hollow wall, saying he would soon find what they had come in search of; but, rapping all along on the floor within the wall, he did not once strike against anything to reward bad perseverance."

After a time General Marion and Colonel Lee led up troops for the siege of Fort Motte. Fearing that British reënforcements were on the way, they decided they must make an attack at once. The best way seemed to be to set fire to the main building. The American leaders, knowing that this was the home of Mrs. Motte, took counsel with her. "Do not hesitate a moment," was the prompt reply of the patriotic woman. Then she added, "I will give you something to facilitate the destruction." So saying, she handed to General Lee a quiver of arrows from the East Indies which, so she had been told by the ship captain who brought them to Charleston, would set on fire any wood against which they were thrown.

Two of the arrows were fired from a gun without result, but the third set fire to the shingles of the house. The efforts of the garrison to extinguish the flames were in vain, and before long the fortress was surrendered to the patriots. In later years, when Mrs. Motte was praised for her part in the siege, she was accustomed to say, "Too much has been made of a thing that any American woman would have done."

After the war Mrs. Motte returned to the house in Charleston. The daughters married, and numerous grandchildren played in the rooms where the British officers lived during the occupation of Charleston. The youngest of these granddaughters lived in the house in 1876, when the story of Rebecca Motte was written for the Women's Centennial Executive Committee.

During her last years in the old mansion, Mrs. Motte was proudly pointed out to visitors to the city. One of her great-grandchildren said that at the time "she was rather under-sized and slender, with a pale face,

blue eyes, and grey hair that curled slightly under a high-crowned ruffled mob-cap. She always wore a square white neckerchief pinned down in front, tight sleeves reaching only to the elbow, with black silk mittens on her hands and arms; a full skirt with huge pockets, and at her waist a silver chain, from which hung her pin-cushion and scissors and a peculiarly bright bunch of keys."

The body of this gracious patriot was buried in old St. Philip's Church, another of the Revolutionary landmarks of the Palmetto City.

The mansion which she made famous should be called the Brewton House, or the Motte House. But a Motte married an Alston, and an Alston married a Pringle, and so many families of the latter name have been associated with the place that their name is popularly given to it.

LXXVII

THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

FOR WHICH KING GEORGE II MADE A LAND GRANT

When George II, of his "special Grace, certain knowledge and meer motion," gave a deed for a lot in Savannah, "in our province of Georgia," he declared that it was "for the use and benefit of such of our loving subjects . . . as are or shall be professors of the Doctrines of the Church of Scotland, agreeable to the Westminster Confession of Faith." The further stipulation was

made that the annual rent, if demanded, should be "one pepper corn."

The date of the grant was January 16, 1756, and within the three years allowed for the erection of the building a brick structure was ready for the use of the Independent Presbyterian Church. The church was independent in fact as well as in name. There was at first no presbytery in Georgia with which it could unite, and when a presbytery was organized, this independent relation continued.

The first pastor was Rev. John Joachim Zubly, who came to the Colonies from Switzerland. He remained with the church until 1778, and became a prominent figure among the patriots of the early years of the Revolution. When the first Provincial Congress of Georgia met in Savannah, July 4, 1775, it adjourned, immediately after organization, to the Independent Church, where Dr. Zubly preached a sermon for which he received the public thanks of Congress.

The London Magazine for January, 1776, contained an impassioned appeal for the Colonies, which was signed by Dr. Zubly. The editor stated that the communication was printed at the request of "an old correspondent," who signed himself "O." It is supposed that this correspondent was General James E. Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. A few months later Dr. Zubly went to Philadelphia, as a member of the second Continental Congress. He had also been a member of the first Congress in 1774.

During the siege of Savannah by the British the church building was badly injured by British cannon, in spite of the fact that it was used as a hospital. Later the British used the church as barracks. A visitor who

entered the city in 1784 said that he found the church in a ruinous condition. It was promptly repaired, however, and services were resumed.

But there was another pastor in the pulpit. In 1778 Dr. Zubly resigned, probably because, for some strange reason, he deserted the Colonies and made known his allegiance to Great Britain.

Fire destroyed the original building in 1796, and a fine new church was built. Twenty-one years later the rapidly increasing congregation made necessary a much larger structure. The new church was modelled after St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, and more than two years were required for its construction. The cost was $96,108.67½, a large sum for that day in a town of ten thousand people. Although the middle aisle was eleven feet wide and each of the side aisles four and a half feet wide, there were seatings for 1,350 people. The beautifully proportioned steeple was 223 feet high. The day after the dedication a local paper said that "for grandeur of design and nature of execution, we presume this church is not surpassed by any in the United States." Many architectural writers have told rapturously of the wonders of this building.

President James Monroe and his suite, as well as many other distinguished visitors, were reverent worshippers in the church on the day of dedication.

Lowell Mason, who was organist of the church from 1815 to 1827, composed the popular melody to which Bishop Heber's missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," is usually sung. This melody was first played by him for the Sunday school of the church, whose organization dates from 1804.

Dr. S. K. Axson, the grandfather of Ellen Axson, the

first wife of President Woodrow Wilson, was pastor of the church from 1857 to 1889. The Wilson marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Axson in the manse of the church.

All Savannah mourned when, on April 6, 1889, firebrands tossed by the wind lodged on a cornice of the graceful steeple, too high to be reached. Soon the old church was in ruins. But the city resolved that the historic church must be restored. A new building was erected which is an exact reproduction of the former church. To it, as to its predecessors, ecclesiastical architects go on pilgrimage as a part of their education.

One of the old customs still continued in the church is the assembling of the communicants at a table which is laid the entire length of the broad aisle, as well as in the transept aisle.

LXXVIII

THE CABILDO OF NEW ORLEANS

WHICH SAW THE TRANSFER OF LOUISIANA TO THE UNITED STATES

When Count Alejandro O'Reilly, Irish Lieutenant-General of Spain, entered New Orleans on July 24, 1769, he came as the avenger of the disorders that followed the transfer of Louisiana to Spain by the Treaty of Paris. After putting to death some of the leaders in the revolt, he reorganized the civil government. Among other innovations he instituted the Cabildo as the law-making body for the province, to take the place of the

French superior council. The meeting place was a building on the Place d'Armes. In this square, on the coming of O'Reilly, the flag of France had been displaced by that of Spain as Aubrey said, "Gentlemen, by order of the King, my master, I absolve you from your oath of fidelity and obedience to his most Christian majesty." The Spanish and French officers then had gone together to the cathedral, next door to the meeting place of the Cabildo.

The original building occupied by the Cabildo was destroyed in the fire of 1788, when, in less than five hours, eight hundred and sixteen buildings were burned. The loss, amounting to three million dollars, was a blessing in disguise, for it cleared the ground for the reconstruction of the city under the leadership of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, who was a member of the Cabildo. He had become rich since his arrival with the Spaniards, and he had a vision of a city glorified through his wealth.

First he built a schoolhouse, a church, and a hospital. On one side of the church he built a convent; on the other side he erected a new town hall, the Cabildo. The walls—which are as sturdy to-day as in 1795—are of brick, half the thickness of the ordinary brick. Shell lime was used for the mortar. Originally the Cabildo was two stories in height, with a flat roof; the mansard roof was added in 1851. At the same time the open arches of the second story loggia that corresponded to the arcade on the ground floor were closed, that there might be more room for offices.

For eight years more the Cabildo continued its sessions under Spanish rule. Then came the news that Louisiana had been transferred by Spain to France.

Great preparations were made for the ceremonies that were to accompany the lowering of the Spanish flag and the raising of the French colors in the square before the Cabildo. Then the prefect Laussat was thunderstruck by the coming of word that Napoleon had appointed a Commission not only to receive the colony from Spain but also to give it into the hands of the United States, to whom the vast territory had been sold.

The first transfer took place on November 30, 1803. The official document was signed in the Sala Capitular, the hall where the Cabildo met, and was read from the centre gallery. Then the tricolor of France replaced the flag of Spain.

December 20, 1803, was the date of the transfer to the United States. The American Commission met the French Commission in the Sala Capitular of the Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, as the French called the Cabildo. Governor Claiborne received the keys of the city, and the tricolor on the flagstaff gave way to the Stars and Stripes. A vast company of citizens watched the ceremonies, listened to the addresses, and looked at the American troops in the square, as well as at the French soldiers who were to have no further power in the province.

Grace King, in "New Orleans, the Place and the People," tells what followed:

"When, twenty-one days before, the French flag was flung to the breeze, for its last brief reign in Louisiana, a band of fifty old soldiers formed themselves into a guard of honor, which was to act as a kind of death watch to their national colors. They stood now at the foot of the staff and received in their arms the Tricolor as it descended, and while the Americans were rending

the air with their shouts, they marched silently away, their sergeant bearing it at their head. All uncovered before it; the American troops, as they passed, presented arms to it. It was carried to the government house, and left in the hands of Laussat."

During the years since that momentous transfer the Cabildo has continued to be the centre of historical interest in New Orleans. In 1825 Lafayette was quartered here. In 1901 President McKinley was received in the building. In 1903 the Centennial of the Louisiana Purchase was observed in the Sala Capitular, which had been for many years the meeting place of the State Supreme Court. The great hall is almost as it was when the Cabildo of Don Almonaster met there.

Since 1910 the Cabildo, in common with the Presbytere, the old Civil District Court, a building of nearly the same age and appearance, located on the other side of the Cathedral, has been the Louisiana State Museum. The curios are shown in a large hall on the ground floor. Among these is the flag used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

From this hall of relics a door leads to a courtyard, which is lined by tiers of gloomy cells. Stocks and other reminders of the old Spanish days are in evidence.

The old Place d'Armes is now called Jackson Square. On either side are the Pontalba buildings, which were erected by the daughter of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, who inherited millions from her generous father. On the spot where the Stars and Stripes were raised in 1803 is the statue to General Jackson, the victor of the battle of New Orleans, to which the same public-spirited woman was a large contributor.

The tomb of Don Andres is shown in the Cathedral

he gave to the people, by the side of the Cabildo which he built for the city he loved.

LXXIX

THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"THERMOPYLÆ HAD HER MESSENGER OF DEFEAT:
THE ALAMO HAD NONE"

Early in the eighteenth century the Spaniards built in Texas, then a part of Mexico, a number of staunch structures that were designed to serve not only as chapels but also as fortresses. The mission that at length became known as the Alamo was first built on the Rio Grande in 1710, and during the next forty-seven years was rebuilt four times in a new location, before it was given a final resting-place at San Antonio, on the banks of the Alazan River. There it was called Alamo, or Poplar Church. Though the Alamo was begun in 1744, it was not completed until 1757.

For nearly eighty years there was nothing specially notable about the building. Then came the events that made the name famous.

In 1832 Sam Houston was sent to Texas by President Jackson to arrange treaties with the Indians for the protection of settlers on the border. Just at this time settlers in Texas, which was then a part of the state of Coahuila, were seeking equal privileges with the other Mexican states. Most of the settlers had come from the United States, and they hoped that in time Texas might become a part of that country.

On February 13, 1833, Houston wrote to President Jackson that the time was ripe for getting hold of the country. Less than three months later he was asked to serve as a delegate to a constitutional convention, which demanded from Mexico the organization of the territory into states, and was made the chairman of the committee which drew up for the proposed states a constitution based on that of the United States. Stephen F. Austin, who has been called "The Father of Texas," went to Mexico City with the petition. But he was imprisoned, and the request of Texas was denied by Santa Anna, president of Mexico.

Later, when the colonists attempted to defend themselves against the Indians and other lawbreakers, the demand was made that they give up their arms.

The organization of a provincial government followed in 1834, and Houston was chosen commander-in-chief of the army. The brief war with Mexico was marked by a number of heroic events, chief of which was the defence of the Alamo, where a small force of Texans resisted more than ten times the number of Mexicans.

When the army of Santa Anna approached San Antonio, on February 22, 1836, one hundred and forty-five men, under the leadership of Colonel James Bowie and Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Travis, retired within the church fortress. For nearly two weeks these heroic men defended themselves, and the enemy did not gain entrance until every one of them was killed.

The details of the heroic struggle were not known until 1860, when Captain R. M. Potter printed an account in the San Antonio *Herald,* in which he had patiently pieced together the reports that came to him through those whom he regarded most dependable

among the besiegers, and from one who was an officer in the garrison until within a few days of the assault.

Within the walls a well had been dug on the very day the Mexican Army entered the town. Thus a plentiful supply of water supplemented the store of meat and corn for the defenders.

A message sent out by Colonel Travis on the night of March 3 told of the events of the first days of the siege:

"With a hundred and forty-five men I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated from 1,500 to 6,000, and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in the attempt. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon-balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen."

Santa Anna led a final assault on March 6. Scaling ladders, axes, and fascines were to be in the hands of designated men. Five columns were to approach the wall just at daybreak.

At the first onset Colonel Travis was killed and breaches were made in the walls. The outer walls and batteries were abandoned, and the defenders retired to the different rooms within.

"From the doors, windows, and loopholes of the several rooms around the area the crack of the rifle and the hiss of the bullet came fierce and fast; as fast the enemy fell and recoiled in his first efforts to charge. The gun beside which Travis fell was now turned against the buildings, as were also some others, and shot after shot was sent crashing through the doors and barricades of the several rooms. Each ball was followed by a storm of musketry and a charge; and thus room after room was carried at the point of the bayonet, when all within them had died fighting to the last. The struggle was

made up of a number of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand, between squads of the garrison and bodies of the enemy. The bloodiest spot about the fort was the long barrack and the ground in front of it, where the enemy fell in heaps."

David Crockett was among those who were killed in one of the rooms. He had joined the defenders a few days before the beginning of the siege.

The chapel was the last point taken. "Once the enemy in possession of the large area, the guns could be turned to fire into the door of the church, only from fifty to a hundred yards off. The inmates of the last stronghold fought to the last, and continued to fire down from the upper works after the enemy occupied the floor. Towards the close of the struggle Lieutenant Dickenson, with his child in his arms, or, as some accounts say, tied to his back, leaped from the east embrasure of the chapel, and both were shot in the act. Of those he left behind him the bayonet soon gleaned what the bullet had left; and in the upper part of that edifice the last defender must have fallen."

This final assault lasted only thirty minutes. In that time the defenders of Texas won immortal fame. Four days before, the Republic of Texas had been proclaimed. Those who fell in the Alamo were hailed the heroes of the struggle. "Remember the Alamo!" was the battle cry of the war for independence that was waged until the Mexican Army was routed at San Jacinto, April 21, 1836.

On the capitol grounds at Austin, Texas, stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo, with the inscription: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

LXXX

THE HERMITAGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

ANDREW JACKSON'S RETREAT IN THE INTERVALS OF HIS PUBLIC SERVICE

Andrew Jackson was a pioneer. From North Carolina he crossed the mountains to what was then the Western District. He was a lawyer, but he wanted to be a farmer also. His first land purchase was made in 1791. This land was lost in the effort to pay the debts of another.

The second effort at farming was more successful. This was begun in 1804, when he bought a tract of some twenty-eight thousand acres, six thousand acres of which he retained permanently as the Hermitage plantation. From the beginning he showed that he had a genius for farming. Crops were large, and his wealth grew rapidly, until he became the wealthiest man in all that country. After a few years he became famous as a breeder of race horses. He owned a track of his own not far from the mansion.

For fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Jackson lived in a log cabin. But they maintained a large establishment. They had their slaves, and they drove in a carriage drawn by four horses. And they entertained royally. Jackson's biographer, James Parton, tells of a Nashville lady who said that she had often been at the Hermitage "when there were in each of the four available rooms not a guest merely, but a family, while the young men and solitary travellers who chanced to drop in dis-

posed themselves on the piazza, or any other shelter about the house."

The log house was still the plantation-house when General Jackson's neighbors gathered to welcome him home as the victor of New Orleans. In the response he gave to their greeting he made a prophecy:

"Years will continue to develop our inherent qualities, until, from being the youngest and the weakest, we shall become the most powerful nation in the universe."

General Jackson was popular with all in the neighborhood of the plantation. To his slaves he was a hero. To his wife he was devoted. Parton says that he always treated her as if she was his pride and glory. And words can faintly describe her devotion to him. She also was popular among the servants; her treatment of them was courteous in the extreme. A visitor to the Hermitage told of being present at the hour of evening devotions. Just before these began the wife of the overseer came into the room. Mrs. Jackson rose and made room for her on the sofa. One of the guests expressed her surprise to a lady sitting next her. "That is the way here," the lady whispered, "and if she had not done it, the General would."

Peter Cartwright, the famous pioneer preacher, told in his Autobiography an incident that revealed the General's nature. Cartwright was preaching, when the pastor of a church, who was with him in the pulpit, leaned forward and whispered, "General Jackson has just come in." The outspoken preacher replied, so that every one could hear: "What is that if General Jackson has come in? In the eyes of God he is no bigger than any other man!" After the service Jackson told

THE HERMITAGE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

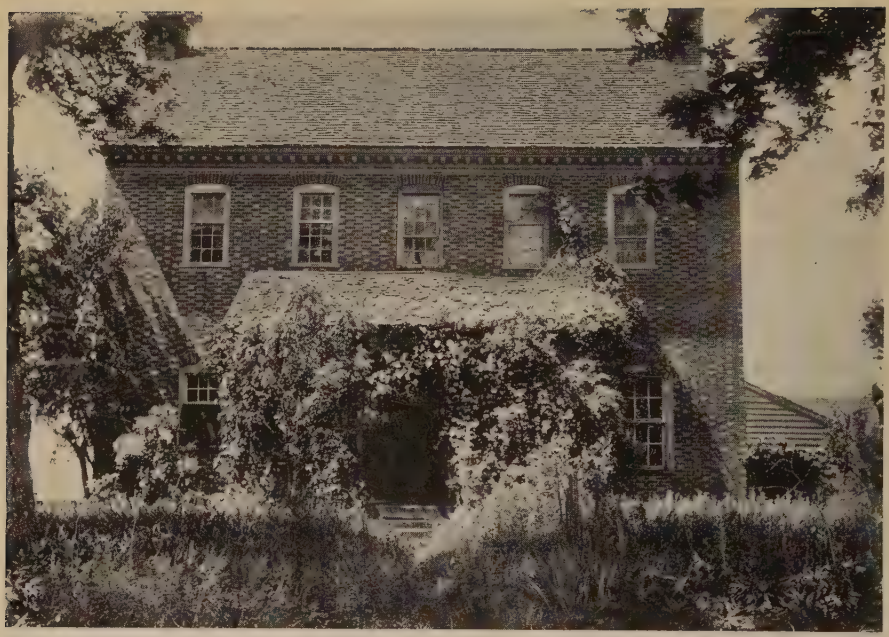
Photo by Wiles, Nashville

See page 351

ASHLAND, LEXINGTON, KY.

Photo by E. C. Hall

See page 355



SPORTSMAN'S HALL, WHITLEY'S STATION, KY.

Photo by Miss M. E. Sacre, Stanford, Ky.

See page 359

WHITE HAVEN, ST. LOUIS

Photo furnished by Albert Wenzlick

See page 362

Mr. Cartwright of his hearty approval of the sentiment.

That there might be more room for entertaining passing strangers like Mr. Cartwright, as well as hosts of friends, Jackson began to build The Hermitage in 1819, of brick made on the plantation. When this house was burned in 1836, a new house was built on the old foundation, and with the same general plan. The building has the rather unusual length of 104 feet. Six pillars support the roof in front and in rear.

Between the building of the first house and its successor came most of Jackson's political career. During this period also was the visit of General Lafayette. On this occasion the Frenchman, recognizing the pair of pistols which he had given to Washington in 1778, said that he had a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of one so worthy of possessing them. "Yes, I believe myself to be worthy of them," Jackson began his reply, in words that seemed far less modest than the conclusion proved them; for he added: "if not for what I have done, at least for what I wished to do, for my country."

The Hermitage never seemed the same place to Jackson after the death of his wife, on December 22, 1828, only a few days after his first election to the presidency.

Two years after his final return from Washington, after attending service at the little Presbyterian church on the estate, he begged the pastor, Dr. Edgar, to return home with him. The pastor was unable to accept, but promised to be on hand early in the morning. All night the General read and prayed. Next morning, when Dr. Edgar came, he asked to be admitted to the Church.

Parton says that from this time to the end of his life "General Jackson spent most of his leisure hours in

reading the Bible, Biblical commentaries, and the hymn-book, which last he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, *hime*-book. The work known as 'Scott's Bible' was his chief delight; he read it through twice before he died. Nightly he read prayers in the presence of his family and household servants."

Soon after he united with the Church, the congregation wished to choose him to the office of elder. "No," he said, "I am too young in the Church for such an office. My countrymen have given me high honors, but I should esteem the office of ruling elder in the Church of Christ a far higher honor than any I have ever received."

For six years he continued to be an unofficial member of the church. Then, on June 8, 1845, he said to those who had gathered about his death-bed: "I am my God's. I belong to Him. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

Less than two months before his death, when the President and Directors of the National Institute proposed that an imported sarcophagus in their possession be set apart for his last resting-place, he declined, because he wished to lie by the side of his wife, in the garden of The Hermitage.

Until 1888 Andrew Jackson, Jr., and after his death, his widow occupied the house, during the last thirty-two years of this period as caretakers for the State, which had bought the property for $48,000. Since 1889 the mansion and twenty-five acres of ground have been cared for by the Ladies' Hermitage Association.

LXXXI

ASHLAND, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS

Henry Clay's mother, having married Captain Henry Watkins, moved from Hanover, Virginia, to Woodford County, Kentucky, in 1792. As soon as the future statesman was admitted to practice in the Virginia Court of Appeals, he decided to follow her. Accordingly, in November, 1797, he became a resident of Lexington. Three years later the *Kentucke Gazette,* the first paper published west of the mountains, told of "an eloquent oration" that was "delivered by Henry Clay, Esquire."

The year before the young lawyer received this flattering notice he married Lavinia Hart, of Lexington. Seven years were spent in rented quarters, but in 1806 he purchased an estate about a mile and a half from town.

Clay took the keenest pleasure in the estate. Once he wrote to a friend:

"I am in one respect better off than Moses. He died in sight of and without reaching the Promised Land. I occupy as good a farm as any he would have found had he reached it, and 'Ashland' has been acquired not by hereditary descent but by my own labor."

However, it was only at intervals that the proud owner was able to enjoy Ashland. After 1803 the longest period of residence was six years, and this was toward the close of his life.

The management of the property was largely in the hands of Mrs. Clay, and the prosperity of the plantation was proof of her capability. From Washington he wrote frequently of things he would like to see done. He was especially interested in blooded stock which he secured in the East and abroad. Once he wrote proudly of the fact that there were on the estate specimens of "the Maltese ass, the Arabian horse, the Merino and Saxe Merino sheep, the English Hereford and Durham cattle, the goat, the mule and the hog." His race horses were famous, and he delighted to handle them himself. He also liked to feed the pigs, even when he was an old man.

There were many slaves at Ashland, and they were all attached to their master. His will provided for their emancipation, under wise conditions. Once, when a friend bequeathed him twenty-five slaves, he sent them to Liberia, by way of New Orleans.

Harriet Martineau, who visited Ashland in 1835, told of her pleasant impression of the place and its owner:

"I stayed some weeks in the house of a wealthy landowner in Kentucky. Our days were passed in great luxury, and the hottest of them very idly. The house was in the midst of grounds gay with verdure and flowers, in the opening month of June, and our favorite seats were the steps of the hall, and chairs under the trees. From there we could watch the play of the children on the grass plot, and some of the drolleries of the little negroes. . . . There were thirty-three horses in the stables, and we roved about the neighboring country accordingly. . . ."

As the years passed visitors flocked to Ashland in ever-increasing numbers. Many of them were politi-

cians, but more were plain people who were devoted to Clay and could not understand why the country refused to elect him President. In 1844, during his longest period of continuous residence at Ashland, he received word of the disappointing result of the election. After a few days, when he was walking on the turnpike near the house, he was startled by a woman who, on passing him, burst into tears. When he asked her why she wept, she said:

"I have lost my father, my husband, and my children, and passed through other painful trials; but all of them together have not given me so much sorrow as the late disappointment of your friends."

A story is also told of a bride and groom who visited Ashland on the day the news of defeat was received. The journey was continued down the Mississippi River. On the boat the groom was taken seriously ill. The physician who was called to attend him was puzzled to define the ailment until the bride said that the cause was the defeat of Henry Clay. The old doctor threw his arms about the patient's neck and cried, "There is no cure for a complaint like that."

The sting of defeat was forgotten one day in 1845. Mr. Clay was in his bank in Lexington, prepared to pay a part of the indebtedness that had all but swamped him, so that he felt he might have to sacrifice Ashland. The bank told him that about $50,000 had been deposited in the bank by his friends from all parts of the country, enough to pay all his debts. He never knew the names of the generous friends who had made possible the retention of the property.

He thought he was to spend the remainder of his days

at home, and that he would die there in peace. One day he said, in an address in Lexington, "I felt like an old stag which has been long coursed by the hunters and the hounds, through brakes and briars, and over distant plains, and has at last returned to his ancient lair to lay himself down and die."

Again in 1848 he tasted defeat, though on this occasion it was in the nominating convention, not in the election. In the trying days that followed he was sustained by his Christian faith. He had been baptized in the parlor at Ashland on June 22, 1847. The reality of his religious convictions was seen one day by what he said to a company of friends who had been talking in a despairing manner of the future of the country. Pointing to the Bible on the table, he said, "Gentlemen, I do not know anything but that Book which can reconcile us to such events."

In 1849 Clay was sent to the United States Senate because the legislature of Kentucky felt that he was needed to help in the solution of questions raised by the Mexican War. He spent three years in Washington, then died in the midst of his work. After a journey that showed what a place he had won in the hearts of the people, his body was taken to Lexington. The catafalque lay in state in Ashland over one night. Next day the body was buried near Lexington.

His son, James B. Clay, who purchased the estate at auction, tore down the house because of its weakened foundations, but rebuilt it of the same materials, on the old site, and on almost the identical plans. Both outside and inside the mansion has practically the appearance of the original.

Before the Civil War Ashland was purchased by the

State College, but in 1882 it became the property of Major Henry Clay McDowell, whose widow lived there for many years. She was the daughter of Henry Clay, Jr., whose death at the Battle of Buena Vista was a sore blow to one who was always a fond father.

LXXXII

SPORTSMAN'S HALL, WHITLEY'S STATION, KENTUCKY

THE HOME OF THE MAN WHO KILLED TECUMSEH

"Then, Billy, if I was you, I would go and see!"

Thus replied Esther Whitley of Augusta, Virginia, to her husband William Whitley, when, early in 1775, he had told her that he had a fine report of Kentucky, and that he thought they could get their living in the frontier settlements with less hard work than was required in Virginia.

Whitley took his wife at her word. Two days later, with axe and plow and gun and kettle, he was on his way over the mountains. Daniel Boone had not yet marked out the Wilderness Road that was to become the great highway of emigration from Virginia to Kentucky. At first his only companion was his brother-in-law, George Clark, but on the way seven others joined the party.

During the next six years he was one of the trusted pioneers at Boonesborough and Harrod's Fort, two stations on the Wilderness Road. When he had a house

ready for his wife, he returned to Virginia, and brought her to Kentucky. It is said that she was the third white woman to cross the Cumberland Mountains, Mrs. Daniel Boone and her daughter being the first and second. The claim has been made that their daughter, Louisa, who was born in Boonesborough, was the first white child born in the present limits of Kentucky.

Louisa was perhaps four years old when Whitley removed to the vicinity of Crab Orchard, the famous assembling place for parties about to take the dangerous journey back to Virginia. Two miles from the settlement he built Whitley's Fort. In 1788 he felt able to build for his growing family the first brick house in Kentucky. The brick were brought from Virginia, and the man who laid the brick was given a farm of five hundred acres for his services. The windows were placed high above the ground to prevent the Indians from shooting in at the occupants. The window-glass was carried across the mountains in pack-saddles. The stairway had twenty-one steps, and on these steps were carved the heads of thirteen eagles to represent the original thirteen Colonies. The doors were made of wood, elaborately carved, and were in two layers, a heavy sheet of iron being placed between these. The old-time leather hinges are still in use.

The owner laid out on his property the first race track in Kentucky, and he called his house Sportsman's Hall. In its walls scores of settlers found refuge in time of danger. Famous men sat with Mr. and Mrs. Whitley at their hospitable table, among these being Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, and General Harrison.

Until his death at the battle of the Thames in 1813 Whitley was one of the chief defenders of the settlers

against the Indians. On his powder horn he cut the lines:

William Whitley, I am your horne,
The truth I love, a lie I scorne,
Fill me with the best of powder,
I'll make your rifle crack the louder.

See how the dread, terrifick ball
Makes Indians blench at Toreys fall,
You with powder I'll supply
For to defend your liberty.

One day in 1785 a messenger came to Whitley's Fort with the tidings that Indians had captured a mother and her babe, after killing three older children. Mr. Whitley was not at home, but Mrs. Whitley sent for him. In the meantime she collected a company of twenty rescuers. On his return Whitley placed himself at their head, pursued the Indians, and rescued the prisoners.

The title Colonel was given to Whitley in 1794, when he commanded the Nickerjack expedition against the Tennessee Indians, who had been conducting foraging expeditions into Kentucky. The march was conducted with such secrecy and despatch that the enemy were taken by surprise, and were completely routed.

The last of his campaigns took place in Canada against the British, French, and Indians in 1813. Many claim that before he received his mortal wound in the battle of the Thames, he fired the shot that killed Tecumseh, the chief who had given so much trouble to the settlers of Kentucky and Indiana. Others say that the shot was fired by a Colonel Johnson.

The body of the Indian fighter rests in an unknown grave hundreds of miles from the territory he helped

to wrest from the Indians, but the brick house he built near Crab Orchard is still one of the historic buildings of Kentucky.

LXXXIII

WHITE HAVEN, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT COURTED JULIA DENT

Immediately after Ulysses Simpson Grant graduated from West Point, he was sent to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis. His military duties were not so arduous that he was unable to accept the invitation of Fred Dent, a former roommate at West Point, to go with him to the Dent homestead on the Gravois Road, four miles from the Barracks.

The young second lieutenant did not have to be urged to repeat his visit. In fact he went so often that the road between the Barracks and the Dent farm became as familiar to him as his old haunts on the banks of the Hudson. He did not meet Julia Dent at first, for she was absent at school, but he found enough attraction in a sister to make him a frequent visitor.

Then came the eventful day when he met seventeen-year-old Julia. The courtship was by no means a long-drawn-out affair; the young people were engaged before Grant was ordered to the Mexican border, though the fact was not announced until his return to St. Louis in May, 1845. The marriage took place in August, 1848, after the close of the Mexican War.

For some years Mrs. Grant was a soldier's wife.

Grant took her with him to Detroit, but he left her at her old home in St. Louis when he was transferred to the Pacific Coast. In 1853 he accepted a commission as captain, which he soon resigned, determining to return to the East. Several unfortunate speculations had left him without funds, and he was indebted to a friend in San Francisco for transportation.

"I rejoined my family to find in it a son whom I had never seen, born while I was on the Isthmus of Panama," Grant said in his "Personal Memoirs." "I was now to commence, at the age of thirty-two, a new struggle for our support. My wife had a farm near St. Louis, to which we went, but I had no means to stock it. A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way."

After working as a farm laborer for a time, he built a cabin on sixty acres given to Mrs. Grant by her father. "Hardscrabble," as he called the four-room log house, was the home of the Grant family for several years. This cabin, which was on the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and White Haven, must both be counted homes of the family at this period. Fred, Nellie, and Jesse Grant were all born in White Haven.

Ready money was scarce, but the father of a growing family felt the necessity of providing for their wants. "If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale," he wrote in his Memoirs. "I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely and for a long time from the disease while a boy in Ohio. It lasted now

over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops and farming utensils at auction, and gave up farming."

The family remained at White Haven for a time, and Grant tried to make a living in the real estate business. His partner was a cousin of Mrs. Grant. The income of the business was not sufficient for two families, so he soon gave up the attempt. "He doesn't seem to be just calculated for business, but an honester, more generous man never lived," was the remark of one who knew him at this time.

In the meantime he had taken his family to St. Louis. He made one further attempt to support them there. Learning that there was a vacancy in the office of county engineer, he applied for the position, but the appointment was to be made by the members of the county court, and he did not have sufficient influence to secure it. So the move to Galena, Illinois, in May, 1860, became necessary. There, in the leather business, he earned but eight hundred dollars a year. And he had a family of six to feed.

A year later he responded to the call of President Lincoln, and began the army service that made him famous.

White Haven was built in 1808 by Captain John Long, who had won his title during the Revolution. Later the house and three hundred acres of the original farm were sold to Frederick Dent, who, at one period, had ninety slaves in the slave quarters still to be seen at the rear of the house.

Through Mrs. Grant the entire property came into the

possession of General Grant. At the time of the failure of Grant & Ward, the farm was pledged to William H. Vanderbilt, who sold it to Captain Fuller H. Conn of St. Louis. Captain Conn disposed of it in a number of parcels. One of these, containing fifteen acres and the old homestead, was purchased by Albert Wenzlick, who makes his summer home in the house where Ulysses S. Grant met Julia Dent.

EIGHT: ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEW ENGLAND

In verdurous tumult far away
The prairie billows gleam,
Upon their crests in blessing rests
The noontide's gracious beam.
Low quivering vapors steaming dim
The level splendors break
Where languid lilies deck the rim
Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the east like low-hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie;
Far in the west the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.
No accent wounds the reverent air,
No footprint dints the sod,—
Lone in the light the prairie lies,
Wrapt in a dream of God.

JOHN HAY.

EIGHT: ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEW ENGLAND

LXXXIV

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

FROM WHICH PRESIDENT-ELECT LINCOLN WENT TO WASHINGTON IN 1861

When Abraham Lincoln entered Springfield, in 1837, he did not own a house; in fact he did not own much of anything. Joshua Speed is quoted by Ida Tarbell thus:

"He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddle-bags containing a few clothes. . . . Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-bags on his arm. He said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The mattress, blankets, sheets, coverlid, and pillow . . . would cost seventeen dollars. He said that perhaps was cheap enough; but small as the price was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer was a success, he would pay then, saying in the saddest tone, 'If I fail in this I do not know that I can ever pay you.'"

The storekeeper thereupon proposed that the young lawyer should share his own room above the store. Lincoln promptly accepted, went upstairs, and in a moment

was down again. With dry humor he said: "Well, Speed, I am moved."

Lincoln longed for better quarters, however, because he wanted to be married. He watched with interest the new buildings that were going up, probably reflecting sadly that none of them were for him. In his discouragement he wrote to Miss Mary Owen of New Salem, to whom he had said something about coming to live with him in Springfield:

"You would have to be poor, without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently? Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented. And there is nothing I can imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no sign of discontent in you."

Miss Owen declined to go to Springfield, because she felt that Lincoln was "deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness."

Five years later, on November 4, 1842, Lincoln married Miss Mary Todd, a member of a prominent Kentucky family, who had come to Springfield in 1839 to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards. The house in which she spent the three years before her marriage was one of the handsomest in the town, and was a centre of social gayety. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards opposed the marriage to the poor and plebeian lawyer; they urged the folly of exchanging a cultured home for the surroundings to which Lincoln would take her. But she knew her own mind, and she went with Lincoln to the home he provided for her.

Photo by E. C. Hall

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

See page 369

Photo furnished by Frank H. Curtis, Vincennes

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S HOUSE, VINCENNES, IND.

See page 376

RUFUS PUTNAM'S HOUSE, MARIETTA, O.

Photo furnished by Miss Willia D. Cotton, Marietta

See page 377

THE SCHUYLER MANSION, ALBANY, N. Y.

Photo furnished by Hon. Martin H. Glynn, Albany

See page 391

The character of the accommodations to which he took his bride is revealed by a letter written in May, 1843: "We are not keeping house, but boarding at the Globe Tavern. . . . Boarding only costs four dollars a week."

But the day came when the young statesman was able to open for Mrs. Lincoln the door of their own modest one-story house. Later a second story was added under the direction of his wife, most of the work being done while he was away from home, riding the circuit.

J. G. Holland's pleasing picture of life in the home during the years from 1850 to 1860 should be remembered:

"It was to him a time of rest, of reading, of social happiness, and of professional prosperity. He was already a father, and took an almost unbounded delight in his children. The most that he could say to any rebel in his household was, 'You break my heart, when you act like this.' A young man bred in Springfield speaks of a vision that has clung to his memory very vividly. . . . His way to school led by the lawyer's door. On almost any fair summer morning he could find Mr. Lincoln on the sidewalk in front of his house, drawing a child backward and forward, in a child's gig. Without hat or coat, and wearing a pair of rough shoes, his hands behind him holding on to the tongue of the gig, and his tall form bent forward to accommodate himself to the service, he paced up and down the walk forgetful of everything around him. The young man says he remembers wondering how so rough and plain a man should live in so respectable a house."

Once Lincoln was sitting on the porch when three-year-old Willie escaped from the bathtub, ran out of the house and the gate, up the street, and into a field. There

his father caught him, and carried him home on his shoulder.

The children liked to ride on his shoulder, and they clambered for the position. If they could not get there, they contented themselves with hanging to his coat tails. One day a neighbor heard the boys crying, and asked what was the matter. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," was Lincoln's reply. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

During the last day of the Republican Convention of 1860, which was in session in Chicago, Lincoln was in the office of the Springfield *Journal,* receiving word of the progress of events. A messenger came in and said to him, "The Convention has made a nomination, and Mr. Seward is—the second man on the list!" After reading the telegram, and receiving the congratulations of all in the office, Lincoln spoke of the little woman on Eighth Street who had some interest in the matter, and said he would go home and tell her the news.

When the news became generally known, the citizens followed him to the house on Eighth Street. In the evening, after a meeting in the State House, the Republicans present marched to the Lincoln home. The nominee made a speech, and invited as many as could get in to enter the house. "After the fourth of March we will give you a larger house," came the laughing response.

Next day Lincoln was in a quandary. Some of his friends had sent him a present of wines and other liquors, that he might be able to give what they thought would be appropriate refreshment to the Committee sent from Chicago to notify the nominee. Before the formal notification, Lincoln asked the members what he should

do with the wine. J. G. Holland says that "the chairman at once advised him to return the gift, and to offer no stimulants to his guests."

A few years later, when he had closed the house which he was never to enter again, he said to his friends, who had gathered at the train to say good-bye:

"My friends: no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

When the body of the martyred President was brought back to Springfield on May 3, 1865, it was not taken to the old home on Eighth Street, but to the State Capitol, and from there to Oak Ridge Cemetery.

The house is now the property of the State of Illinois, the gift of Robert T. Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's son.

LXXXV

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT VINCENNES, INDIANA

WHERE "OLD TIPPECANOE" WELCOMED HIS GUESTS

William Henry Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a ward of Robert Morris. The great financier opposed the young man's purpose to enlist in the Ohio campaign against the Indians that followed the war of the Revolution, but when young Harrison applied directly to Washington he was appointed ensign and sent to the front. This was in 1791, and the new ensign was but nineteen years old.

Gallant conduct during a campaign of four years under General Anthony Wayne brought to him promotion to a captaincy, the favor of his general, and the command of Fort Washington, at what is now Cincinnati, Ohio.

This post was resigned in 1798, when there seemed no further prospect of active service. Thereupon Washington appointed the twenty-four-year-old captain Secretary of the Northwestern Territory and *ex officio* Lieutenant Governor. When, in 1800, the Northwestern Territory was divided, he was nominated by Thomas Jefferson Governor of Indiana Territory, including what is now Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

Vincennes, one of the three white settlements in all this vast territory, became the seat of government. As Fort Sackville Vincennes had been made famous during

the Revolution by the brilliant exploit of George Rogers Clarke, who took it from the British after an approach across Illinois and through the flooded valley of the Wabash, for which he will ever be remembered by a grateful country.

For thirteen years he was the autocrat in his remote outpost. To him were committed, in company with the Judge, all legislative powers; he was commander-in-chief of the militia, and he had the power of treaty-making with the Indians. His signature became a valid title to lands in the Indian country. His care of the interests committed to him was so satisfactory that the legislature of Indiana asked for his reappointment. He was especially successful in dealing with the Indians. The victory at Tippecanoe became a rallying cry when, in 1839, he was nominated for the Presidency.

One of the most notable events of his career as Governor took place before his house at Vincennes. The Indian warrior Tecumseh, claiming that lands ceded by other tribes belonged to his own tribe, threatened vengeance on any who should attempt to settle on these lands. General Harrison sent for him, promising to give him a careful hearing and full justice. Accordingly, in August, 1810, Tecumseh came to Vincennes, accompanied by several hundred warriors. The meeting of the Governor and the Indians took place in front of the official residence. At one point in the conference, Tecumseh, being angry, gave a signal to his warriors, who seized their knives, tomahawks, and war clubs and sprang to their feet.

The Governor rose calmly from his armchair, drew his sword, and faced the savage. His bearing overawed the Indians, and when he told Tecumseh that he could have

no further conference with such a bad man, the chief and his supporters returned to their camp.

The house that looked down on this scene was probably the first house of burned brick built west of the Alleghenies. It was erected in 1804, at a cost of about twenty thousand dollars.

The walls of the basement are twenty-four inches thick; the upper walls are eighteen inches thick. The outer walls are of hard red brick. The doors, sash, mantels, and stairs are of black walnut, and are said to have been made in Pittsburgh.

The basement contains the dining-room, the kitchen, in which hangs the old-fashioned crane, a storeroom in which the supplies of powder and arms were kept, and four servants' bedrooms. At one side of the large cellar is the entrance to a tunnel which led to the banks of the Wabash, some six hundred feet distant. This was built, so tradition says, that the Governor and his family, if too closely pressed by Indians, might escape to the river and continue their flight in canoes. This would be useful also for the carrying in of water and food during a siege.

On the first floor a commodious hallway communicates on the left with the Council Chamber, where notable visitors were received. This was also the chamber of early territorial lawmakers. Here, in 1805, by Rev. Thomas Clelland, was preached the first Presbyterian sermon in what is now the State of Indiana.

In the shutter of a room facing the rear is the mark of a bullet which, it is said, was fired by an Indian who was attempting the life of the Governor, while that official was walking the floor with his little son in his arms.

To-day the house is cut off from the city by railroad tracks and is surrounded by factories. Until 1916 it was owned by the Vincennes Water Company, which proposed to raze it to the ground, that they might have room for extension. Learning of this purpose, six members of the Francis Vigo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution begged the City Council to buy the house and preserve it. When the Council announced that the way was not open to do this, a number of patriotic women, led by Mrs. Frank W. Curtis, raised the sum necessary for the purchase of the property.

Under the direction of the Francis Vigo Chapter, the house has been restored, and opened for visitors. It is the intention to maintain it for the inspiration of those who visit Vincennes to look on the scene of the wise labors of the first Governor of the Indian Territory.

LXXXVI

THE HOUSE OF GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM, MARIETTA, OHIO

THE MAN WHO LED THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLERS TO OHIO

In 1775 General Washington decided that he must fortify Dorchester Heights, Boston, if he was to force the British to leave the country. But how was he to do this? The ground was frozen to a depth of eighteen inches, and the enemy's cannon commanded the coveted position. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam told the General that the seemingly impossible task could be performed.

Washington was dubious, but he had learned that Colonel Putnam was to be counted on. One night, after dark, the work was begun, and before daylight it was so far completed that the surprised enemy were compelled to retire.

In recognition of services like this, Colonel Putnam was made a brigadier general. A reward even greater was his; he won the lasting friendship of Washington.

Eight years after the fortification of Dorchester Heights, two hundred and eighty-three officers asked Congress for a grant of land in the western country. General Putnam forwarded the petition to Washington, and urged that it be granted, in order that "the country between Lake Erie and the Ohio might be filled with inhabitants, and the faithful subjects of the United States so established on the waters of the Ohio and on the lakes as to banish forever the idea of our western territory falling under the dominion of any European power."

Action by Congress was delayed. On June 2, 1784, Washington wrote to Putnam:

"I wish it was in my power to give you a more favorable account of the officers' petition for lands on the Ohio and its water, than I am about to do. . . . For surely if justice and gratitude to the army, and general policy of the Union were to govern in the case, there would not be the smallest interruption in granting the request."

Putnam did not lose heart. His next step, taken in January, 1786, was to call a meeting of officers and soldiers and others to form an Ohio Company. The meeting was held at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, in Boston, March 1, 1786, and the Ohio Company of Associates was duly formed. It was agreed to raise a fund to purchase

from Congress, for purposes of settlement, the western lands which Congress had been asked to give them.

On July 27, 1787, a tract of 1,500,000 acres on the Ohio River, between the Scioto and the Muskingum rivers, was sold to the Company at sixty-six and two-thirds cents per acre. Half the amount was paid down. When, later, it became impossible to pay the remainder, Congress gave a measure of relief.

The first emigrants to go to the new lands set out from Danvers, Massachusetts, December 1, 1787, under the guidance of General Rufus Putnam, while a second party started from Hartford, Connectcut, January 1, 1788. The first party of twenty-two men followed the Indian trail over the Allegheny Mountains and reached the Youghiogheny River, on January 23, 1788, while the second party of twenty-eight men, making better time, joined them on February 14. Then a barge, called the *Mayflower,* was built, forty-six feet long and twelve feet wide. A cabin was provided for the women of the party, and an awning was stretched. The men propelled the boat with ten oars.

On April 1 the voyage to the Ohio was begun, and on April 7 the party reached the mouth of the Muskingum. The barge was moored to the bank, opposite Fort Harmar. Thus came the Massachusetts pioneers to the town of which Washington wrote later: " No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at Muskingum. Information, property, and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community."

Here the pioneers laid out the town of Marietta

among the famous Indian mounds, naming it in honor of Marie Antoinette of France. The greatest mound of all was made the central feature of Marie Antoinette Square. This mound is thirty feet high, while the circular base is 375 feet in circumference. It is surrounded by a moat fifteen feet wide and five feet deep. Beyond the moat is a parapet twenty feet thick and 385 feet in circumference. This square was leased to General Putnam for twelve years, on condition that he "surround the whole square with mulberry trees with an elm at each corner." The base of the mound was to be encircled with weeping willows, and evergreens were to be placed on the mound. The parapet was to be surrounded with trees, the square was to be seeded down to grass, and the whole was to be enclosed with a post and rail fence. This effort to create a park at the very beginning was an unusual feature of this pioneer experience.

An enclosure of logs, with a log fort at each corner, was built for protection against the Indians. Between the corner forts were the cabins occupied by the various families. The forts and the enclosure were named the Campus Martius. One of the early houses built within this stockade became the home of General Putnam.

Marie Antoinette Square soon became known as Mound Square. General Putnam turned over his lease to the town, which set the property aside as a cemetery. Many of the settlers had died during two epidemics of smallpox, and there was need of a cemetery nearer the town than the ground set aside at the beginning.

It is claimed that more officers of the Revolution have been buried in the Mound Cemetery than in any other cemetery in the country. There were twelve colonels, twelve majors, and twenty-two captains among the

Marietta pioneers. When General Lafayette was in Marietta in 1825, the list was read to him, and he said: "I knew them all. I saw them at Brandywine, Yorktown, and Rhode Island. They were the bravest of the brave."

Over Putnam's grave is the following inscription:

Gen. Rufus Putnam
A Revolutionary Officer
And the leader of the
Colony which made the
First settlement in the
Territory of the Northwest.
Born April 9, 1738
Died May 4, 1824.

The house occupied by "the Father of Ohio," as he has been called, is preserved as a historical monument. In 1917 the Daughters of the American Revolution and Marietta succeeded in persuading the Ohio Legislature to pass a bill making provision for its repair and care.

LXXXVII

MONUMENT PLACE, ELM GROVE, WEST VIRGINIA

THE PLANTATION HOME OF TWO MAKERS OF HISTORY

At Shepherdstown, the oldest town in what is now West Virginia, Moses Shepherd was born on November 11, 1763. His grandfather had founded the town.

When Moses was about seven years old his father, Colonel Shepherd, removed his large family to his plan-

tation between Big Wheeling and Little Creek, which is now included within the limits of Elm Grove. On the banks of the creek he built Fort Shepherd, that the settlers for miles around might have a place of refuge from the Indians. Of this fort Colonel Shepherd was in command till it was destroyed by the Indians in 1777. The family was hastily removed to Fort Henry, nearer the present site of Wheeling. There they were hard pressed by the Indians. Moses, along with other children, assisted in the defence by moulding bullets and carrying ammunition.

Word went out to the neighboring strongholds of the endangered settlers at Fort Henry. Captain John Boggs, then at Catfish Camp (now Washington, Pennsylvania), hurried to the assistance of Colonel Shepherd with forty armed men. With him was his daughter, Lydia, who took her place with Moses and the other young people as an assistant to the defenders.

She was there when Molly Scott made her sally from the fort in search of shot, and she saw the heroine bring it in in her apron. She witnessed also the attempt of Major Samuel McColloch to enter the fort at the head of a squad of men which he had brought from Fort Van Meter, a few miles away. With joy she saw the men enter the gate of the fort, and her heart was in her mouth when she saw that McColloch, who was her cousin, was unable to follow because the Indians had managed to get between him and the gate. At last the gate was closed, lest the Indians gain entrance, and the gallant Major was left to his fate.

The Indians thought they could capture him easily. They hemmed him on Wheeling Hill, on three sides. On the fourth side was a rocky precipice almost sheer, cov-

ered with growth of trees and bushes. But the savages were not to have such an easy victory after all, for Major McColloch urged his horse over the brow of the steep hill, and, to the astonishment of all, slipped, slid, and fell to the bottom, where the way across the creek and to safety was comparatively easy.

The Indians were finally driven away, but not until Moses Shepherd had made the acquaintance of Lydia Boggs, his companion in service at the fort. They were married later. In 1798, after the death of Colonel David Shepherd, Colonel Moses Shepherd took her to the palatial new home built on the site of the second Fort Shepherd, near the banks of Wheeling Creek. This house, which was called at first the Shepherd Mansion or the Stone House, later became known as the Monument Place.

The story of the third name, which still persists, is interesting. When, during Jefferson's administration, certain farsighted statesmen advocated the building of a National Highway which should connect Washington with Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, Colonel Shepherd became one of the earnest and influential advocates of the road. He was a friend of Henry Clay, to whose indefatigable advocacy of the road was due much of the success of the venture. Clay was frequently a guest of the Shepherds, and in the stately stone house he talked with them about the difficulties, progress, and final triumph.

When the road was an accomplished fact Colonel and Mrs. Shepherd caused to be built on the lawn a stone monument dedicated to their friend, in appreciation of his service. The monument, whose inscriptions have become illegible, is in plain sight from the Cumberland

Road, or, as it came to be called, the National Road, just before it makes a sharp turn to cross the sturdy stone bridge over Little Wheeling Creek. Possibly this was one of the bridges Colonel Shepherd constructed. At any rate he was a contractor for a section of the road, and several bridges were erected by him.

Along the Cumberland Road, which was the great highway between the East and the West, travelled home-seekers outward bound and business men and politicians to whom Washington beckoned irresistibly. Among the regular travellers at this and later periods were Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, General Houston, James K. Polk, and others who made it a point never to pass the Shepherd Mansion without stopping. One of the early politicians who frequented the house, attracted there by Mrs. Shepherd, said: "She had a powerful intellect in her younger days. Many of our caucuses were held in her drawing-room. She could keep a secret better than most women, but her love of sarcasm and intrigue kept her from being very effective."

Mrs. Shepherd, in fun, had criticisms to offer of some of her visitors. Once she spoke of Burton, Clay, and Webster as "those young men, promising, but crude, crude."

She was accustomed to go every winter with her husband to Washington, where she would spend a few months during the season. They always travelled in a coach and four and they lived in great style at the Capital. There she was sought for her beauty, for her eccentricities, and her familiarity with private political life.

Colonel Shepherd died in 1832. In 1833 Mrs. Shepherd married General Daniel Cruger, a New York Con-

gressman, who spent the last years of his life in West Virginia.

After the General's death in 1843 Mrs. Cruger lived at Monument Place, receiving visitors as of old, and increasing in the eccentricities that kept any one from being her warm admirer. Always she proved herself an unusual woman. "If fate had placed her in the compressed centre of a court, instead of in the inconsequent hurly-burly of a republic, she would have made for herself a great place in history," Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis once wrote of her.

She was still managing a large plantation during the Civil War, when a visitor dropped in to see her who has left the following picture of what she saw:

"We saw a well-built house of dressed stone, very large and solid, with the usual detached kitchen and long row of 'negro quarters.' . . .

"Mrs. Cruger's age was told by the skin of face and hands, which were like crumpled parchment, but the lips were firm and the eyes, deep set in wrinkled lids, were still dark and keen. She was then one hundred years old.

"We went up to see the ball-room, which was across the whole front of the house, with many windows and a handsome carved marble mantel at each end, and deep closets on both sides of these fire-places.

"Like Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Cruger would seem to have kept all her fine clothes. The whole walls were hung thick with dresses of silk and satin and velvet pelisses trimmed with fur; braided riding-habits; mantles of damasked black silk; band-boxes piled from floor to ceiling full of wonderful bonnets, some of tremendous size, fine large leghorn straw, costing from fifty to one hundred dollars; also veils that would reach to the knee of fine old English lace; gold and silver

ruching; and fine embroidered cashmere turbans, a perfect museum of fashion from 1800 to 1840."

To another visitor Mrs. Cruger explained that it had long been her custom to put aside each year two gowns made in the fashion of that year.

In her old age she liked to be alone. Frequently she would send every one from the house that she might bathe at night. Once her physician urged her to keep her maid near her. "Why?" she asked; "because I am afraid? afraid of what? of death? Death will not come to me for twenty years yet." She was then ninety years old, and she lived to be nearly one hundred and two. She is buried, by the side of her two husbands, in Old Stone Church Cemetery on the hill above Elm Grove. A rough monument carries inscriptions to the memory of the three pioneers whose lives, as has been pointed out by a local historian, "covered the Indian War, the Colonial Period, the War of the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War."

LXXXVIII

THE CASTLE AT FORT NIAGARA, NEW YORK

THE OLDEST BUILDING IN THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES, WEST OF THE MOHAWK

"The story of Fort Niagara is peculiarly the story of the fur trade and the strife for commercial monopoly," Frank H. Severance of the Buffalo Historical Society said in an address delivered at the fort in 1896; "and it is, too, in considerable measure, the story of our

neighbor, the magnificent colony of Canada. . . . It is a story replete with incidents of battle and siege, of Indian cruelty, of patriot captivity, of white men's duplicity, of famine, disease, and death,—of all the varied forms of misery and wretchedness of a frontier post, which we in days of ease are wont to call picturesque and romantic. It is a story without a dull page, and it is two and a half centuries long. . . . I cannot better tell the story . . . then to symbolize Fort Niagara as a beaver skin, held by an Indian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Dutchman, each of the last three trying to pull it away from the others (the poor Dutchman early bowled over in the scuffle), and each European equally eager to placate the Indian with fine words, with prayers, or with brandy, or to stick a knife into his white brother's back."

The story begins in 1669, with the first efforts of the French to secure possession of the Niagara country. It includes also the romance of the building of the *Griffon,* the first vessel on the Great Lakes, and the episode of the early fortification of the late seventeenth century. But it was not until 1726, the year of the building of the stone castle near the mouth of the Niagara River, that the fort had its real beginning. The French felt compelled to build the fort because the activity of the English was interfering with their own fur trade with the Indians, and their plan to build Fort Oswego would increase the difficulty. No time was to be lost; Governor Joncaire felt that he could not wait for the approval of the authorities at home. To these latter he sent word that he must build a fortress, and he asked for an appropriation; to the Indians he declared that he wished to have a mere trading station. His real pur-

pose was indicated when he wrote to France that the building " will not have the appearance of a fort, so that no offence will be given to the Iroquois, who have been unwilling to allow any there, but it will answer the purpose of a fort just as well."

The first step was the construction of two barques for use on Lake Ontario, to carry stone and timber for the building, and later, to cruise on the lake and intercept traders bound for Oswego.

After the construction of the barques had been begun, the consent of the five Iroquois nations was secured. Longueuil promised them that it would be to them " a House of Peace " down to the third generation and farther. To Gaspard Chaussegros de Léry, engineer, was committed the building of the structure. He determined to make it fireproof. " Instead of wooden partitions I have built heavy walls, and paved all the floors with flat stone," he wrote in a report sent to France. The loft was paved with flat stones " on a floor full of good oak joists, upon which cannon may be placed above the structure."

The trade with the Indians at the completed stone house on the Niagara increased. So did the activities of the English. Governor Burnet of New York craftily persuaded the Onondaga Indians that their interests had been endangered by the building of the French fort, since it penned them up from their chief hunting-place, and was therefore contrary to the Treaty of Utrecht; they agreed with him that the Iroquois had no right to the territory, which was really the property of the Senecas, and they asked the Governor to appeal to King George to protect them in their right.

Therefore the suggestion was made that they " submit

and give up all their hunting country to the King," and sign a deed for it. Accordingly Seneca, Cayuga, and Onondaga sachems deeded to the English a sixty-mile strip along the south shore of Lake Ontario, which included the Niagara frontier, the Niagara River being the western boundary.

"From this time on the 'stone house' was on British soil; but it was yet to take the new owner a generation to dispossess the obnoxious tenant," Frank H. Severance writes in "An Old Frontier of France."

The story of the next thirty years is a story of plots and counter-plots, of expeditions threatened and actual, of disappointing campaigns, of imprisonment and cruelty and death. More than once Indians promised the English that the house at Niagara should be razed. Spies reported that the defences at the castle were in bad shape; "'tis certain that, should the English once attack it, 'tis theirs," one report ran. "I am informed that the fort is so dilapidated that 'tis impossible to put a pin in it without causing it to crumble; stanchions have been obliged to be set up against it to support it." Another report disclosed that if the cannon were fired the walls would crumble.

But the French were not ready to give up. They felt that Fort Niagara was the key to the Ohio Valley, which they wished to control. They strengthened the defences of the fort. The defeat of Braddock at Fort Du Quesne and the strange decision of General Shirley to stop at Oswego instead of continuing with his force to Niagara, gave the French a new lease of life.

In 1759 came the end of French rule. General Prideaux's expedition from New York began the siege of the fort early in July, and after several weeks it capitu-

lated. Until 1796 the English flag floated above the "castle." The commander of this post, like the commanders of six other forts, refused on various pretexts to surrender to America, in spite of the terms of the treaty of 1783. Attempts were made to secure possession, but none of them were successful, and it was not until 1794 that Great Britain agreed to evacuate Niagara and the other forts still held, "on or before the 1st of June, 1796."

Seventeen years later, in 1813, the British flag again replaced the Stars and Stripes over the historic building, but the fort was restored to the United States in 1815. Since that time it has been a part of the army post that has been more important because of its history than for any other reason.

The Daughters of the War of 1812 have placed a suitable tablet on the Old Castle, and are interested in the proposition that has been made to turn the venerable edifice into an international museum, which shall commemorate the one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and America.

In 1917 the eyes of the nation were once more turned on the fort by Lake Ontario, for it was made a training ground for officers who were to be sent to the battle front in France and Belgium. The castle, nearly two hundred years old, and strong as ever, again witnessed the gathering of patriots, and the spot that had echoed to the tread of French who had yielded to the English, of English who had driven out the French, and of Americans who had driven out the English, became the parade ground of Americans who were making ready to stand side by side with French and English for the freedom of the world.

LXXXIX

THE SCHUYLER MANSION, ALBANY, NEW YORK

THE RALLYING PLACE OF THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS

When Catherine Van Rensselaer married Philip Schuyler, on September 17, 1755, he was a soldier who had been engaged in the campaign against the French at Crown Point. She was glad when he resigned, in 1756, but he returned to army life in 1758 and at intervals for more than twenty years he continued his military service. Two days after the Battle of Bunker Hill Congress made him a major-general. During his three years in the army of the Colonies, he was the subject of continual abuse on the part of those who felt that he had conducted carelessly his expedition to Canada and the campaign against Burgoyne. He was able to stand up against the public clamor because Washington had confidence in him and because he was twice given a clean bill of health by a court of inquiry.

During this season of misunderstanding he was sustained by his wife, who was a remarkable assistant both in his home and in public affairs. During the years when he was frequently incapacitated by gout she carried on much of his work for him, and so enabled him to maintain his place in the councils of the nation.

It was in 1760 that Mrs. Schuyler first showed her great executive ability. While her husband was absent in England, where he had been sent by General Bradstreet, she superintended the erection of a new house, a

spacious mansion of yellow brick that is to-day as staunch as when it was built.

From the beginning the Schuyler mansion, the home of the first citizen of Albany, was noted because of the boundless hospitality of its mistress. All were welcomed who sought its doors. One notable company was made up of nine Catawba warriors from South Carolina, who were on their way to ratify a covenant with the Six Nations at the close of the Cherokee War. They were met at the wharf by Major Schuyler and taken directly to the house.

Among the visitors to Albany in 1776 were three Commissioners appointed by Congress to visit the Army of the North, one of whom, Benjamin Franklin, was so wearied by the journey from Philadelphia that he was sincerely grateful for Mrs. Schuyler's care. One of the Commissioners said later of General Schuyler, "He lives in pretty style, and has two daughters, Betsey and Peggy, lively, agreeable gals." He was delighted to learn that the motto of Philip Schuyler and his household was, "As for me and my house, we will serve our country."

Another of the fortunate men who were privileged to be in the house for a season was Tench Tilghman, an aide-de-camp of General Washington. He wrote in his journal of "Miss Ann Schuyler, a very Pretty Young Lady. A brunette with dark eyes, and a countenance animated and sparkling, as I am told she is." Later he met "Miss Betsey, the General's 2nd Daughter." "I was prepossessed in favor of the Young Lady the moment I saw her," he said. "A Brunette with the most good natured dark lovely eyes I ever saw, which threw a beam of good temper and Benevolence over her entire

countenance. Mr. Livingstone informed me that I was not mistaken in my Conjecture for she was the finest tempered Girl in the World."

Tench Tilghman was to renew the acquaintance in 1779, when Betsey and her parents spent a few months in Morristown, New Jersey. Alexander Hamilton also was there, and he secured Betsey's promise to be his bride.

The marriage took place at the Albany homestead on December 14, 1780. A few months later the young husband, having resigned from the army, was studying law in Albany and was a welcome addition to the Schuyler household.

Two years after the wedding came one of the incidents that has made the mansion famous. Because of the General's influence with the Indian allies of the British, a number of attempts were made to capture him; the British wished to put him where he could not interfere with their plans. One summer day, when Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hamilton's sister Margaret, was in the house with her baby Philip, a party of Tories, Canadians, and Indians surrounded the house and forced an entrance. Mary Gay Humphreys, in "Catherine Schuyler," tells what followed:

"The house was guarded by six men. Their guns were in the hall, the guards being outside and the relief asleep. Lest the small Philip be tempted to play with the guns his mother had them removed. The alarm was given by a servant. The guards rushed for their guns, but they were gone. The family fled upstairs, but Margaret, remembering the baby in the cradle below, ran back, seized the baby, and when she was halfway up the flight, an Indian flung his tomahawk at her head, which,

missing her, buried itself in the wood, and left its historic mark to the present time."

After the attack on the mansion Washington wrote to General Schuyler, begging him to strengthen his guard. The following year the Commander-in-chief was a guest at the mansion, while in 1784 he spent the night there, after an evening consultation with Schuyler, while Mrs. Washington visited with her friend Mrs. Schuyler.

Lafayette, Count de Rochambeau, Baron Steuben, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, John Jay, and Aaron Burr had a taste of the delights of life at the mansion. The latter was destined to defeat General Schuyler for reëlection to the Senate, as he was to be in turn defeated by the General. The British General Burgoyne and his staff also were entertained in the mansion, after General Schuyler's victory at Saratoga, and this in spite of the fact that much of the General's property had been destroyed by Burgoyne's order.

For many years the house was famous as the meeting place of the friends of the young nation. Frequent conferences were held in the library on the proposed constitution. It is said that many sections of the document were written there by Hamilton, and the steps of the campaign for the ratification of the document were outlined within the historic walls. When, at last, the victory was complete, General Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton walked at the head of the gay procession that hailed the news with joy. The whole town was illuminated, but the most brilliantly lighted building was the old mansion.

During the years that followed General Schuyler's health failed gradually, and he became more than ever dependent on his wife. When she died, in 1803, he did

WENTWORTH HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

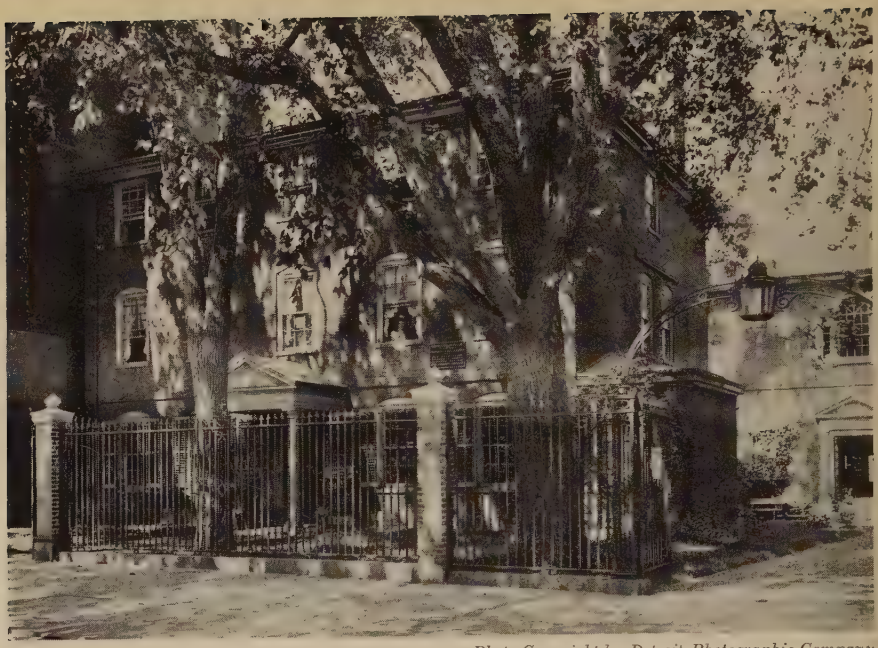
Photo by Halliday Historic Photograph Company

See page 395

Photo by Frank Cousins Art Company

WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H

See page 395



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WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, ME.

See page 400

not know what to do without her. To Hamilton he wrote:

"My trial has been severe. I shall attempt to sustain it with fortitude. I hope I have succeeded in a degree, but after giving and receiving for nearly a half a century, a series of mutual evidences of affection and friendship which increased as we advanced in life, the shock was great and sensibly felt, to be thus suddenly deprived of a beloved wife, the Mother of my children, and the soothing companion of my declining years. But I kiss the rod with humility. The Being that inflicted the stroke will enable me to sustain the smart, and progressively restore peace to my wounded heart, and will make you and Eliza and my other children the instruments of my Consolation. . . ."

General Schuyler died in November, 1804, four months after the duel with Burr in which Hamilton was slain.

The mansion in which he spent so many happy years was long an orphan asylum, but in 1911 it was purchased by the State. On October 17, 1917, it was dedicated as a State Monument.

XC

THE WENTWORTH HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE SCENE OF THE ROMANCE OF LADY WENTWORTH

When, in 1750, Governor Benning Wentworth began to rebuild for his mansion at Little Harbor, two miles from the business centre of Portsmouth a farm-house

which dated from the latter part of the sixteenth century, he thought more of comfort than of architecture. Evidently those who later added to the house thought as little of architecture as the original builder; the product became such a strange conglomeration of wings and "L's" that it is difficult to see which is the original portion. Once the house contained fifty-two rooms, but a portion has been torn away, and the structure as it stands is not quite so spacious, though still large enough for a hotel. Even the cellar is tremendous, for Governor Wentworth provided there a place for his horses, to be used in time of danger. Thirty animals could be accommodated there.

Many of the rooms are small, but some are of impressive size, notably the Council Chamber, where meetings that helped to make history were held, and the billiard room, where the owner and his associates were accustomed to go when the strain of business became too great.

Longfellow thus describes the house:

"It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air—
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fire of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs,

And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names."

While Governor Wentworth was an important figure during the days preceding the Revolution, the mansion is celebrated not so much because of his political service as because of the romance of his second marriage.

Martha Hilton, the heroine of the romance, was "a careless, laughing, bare-footed girl." One day a neighbor saw her, in a short dress, carrying a pail of water in the street. "You, Pat! You, Pat! Why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street!" was the shocked comment. But the answer was not what the neighbor expected. "No matter how I look, I shall ride in my chariot yet, Marm."

The story of what followed is told by Charles W. Brewster, a historian of old Portsmouth:

"Martha Hilton afterwards left home, and went to live in the Governor's mansion at Little Harbor, doing the work of the kitchen, and keeping the house in order, much to the Governor's satisfaction. . . . The Governor has invited a dinner party, and with many other guests, in his cocked hat comes the beloved Rev. Arthur Brown, of the Episcopal church. The dinner is served up in a style becoming the Governor's table. . . . There is a whisper from the Governor to a messenger, and at his summons Martha Hilton comes in from that door on the west of the parlor, and, with blushing countenance, stands in front of the fireplace. She seems heedless of the fire—she does not appear to have brought anything in, nor does she seem to be looking for anything to carry out—there she stands! a damsel of twenty summers—for what, no visitor can tell.

"The Governor, bleached by the frosts of sixty winters, rises. 'Mr. Brown, I wish you to marry me.'

'To whom?' asks his pastor, in wondering surprise. 'To this lady,' was the reply. The rector stood confounded. The Governor became imperative. 'As the Governor of New Hampshire I command you to marry me!' The ceremony was then duly performed, and from that time Martha Hilton became Lady Wentworth."

Longfellow's record of the incident is given in the poem, "Lady Wentworth":

"The years came and . . . the years went, seven in all,
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, the light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker at the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before."

Then came the strange marriage scene:

"Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
'This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding-day, and you shall marry me!'"

Governor Wentworth died in 1770, three years after the coming to America of Michael Wentworth, a retired colonel in the British Army. Mrs. Wentworth married him, and he became the second lord of the mansion. During his residence there Washington was welcomed to the house, one day in 1789.

Martha Wentworth, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wentworth, married Sir John Wentworth, an Englishman, and they lived in the old house until 1816, when the property passed to a family of another name.

There are a number of houses in Portsmouth which tell of the ancient glories of different branches of the Wentworth family. Perhaps the most famous is the Warner house, which was begun in 1718 by Captain Archibald Macpheadris, and was finished in 1723, at a cost of £6,000. Mrs. Macpheadris was Sarah Wentworth, one of the sixteen children of Lieutenant Governor John Wentworth, and sister of Governor Benning Wentworth. Their daughter, Mary, married Hon. Jonathan Warner, who was the next occupant of the house. The property is known by his name, rather than that of the builder—perhaps because it is so much easier to pronounce! The house is now occupied by Miss Eva Sherburne, a descendant of the original owner.

The Warner house has a lightning rod, which was put up in 1762, under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin. It is said that this was the first lightning rod erected in New Hampshire.

XCI

THE WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE

WHERE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW SPENT HIS BOYHOOD

The old house by the linden
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the linden,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why close in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his little hand!

When Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote these lines perhaps he was thinking of the home of his boyhood in Portland, which his grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, built in 1785.

The house was the wonder of the town, for it was the first brick building erected there. The brick had been brought from Virginia. Originally there were but two stories; the third story was added when the future poet was eight years old.

Longfellow was born in the house at the corner of Fourth and Hancock streets, but he was only eight months old when he was carried within the inviting front doors of the Wadsworth house, and the mansion was home to him for at least thirty-five years.

He was only five years old when he declared that he wanted to be a soldier and fight for his country. The War of 1812 was then in progress. His aunt wrote one day, "Our little Henry is ready to march; he had his gun prepared and his head powdered a week ago."

But, agreeing with his parents that school was a better place for him than the army, he began his studies when he was five years old. A year later his teacher gave him a certificate which read:

"Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable."

Life in the Longfellow home was delightful. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's brother, has given a pleasing picture:

"In the evenings the children gathered with their books and slates round the table in the family sitting room. The silence would be broken for a minute by the long, mysterious blast of a horn announcing the arrival in town of the evening mail, then the rattle of its passing wheels, then silence again, save the singing of the wood fire. Studies over, there would be games till bedtime. If these became too noisy, or the father had brought home his law papers from the office, enjoining strictest quiet, then there was flight to another room —perhaps, in winter, to the kitchen, where hung the crane over the coals in the broad old fireplace, upon whose iron back a fish forever baked in effigy.

"When bedtime came, it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bedrooms; still harder next morning to get up out of the comfortable feather beds and break the ice in the pitchers for washing. But hardship made hardihood. In summer it was pleasant

enough to look out from the upper windows; those of the boys' room looked out over the Cove and the farms and woodlands toward Mount Washington, full in view on the western horizon; while the eastern chambers commanded a then unobstructed view of the bay, White Head, Port Prebble, and the lighthouse on Cape Elizabeth."

One day in 1820, when the family was gathered about the fire, Henry was on tiptoe with eager excitement. He had written a poem and had sent it to The Portland *Gazette.* Would it be in the paper which his father had in his hand as he seated himself before the fire? Robertson, in his life of the poet, has described those anxious moments:

"How carefully his father unfolded the damp sheet, and how carefully he dried in at the fire ere beginning to read it! And how much foreign news there seemed to be in it! At last Henry and a sympathetic sister who shared his secret, obtained a peep over their parent's shoulder—and the poem was there!"

There are sixteen rooms in the old house. In Henry's day these rooms were heated by eight fireplaces, which consumed thirty cords of wood during the long winter. On the first floor are the great living-room, the kitchen with its old fireplace, and the den, once the dining-room. On the desk still shown in this room Longfellow wrote, in 1841, "The Rainy Day," whose opening lines are:

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

Into the ground floor rooms have been gathered many relics of the days when the poet was a boy. The four rooms of the second floor are also full of mementoes. But the most interesting part of the house is the third story, where there are seven rooms. To this floor the four children made their way on summer nights when the long hours af daylight invited them to stay up longer, and on winter evenings, when the fire downstairs seemed far more inviting than the cold floors and the colder sheets.

One of these rooms is pointed out as the poet's chamber. Here he wrote many of his earlier poems. Among these was "The Lighthouse." In this he described sights in which he delighted, sights the lighthouse daily witnessed:

"And the great ships sail outward and return
Bending and bowing o'er the billowing swell,
And ever joyful as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcome and farewell.

"'Sail on,' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard the light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.'"

During the years after 1843, when Longfellow bought the Craigie House at Cambridge, his thoughts turned back with longing to the old home and the old town, and he wrote:

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of the dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

For nineteen years after the poet's death his sister Ann, Mrs. Pierce, lived in the old home. When she died, in 1901, she deeded it to the Maine Historical Society, that the place might be made a permanent memorial of the life of The Children's Poet.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

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INDEX

Abraham Lincoln House, Springfield, Illinois, 369
Acrostic, 23
Adams House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 44
Adams, Abigail, 20, 48, 230
Adams, John, 20, 24, 25, 44, 45, 47, 52, 150, 160, 226, 230, 305, 329
Adams, John Quincy, 45, 47, 48, 232
Adams, Samuel, 20, 26, 27
Alamo, the, San Antonio, Texas, 347
Alamo, battle of the, 348
Alcott, Bronson, 64
American Revolution, Daughters of the, 125, 377, 381
American Standard, Richmond, Virginia, 295
Amesbury, Massachusetts, 56
Amstel House, New Castle, Delaware, 205
Andros, Governor, 19, 34, 35
Annapolis, Maryland, 226
Arlington, Virginia, 246
Asbury, Bishop Francis, 244
Ashland, Lexington, Kentucky, 355
Aubrey, William, 148
Audubon, John James, 187

Bakewell, Mary, 190
Bell, Mary, mother of George Washington, 251
Bells of St. Philip's, romance of the, 334
Bennet-Boardman House, Saugus, Massachusetts, 69
Bennet, Samuel, 70
Berrian, John, 137
Biglow Papers, 38
Bill of Rights, Virginia's, 284
"Birds of America," Audubon's preparation for, 190
Blair, Rev. James, 289, 291
Boardman, Abijah, 71
Boone, Daniel, 360
Boonesborough, Kentucky, 360
Boston, Brattle Street meeting, 29
  fire of 1761, 30
  Gazette, 30
  Massacre, 19, 31
  News Letter, 28
  North Church, 27
  North Square, 28
  Old South Church, 31
  Port Bill, 25, 73, 271
  Tea Party, 24, 31, 34, 37, 68, 73
Boudinot, Elias, 43, 120
Braddock, General, 115, 253
Braintree, Massachusetts, 46.
Brandon, Virginia, 281
Breck, Samuel, 183
Brewton, Miles, 336
Brick Capitol, the, 228
British at Monticello, 324
Broadhearth, Saugus, Massachusetts, 69
Broadstreet, Simon, 69
Brown, Richard, 82
Brown University, 83
Bruton Parish, Virginia, 288
Budden, Captain, 165
Bunker Hill, 26, 68
Burgoyne, General, 34, 179, 391
Burlington, New Jersey, 226
Burr, Aaron, 90, 131, 394
Byrd, Evelyn, 279

Cabildo, New Orleans, Louisiana, 343
Cabot, Arthur, 37
Caldwell, New Jersey, church at, 119
Caldwell, Rev. James, 119
Cambridge, Massachusetts, 36, 73
Campfield House, Morristown, New Jersey, 126

Canonicus, 81
Capitol at Washington, 225
Carleton, Sir Guy, 108, 110
Carpenters' Company of the City and County of Philadelphia, 149
Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, 149
Carroll, Charles, 216
Carter, Elizabeth Hill, 279
Carter, Landon, 278
Carter's Grove, Virginia, 280
Cartwright, Peter, 352
Castle at Fort Niagara, New York, 386
Chaplains: James Caldwell, 139
George Duffield, 160
Charles River, 27
Charleston, Massachusetts, 27
Chastellux, Marquis de, 107, 279, 324
Chew, Benjamin, Jr., 159
Chew, Joseph, 93
Chew, Samuel, 156
Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia, 249
Christ Church, Philadelphia, 153, 199
Christmas, the first, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 197
Church furnishings, primitive, 95, 121
Churches: Old North, Boston, 27, 32; Old South, Boston, 20, 24, 32; King's Chapel, Boston, 32; West, Boston, 37
Old South, Newburyport, Massachusetts, 75
First Baptist, Providence, Rhode Island, 80
St. Paul's Chapel, New York, 95
St. Martins-in-the-Fields, London, 95
Trinity Church, New York, 96
Caldwell, New Jersey, 119
Old Tennent, Freehold, New Jersey, 122
Springfield Meeting House, New Jersey, 138
St. Peter's, Philadelphia, 153
Christ Church, Philadelphia, 153
Old Pine Street, Philadelphia, 159
Norriton Presbyterian, 172
Moravian at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 196
Emmanuel, New Castle, Delaware, 204
Presbyterian, New Castle, Delaware, 205
Rehoboth, Delaware, 211
Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia, 277, 294
Pohick, Virginia, 249, 311
St. John's, Richmond, 264
Bruton Parish, Virginia, 288
Monumental, Richmond, Virginia, 277, 294
Pohick Church, Virginia, 311
St. Luke's, Smithfield, Virginia, 318
St. Peter's, New Kent County, Virginia, 318
St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C., 333
Huguenot, Charleston, South Carolina, 333
St. Philip's, Charleston, South Carolina, 333, 340
Independent, Savannah, Georgia, 340
Old Stone Church, Elm Grove, West Virginia, 386
Clark, George Rogers, 360
Clay, Henry, 308, 355, 383
Clermont, the, 234
Cleveland, Stephen Grover, 122
Clinton, General George, 107
Clinton, Sir Henry, 337
Cliveden, Germantown, Philadelphia, 156
Clock on Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 166
Coddington, William, 49
College of New Jersey, 130, 297
College Customs at Nassau Hall, 130
Collins, Varnum Lansing, 130
Colonial Dames of Massachusetts, 53
Concord, Massachusetts, 26, 27
Congress at Princeton, New Jersey, 133
Constitutional Convention of 1787, 168
Continental Congress, 83, 93, 150
Conway Cabal, 182

Cordale, Thomas, 213
Cornwallis, Lord, 134, 293
Council of Safety, Philadelphia, 172, 193
Courtship of Alexander Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler, 128
Crab Orchard, Kentucky, 360
Craigie, Andrew, 41
Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 40, 403
Crockett, David, 350
Crown Point, 23
Cumberland Road, 384
Cunningham, Ann Pamela, 245
Curtis, George William, 64
Custis, George Washington Parke, 246, 255
Custis, Nelly, 219

Daily Advertiser, New York, 87
Daily American Advertiser, Philadelphia, 196
Dartmouth, ship, 24
Daughters of the American Revolution, 90, 377, 381
Daughters of the War of 1812, 390
Decatur, Stephen, 154
Declaration of Independence, 37, 48, 132, 167, 216, 325
Dent, Fred, 362
Desecration of Carpenters' Hall, 152
Desecration of the Capitol, 229
Dexter, Thomas, 69
Diaries:
of John Tudor, 19
of Albigence Waldo, 182
of George Washington, 21, 89, 218, 313
of John Adams, 45
of Robert Breck, 184
of Tench Tilghman, 392
Dix, Dr. Morgan, 96
Dorchester Heights, Massachusetts, 68
Doughoregan Manor, Maryland, 216
Dowry of pine-tree shillings, 50
Duché, Rev. Jacob, 150, 154
Duffield, Rev. George, 160
Dunlap, William, 137
Du Ponceau, Peter S., 176
Duston Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts, 56
Duston, Hannah, 56
Duston, Thomas, 56

East India Company, 31
Eden, Governor Robert, 221
Edwards, Jonathan, 75
Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, 120, 139
Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 36
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 33
Emlen House, Pennsylvania, 178
Emmanuel Church, Newcastle, Delaware, 204
Everett, Edward, 41
Expenses in raising the Tower of the State House, Philadelphia, 164

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 148
Faneuil, Andrew, 28
Faneuil, Peter, 28, 35
Faneuil Hall, Boston, 20, 28, 30, 31, 34
Fatlands, near Philadelphia, 187
Federal District, location of the, 226
Fernside Farm, Haverhill, Massachusetts, 54
First Baptist Church, Providence, Rhode Island, 80
Fitch, John, 234
Flag, American, 89
Flag, first American in British waters, 78
Flint, Ruth, 54
Flynt, Tutor, 51
Ford Mansion, Morristown, New Jersey, 126
Forks of the Delaware, 196
Fort Washington, New York City, 89
Fort William and Mary, 26
Fox, George, 212
Franklin, Benjamin, 34, 52, 97, 115, 172, 235, 392, 399
Fraunces, Samuel, 98
Fraunces' Tavern, New York, 97
Freeman, Rev. James, 36
"From Greenland's Icy Mountains," 342

Gage, General, 37, 43

Gano, Rev. Stephen, 83
Garrison, William Lloyd, 22, 55
Gazette, Boston, 30
Gazette, Essex, 25
Gazette, New York, 95, 99
Gazette of the United States, 256
Gazette, Portland, Maine, 402
Gazette, Williamsburg, Virginia, 262
Germantown, battle of, 157, 180
Germantown, Pennsylvania, 226
Gerry, Elbridge, 37, 73
Girard College, Philadelphia, 229
Glover, Colonel, 42
Grant, Ulysses S., 362
Green, General, 42
Greenway, Virginia, 257
Griffon, building of the, 387
Gunston Hall, Virginia, 281

Hale, Edward Everett, 37
Hallet, Stephen L., 226
Hamilton, Alexander, 100, 127, 393
Hamilton, Allan MacLane, 101
Hancock, John, 20, 24, 26, 27, 34, 45, 52, 53
Hanover Court House, Virginia, 262
"Hardscrabble," St. Louis, Missouri, 363
Harlem Heights, battle of, 88
Harmar, Fort, 379
Harrison, Benjamin, 263, 281
Harrison Mansion, the, Vincennes, Indiana, 374
Harrison, William Henry, 360, 374
Harte, Bret, 140
Harvard College, 38
Hasbrouck, Jonathan, 107
Haverhill Historical Society, 60
Haverhill, Massachusetts, 56
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 40, 61
Hay, Henry Hanby, 205
Headquarters: Washington's at Roger Morris House, New York, 88
Washington's at Richmond Hill, New York, 99
Washington's at Van Cortlandt House, New York, 105
Washington's at Newburgh, New York, 107.
Washington's at Morristown, New Jersey, 126
Washington's at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, 134
Washington's at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, 137
Washington's at Valley Forge, 174
Washington's at Pennypacker's Mills, Dawesfield, and Emlen House, 178
Heijt, Hans Joest, 178
Henricopolis, Virginia, 266
Henry, Patrick, 264, 266, 268, 271, 283, 285, 290, 305, 309, 314
Henry, William, 179
Herald, the San Antonio, Texas, 348
Hermitage, The, Nashville, Tennessee, 351
Hoban, James, architect of White House, 227, 230
Hodgson, Adam, 219.
Hollyman, Ezekiel, 81
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 52, 53
Honor System, the, in William and Mary College, 294
Hospitality: at Montpelier, Virginia, 299
at Oak Hill, Virginia, 303
at Red Hill, Virginia, 306
at Mount Airy, Virginia, 315
at Monticello, 325
at The Hermitage, 353
at Ashland, Kentucky, 357
at the Schuyler Mansion, Albany, New York, 394
Hough, Atherton, 50
House of Seven Gables, 41
Houses: Paul Revere's, Boston, Massachusetts, 23
Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 36
Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 40, 403
Adams House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 44
Quincy Mansion, Quincy, Massachusetts, 49
Fernside Farm, Haverhill, Massachusetts, 54
Duston Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts, 56

The Old Manse, Concord, Massachusetts, 61
The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts, 61
Royall House, Medford, Massachusetts, 66
Bennet-Boardman, Saugus, Massachusetts, 69
Broadhearth, Saugus, Massachusetts, 69
Jeremiah Lee House, Marblehead, Massachusetts, 72
Morris-Jumel House, New York City, 87
Philipse Manor, Yonkers, New York, 91, 105
The Grange, New York City, 100
Van Cortlandt, New York City, 105
Hasbrouck, Newburgh, New York, 106
Franklin Palace, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, 115
Ford Mansion, Morristown, New Jersey, 126
Campfield, Morristown, New Jersey, 126
Morven, the Mercer House and Washington's Headquarters at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, 134
Letitia Penn, Philadephia, 145
Pennsbury Manor, Pennsylvania, 147
Cliveden, Germantown, Pennsylvania, 156
David Rittenhouse, Philadelphia, 170
Isaac Potts, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, 175
Pennypacker's Mills, Pennsylvania, 178
Dawesfield, Pennsylvania, 178
Sweetbrier, Philadelphia, 183
Mill Grove, Pennsylvania, 187
Fatlands, Pennsylvania, 187
Waynesborough, Paoli, Pennsylvania, 192
Amstel, New Castle, Delaware, 205
George Read's, New Castle, Delaware, 207
Ridgely, Dover, Delaware, 208
Doughoregan Manor, Maryland, 216
Upton Scott, Annapolis, Maryland, 220
White House, Washington, 230, 236
Octagon, Washington, 231, 234, 236, 317
Mt. Airy, Virginia, 234, 314
Mt. Vernon, Virginia, 241
Arlington, Virginia, 246
Mary Washington's, Fredericksburg, Virginia, 251
Pine Grove, Virginia, 253
Kenmore, Virginia, 253
Greenway, Virginia, 257
Sherwood Forest, Virginia, 257
Nelson, Yorktown, Virginia, 270
Moore House, Yorktown, Virginia, 270
John Marshall's, Richmond, Virginia, 274
Sabine Hall, Virginia, 278
Westover, Virginia, 278
Shirley, Virginia, 280
Carter's Grove, Virginia, 280
Brandon, Virginia, 281
Gunston Hall, Virginia, 281
Montpelier, Virginia, 296
Shadwell, Virginia, 297, 322
Oak Hill, Virginia, 301
Red Hill, Virginia, 305
Monticello, Virginia, 322
Rebecca Motte's, Charleston, South Carolina, 336
Pringle House, Charleston, 336
Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee, 351
Ashland, Lexington, Kentucky, 355
Whitley's Station, Kentucky, 359
White Haven, St. Louis, Missouri, 362
"Hardscrabble," St. Louis, Missouri, 363
Abraham Lincoln's, Springfield, Illinois, 369
Harrison Mansion, Vincennes, Indiana, 374
Rufus Putnam's House, Marietta, Ohio, 377

Monument Place, Elm Grove, West Virginia, 381
Schuyler Mansion, Albany, New York, 391
Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 395
Warner House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 399
Longfellow House, Portland, Maine, 400
Houston, Sam, 347
Hovey, Dr. H. C., 77
Howe, Lord, 95, 192
Huguenot Church, Charleston, South Carolina, 335
Hull, Hannah, 50
Hutchinson, Ann, 50

Independence Bell, 169, 199
Independence, The Declaration of, 20
Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 151, 162
Independent Church, Savannah, Georgia, 340
Indians, attacked by the, 58, 361, 382
Institute of American Architects, 238

Jackson, Andrew, 233, 347, 351
James River Canal Company, 285
Jamestown, Virginia, 288
Jay, John, 98
Jefferson, Thomas, 170, 173, 260, 272, 294, 297, 299, 301, 322, 326
Jeremiah Lee House, Marblehead, Massachusetts, 72
John Marshall's House, Richmond, Virginia, 274
Johns, Kensey, 206
Johnson, Nicholas, 78
Journal and General Advertiser, New York, 95
Journal, Springfield, Illinois, 372
Jumel-Burr, Madam, 90
Jumel, Stephen, 90

Kasimir, Fort, Delaware, 203
Kenmore, Virginia, 253
Kent, Chancellor, 103
Kentucke Gazette, 355
Key, Francis Scott, 222
Kidd, Captain, 92
King, Washington asked to become, 108
King's Chapel, Boston, 32
Kingston, New York, 226
Knyphausen, General, 138, 194

Lafayette, Marquis de, 107, 193, 199, 256, 296, 299, 304, 346, 353, 381
Latrobe, Benjamin Henry, 227
Leader, Richard, 69
Lee, Jeremiah, 72
Lee, Richard Henry, 124, 244
Lee, Robert E., 246, 280, 287
"Lehigh, House on the," 197
Letitia Penn House, Philadelphia, 145
Lexington, battle of, 78, 166
Lexington, Massachusetts, 26, 27, 73
Liberator, The, 22
Liberty Bell, 169, 199
Lidgett, Mrs. Elizabeth, 67
Lightning, ship, 333
Lincoln, Abraham, 230, 233, 369, 371, 372
Little Pilgrim, The newspaper, 54
Livingston, Robert R., 98
Logan, James, 148
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 40, 396, 400
Longfellow, Mrs. Henry Wadsworth, 41
Lossing, Benson J., 152
Lottery for church building purposes, 159
Louisiana, 191
Louisiana Purchase, 294
Louisiana transferred to the United States, 344
Lowell, General Charles Russell, 38
Lowell, James Jackson, 38
Lowell, James Russell, 36, 37
Lowell, Maria, 38
Lowell, Rev. Charles, 37
Lowly office after the Presidency, 261
Loyalists' houses confiscated, 89
Lunt, Ezra, 78

Maddox, Rev. Robert, 212
Madison, James, 37, 223, 236, 296
Makemie, Frances, 212
Mantonomi, 81
Marblehead, Massachusetts, 72
Marietta, Ohio, 377
Marion, General, 337
Marriages: Mary Philipse and Roger Morris, 93
Rev. William Tennent and Mrs. Noble, 123
Alexander Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler, 129
William Penn and Guli Springett, 145
William Penn and Hannah Callowhill, 147
William Aubrey and Letitia Penn, 148
John James Audubon and Mary Bakewell, 190
Kensey Johns and Anne Van Dyke, 206
Charles J. Du Pont and Dorcas M. Van Dyke, 208
Upton Scott and Elizabeth Ross, 221
Robert E. Lee and Miss Custis, 247
Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, 252
John Rolfe and Pocahontas, 266
John Tyler and Letitia Christian, 260
Thomas Nelson and Lucy Grymes, 270
James Madison and Dorothy Todd, 298
James Madison and Eliza Kortwright, 301
George Washington and Martha Custis, 321
Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton, 322
Jacob Motte and Rebecca Brewton, 336
Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson, 343
Henry Clay and Lavinia Hart, 355
Ulysses S. Grant and Julia Dent, 362
Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, 370
Moses Shepherd and Lydia Boggs, 383
Philip Schuyler and Catherine Van Rensselaer, 393
Alexander Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler, 393
Governor Wentworth and Martha Hilton, 397
Michael Wentworth and Mrs. Martha Wentworth, 399
Marshall, Chief Justice, 169, 274, 294
Martineau, Harriet, 299, 356
Mary, ship, 245
Mary Washington House, Fredericksburg, Virginia, 251
Mason and Dixon line, 171
Mason, George, 281, 312
Mason, Lowell, 342
Massachusetts Bay Colony, 28
Massacre, Boston, 19, 31
Massasoit, 80
Mather, Cotton, 58
Mather, Increase, 32
Mayflower, Putnam's barge on the Ohio, 379
McColloch's leap, 382
McKinley, William, 346
Meade, Bishop, 276, 319
Medford, Massachusetts, 27, 66
Mercer, General, 135
Mercer House, Princeton, New Jersey, 134
Mercury, New York, 87
Mill Grove, near Philadelphia, 187
Monmouth, battle of, 123
Monroe, James, 232, 294, 301, 342
Montgomery, General, 97
Monticello, Virginia, 322
Montpelier, Virginia, 296
Monument Place, Elm Grove, West Virginia, 381
Monumental Church, Richmond, Virginia, 277, 294
Moore House, Yorktown, Virginia, 270, 274
Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 196
Morris, Gouverneur, 98, 103
Morris-Jumel House, New York City, 87, 94

Morris, Robert, 184
Morris, Roger, 87, 93
Morven, Princeton, New Jersey, 134
"Mosses from an Old Manse," 63
Mount Airy, Virginia, 234, 314
Mount Vernon, Virginia, 109, 241
Munitions, Revolutionary, 173

Nantes, Edict of, 28
Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, 130
National Intelligencer, Washington, 236
National Pike, 384
Nelson House, Yorktown, Virginia, 270
Nelson, Thomas, 270
Newark, New Jersey, 130
Newburyport, Massachusetts, 55, 75
New Castle, Delaware, 145, 203
New England Antiquities, Society for the Preservation of, 71
New Orleans, battle of, 346
Newspapers: *Liberator*, 22
Essex *Gazette*, 25
Boston *News Letter*, 28
Boston *Gazette*, 30
Little Pilgrim, The, 54
New York *Mercury*, 87
New York *Daily Advertiser*, 87
New York *Gazette*, 95, 99
New York *Journal and General Advertiser*, 95
Philadelphia *Pennsylvania Packet*, 97
Pennsylvania Evening Post, 155, 173
Pennsylvania Gazette, 164
Daily American Advertiser, Philadelphia, 196
National Intelligencer, Washington, 227, 236
Gazette of the United States, 256
Williamsburg *Gazette*, 262
American Standard, Richmond, Virginia, 295
San Antonio *Herald*, 348
Kentucke Gazette, 355
Springfield *Journal*, 372
Portland *Gazette*, 402
Nicola, Lewis, tries to tempt Washington, 108
Norriton, Pennsylvania, 170
Norriton Presbyterian Church, 172
North Church, Boston, 27
Northwestern Territory, 274
Nova Scotia, Franklin's land speculation in, 117
Noyes, Alfred, 136

Oak Hill, Virginia, 301
Octagon House, Washington, 231, 234, 236, 317
Oglethorpe, General James E., 341
Ohio Company, the, 378
Ohio River, floating down the, 190
Old Manse, the, Concord, Massachusetts, 61
Old Pine Street Church, Philadelphia, 159
Old North Church, Boston, 32
Old South Church, 20, 24, 31, 32
Old South Church, Newburyport, Massachusetts, 75
Old State House, Boston, 19
Old Tennent Church, Freehold, New Jersey, 122
Oliver, Thomas, 36
Ordway, Alfred A., 56
O'Reilly, Count Alejandro, 343
Orin, Azor, 73
"Oven, The," temporary Capitol, 227

Paoli Massacre, 181, 194
Parsons, Dr. Jonathan, 78
Patriot who destroyed their own houses: Thomas Nelson, 271; Rebecca Motte, 339
Pauling, John, 178
Paul Revere's House, Boston, Massachusetts, 23
Peabody, Sophia, 62
Peace, signing of, in 1783, 110
Peale, Charles Wilson, 133, 154
Penn, Letitia, 146
Penn, Thomas and Richard, 153
Penn, William, 145, 162, 204
Pennsbury Manor, Pennsylvania, 147
Pennsylvania Evening Post, 155, 173
Pennsylvania Gazette, 164

Pennsylvania Packet, Philadelphia, 97
Pennypacker, Samuel W., 171
Penobscot expedition, 28
Persecution, religious, in New York, 213
Phi Beta Kappa Society, 294
Philadelphia, evacuation of, 177
Philadelphia, Paul Revere rides to, 25
Philipsburgh, Manor of, 92
Philipse, Colonel Frederick, 92
Philipse, Frederick, 91
Philipse Manor House, Yonkers, New York, 91
Philipse, Mary, 93
Pine Grove, Virginia, 253
Pine-tree shillings, dowry of, 50
Plum pudding, the best dinner, 260
Plymouth, New Hampshire, 66
Pohick Church, Virginia, 249, 311
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 26, 395
Potomac Canal, 218, 285
Prayer at opening of First Continental Congress, 151
Prayer for the King, omitted, 154
President's pew: in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, 96
in St. Peter's, Philadelphia, 154
in Pohick Church, Virginia, 312
Princeton, battle of, 133, 135
Princeton University, 130
Pringle House, Charleston, South Carolina, 336
Providence, Rhode Island, 82
Putnam, William Lowell, 38
"Put Watts into them, boys," 140

Quincy, Dorothy, 52
Quincy, Edmund, 49, 51
Quincy, Edmund, III, 51
Quincy, Josiah, 53
Quincy, Judith, 50
Quincy Mansion, Quincy, Massachusetts, 49
Quincy, Massachusetts, 44
Quincy, Massachusetts Historical Society, 47

Randolph, Edmund, 269, 294
Randolph, John, 228
Read, George, 205
Red Bank, New Jersey, victory at, 181
Redemptioners, purchase of, 186
Red Hill, Virginia, 305
Revere, Paul, 23, 33, 53, 77
Rhode Island, 83
Ridgely, Dr. Charles Greenburg, 209
Rittenhouse, David, 198
Rittenhouse House, Philadelphia, 170
Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Duc de la, 325
Rodney, Cæsar, 208, 209
Roosevelt, Theodore, 233, 290
Ross, George, 204
Royall House, Medford, Massachusetts, 66
Royall, Isaac, 67
Royall, William, 67
Rufus Putnam's House, Marietta, Ohio, 377
Rush, Dr. Benjamin, 163, 171

St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia, 264, 266
St. Luke's Church, Smithfield, Virginia, 318
St. Martins-in-the-Fields, London, 82
St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, 333
St. Peter's Church, New Kent County, Virginia, 318
St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, 153
St. Philip's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, 335, 340
Salem, Massachusetts, 80
Savannah, Georgia, Siege of, 341
Schools, free, beginnings of, in Pennsylvania, 186
Schuyler, Catherine, 393
Schuyler, Elizabeth, 100, 127
Schuyler, General Philip, 100, 126
Schuyler Mansion, Albany, New York, 391
Scott House, Annapolis, Maryland, 220
Scott, Molly, 382
Scott, Upton, 220
Servants, problem of, in early days, 185

Severance, Frank H., 386
Sewell, Judge Samuel, 50, 74
Shadwell, Virginia, 297, 322
Sharpe, Horatio, 221
Shepherd, Moses, 381
Sherwood Forest, Virginia, 257, 261
Shippen, Dr. William, Jr., 162
Ships: *Dartmouth*, 24
Somerset, 27
Welcome, 145
John and Sarah, 146
Surprise, 223
Mary, 245
Constitution and *Guerriere*, *Cyano* and *Levant*, 317
Lightning, 333
Shirley, Virginia, 280
Signers of the Declaration of Independence: John Witherspoon, 132
Benjamin Rush, 162
George Ross, 204
George Read, 205
Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 216
Thomas Nelson, 270
George Wythe, 290
Richard Lightfoot Lee, 314
Skippack, Pennsylvania, 180
Smith, Abigail, 46
Smith, Rev. William, 46
"Snow-Bound," 55
Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, 277
Somerset, ship, 27
Sons of the Revolution, 99
Springett, Guli, 145
Springfield, battle of, 141
Springfield Meeting House, New Jersey, 138
Stamp Act, 30, 46, 218
Star-Spangled Banner, story of the, 222
Stark, General John, 68
Stark, Molly, 68
State House Clock, Philadelphia, 172
State House Yard, Philadelphia, 163
Steuben, Baron, 176.
Stevens, Colonel William, 211
Stockton, Mrs. Richard, 134
Stone Church, Elm Grove, West Virginia, 386
Stony Point, New York, 195
Stuart, Gilbert, 218
Stuyvesant, Petrus, 204
Sullivan, General, 43
Susquehanna, Falls of the, 226
Sweetbrier, Philadelphia, 183
Swett, Martha, 74
Symmes, Rev. Frank R., 123

Taney, Chief Justice R. R., 222
Tayloe, John, 232, 234, 314
Tea meetings, 31
Tecumseh, Indian chief, 375
Tennent, Rev. John, 123
Rev. William, 123
Texas, Republic of, 350
Thames, battle of the, 360
Theatre fire in Richmond, Virginia, 294
Thomson, George, 208
Thornton, Dr. William, 226, 234
Ticonderoga, 193
Tilghman, Tench, 127, 392
Tillinghast, Pardon, 81
Treaty of 1783, 133
Trenton, battle of, 135
Tudor, John, 19
Tyler, Henry, 290
Tyler, Judge John, 257, 258, 294

United States archives, removed to new Capitol at Washington, 227
University of Virginia, the, 326

Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, 174, 182, 189, 195, 218
Vanarsdal, Rev. Jacob, 141
Van Buren, Martin, 232
Van Cortlandt, Jacobus, 105
Van Cortlandt Park, 104
Van der Donck, Jonkheer Adriaen, 91, 105
Van Dyke, Henry, 215
Van Dyke, Nicholas, 205
Vane, Sir Harry, 50
Vassall, John, 41
Vassall, Leonard, 48
Venus, transit of, 171
Vincennes, Indiana, 374

Waldo, Albigence, 182
Walker, Rachel, 23
Wallace Nutting Corporation, 70

Walter, Thomas U., 229
Ward, Samuel, 42
Warner House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 399
Warren, General, 26
Washington and Lee University, 248
Washington, burning of, in 1814, 184, 228, 231, 235, 317
Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, 285
Washington, George, 21, 31, 40, 72, 88, 93, 95, 96, 98, 99, 105, 108, 110, 124, 133, 137, 139, 157, 173, 174, 178, 189, 192, 194, 206, 218, 226, 234, 241, 246, 252, 256, 272, 281, 283, 285, 290, 294, 305, 308, 311, 315, 316, 321, 374, 377, 378
Washington, Laurence, 241, 253
Washington, Mrs. George, 42, 127, 177, 245
Wayne, Captain Isaac, 192
Wayne, General Anthony, 107, 157, 192
Waynesborough, near Philadelphia, 192
Wayside, The, Concord, Massachusetts, 61
Weare, Meschech, 108
Webster, Daniel, 384
Weems, Parson, 313
Wentworth, Governor Benning, 395
Wentworth House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 395
West Church, Boston, 37
Westover, Virginia, 278
West Point Military Academy, 100, 106, 362
Wheelwright, Rev. John, 50
Whitefield, Rev. George, 75
White Haven, St. Louis, Missouri, 362
White House, Washington, 230, 236
Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania, 181
Whitley's Station, Kentucky, 359
Whittier, John G., 54, 79
Whittier, Thomas, 54
Wilkinson, General, 158
William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, 259, 289, 291
Williamsburg Court House, Virginia, 262
Williamsburg, Virginia, 289
Williams, Roger, 80
Wilson, Daniel Munro, 44, 47
Winthrop, Governor, 34, 66
Wirt, William, describes Patrick Henry's first public speech, 264
Witherspoon, John, 132
Wolfe, Colonel James, 220
Women's Centennial Executive Committee, 339
Wren, James, 249
Wren, Sir Christopher, 82, 292
Wythe, George, 290

Yonkers, New York, 88, 91
York, Pennsylvania, 174
Yorktown, Siege of, 271, 279

Zinzendorf, Count, 197

Behind the Scenes
Elizabeth Keckley